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The Saturday Evening POST

Feb. 10, 1962

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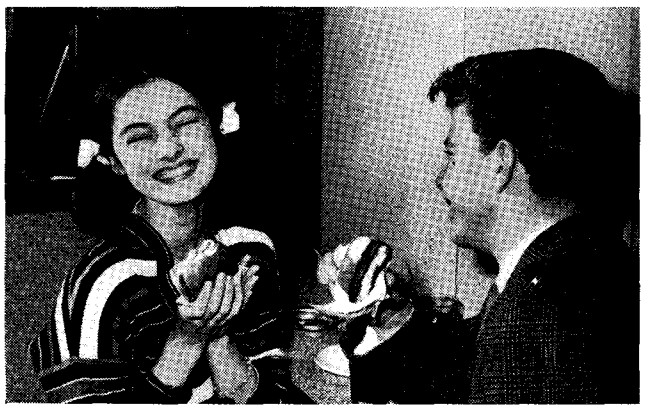
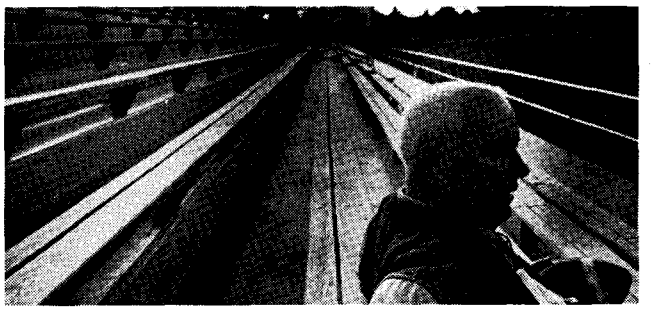
The Happy Teen-agers below are enjoying a treat traditional in America, but relatively new to London, where our picture was taken. The hamburger, a native of Germany, came into its own in the United States and has been so lovingly adopted that its origin as Hamburg steak has been almost entirely forgotten. Now, however, Europe has adopted our version of hamburger, along with the supermarket and the traffic jam. For the astonishing story of the Old World's leap from near rags to comparative riches, turn to AFFLUENT EUROPE (page 17), by Contributing Editor ERNEST O. HAUSER. Author Hauser lives on Paris' Left Bank, where he has seen his own neighbors, once threadbare, become increasingly prosperous.



The snack: American, but of German origin. The kids: British.

Elisa Bialk (pronounced Elissa Baulk) makes her first appearance in *The Post* with her story MR. LINCOLN FOR THE DEFENSE (page 24). The author of many short stories and children's books, she also wrote the play from which the movie *The "Sainted" Sisters*, with Veronica Lake and Joan Caulfield, was made. Miss Bialk won a poetry contest in high school. Not long afterward some of her verse was accepted by *Poetry* magazine, whose founder, Harriet Monroe, encouraged her to try her hand at short stories. Miss Bialk continued to write after her marriage, turning to children's stories at the request of her two daughters. The girls are grown up now and their mother is again writing adult stories, here about a man she has always admired. MR. LINCOLN FOR THE DEFENSE is illustrated with a painting of Lincoln by NORMAN ROCKWELL, who on February 21 will receive the 1962 American Education Award, from the Associated Exhibitors of the National Education Association, for "Christian ideals and worthy contributions to the education of mankind."



Coach Leroy Hughes of Cal Poly also got sued.

Aftermath of an Air Crash: A football stadium suddenly became a symbol of mourning after sixteen players on the 1960 Cal Poly team were killed in a plane crash en route home from a game with Bowling Green State University. On page 59 Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner* columnist MELVIN DURSLAG tells of the heartbreak and the maze of lawsuits that have resulted. (Survivors and victims' kin have sued the now-defunct airline, the manufacturer of the engine that may have failed, the Federal Government, the college and even the coach.)

The Cover. Father didn't seriously expect to find his favorite chair available. His knitted brows denote concentration, as he estimates how long it will take his ostensibly studious daughter to consume half a glass of milk, one apple and fifteen oatmeal cookies, at which point he hopes she will relinquish the chair in order to replenish her supply. What father clearly does not know: She's not hungry right now, for at the other end of the line is a stack of records, three of them still to be played, and each one dreamier than the last. (Artist Amos Sewell's models, Linda and Bob Rich of Weston, Connecticut, love music and talk on the telephone constantly. But in justice to Linda, we herewith acknowledge that she has never in her life eaten fifteen oatmeal cookies at one sitting.)

Cover models Linda (18) and Bob (17) Rich.

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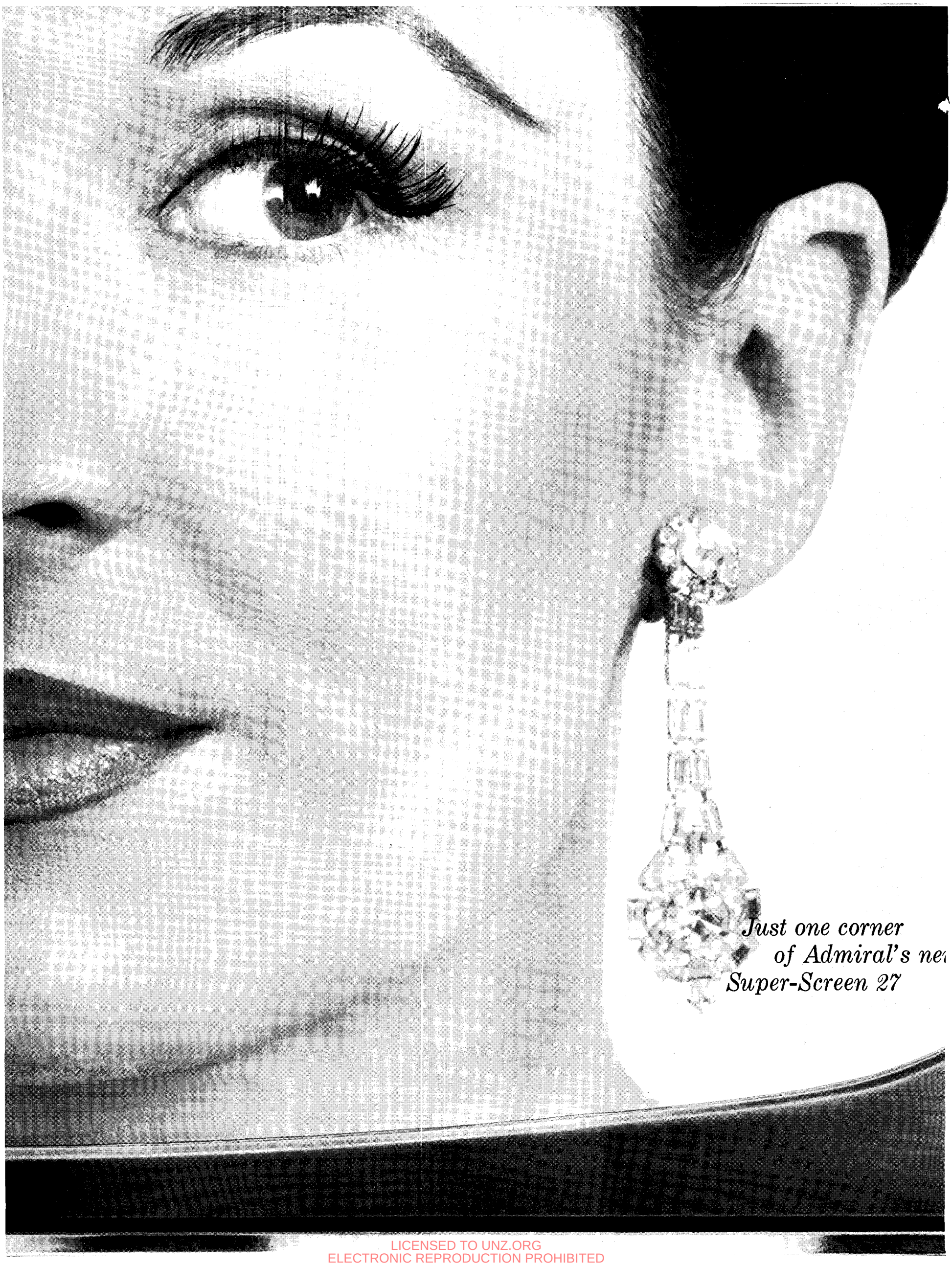

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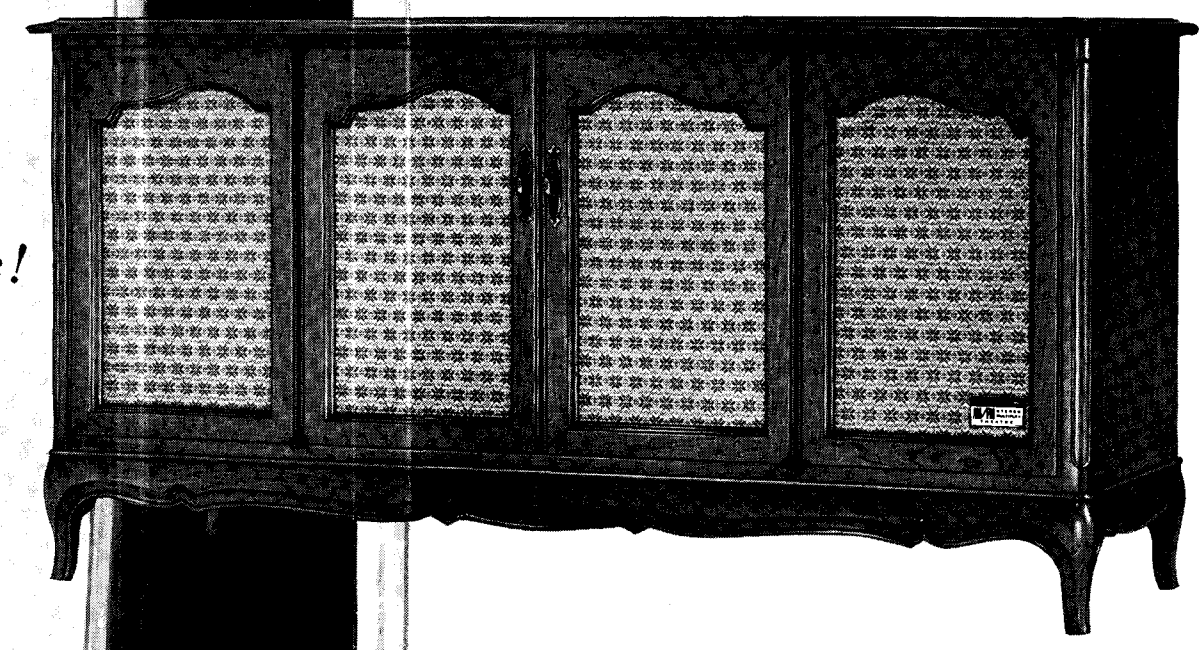

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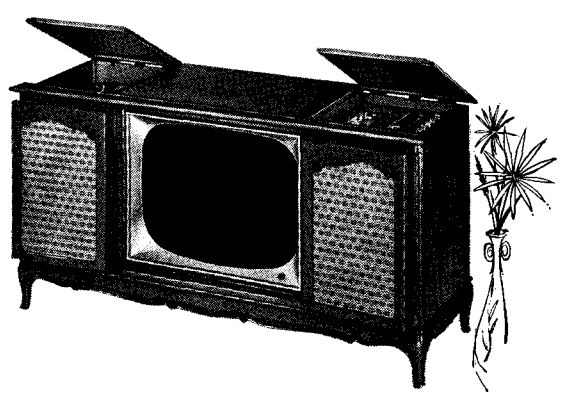

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LETTERS

NEW EDITOR'S VIEWS

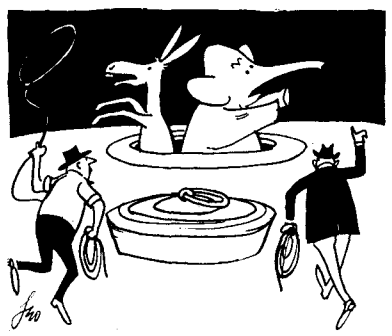
Dear Sirs:

I do not agree with everything you say [WHERE THE POST STANDS, editorial by Robert Fuoss, Jan. 6], but I admire you for saying it. . . . I hope you continue to rile me or reward me as the weeks go by.

ESTHER WALLEN
Baldwin, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

You took a big stick in your hand and stated you were going to stand for right over wrong; you said our two-party system had been converted into one; and then you said you were going to help it along by editorially riding the political fence until you see which way the wind blows. If you're driving a team of horses who suddenly lean against each other in the harness, you don't jump off the wagon, cluck your tongue and say, "Now ain't that too bad." You grab hold the reins and let the team know what you want them to do! . . . If you or I or the hundreds of others who write our views let this two-party system go down the drain, we will



be in as bad a political muddle as France with its many parties, or we will go the other way and have one strong party and end up with a form of government and economy we are spending billions fighting.

LARRY MARCELLUS, *Publisher*
The Riley Countian
Leonardville, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

The similarity in our two political parties does not provide a proper two-party system of government, obviously. I think that we need a Conservative and a Liberal party. I'm tired of choosing between candidates promising to do the same things, only one better than another.

EARL N. BOSSINGHAM, M.D.
Clarinda, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

[Mr. Fuoss said] that there is "little difference" between the parties. This is not so, in my opinion. The Republican Party believes that every individual has dignity and ought to be given the opportunity to advance himself and his family through his own efforts. The Democratic Party feels the individual is part of a mass and the Federal Government knows what is best for him.

REP. STEVEN B. DEROUNIAN
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

I regret *The Post* no longer stands. It squats precariously on Independence Square—mocking the difference between political parties. . . . Preach not the lack of difference. Find it. Create it. Help it. Nurture it. This is freedom's need. Vote not for likeness or a man but for a cause. Help America in its time of utmost danger.

PETER D. EVERSON
Corning, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

It will be a pleasure to see *The Post* considering issues on the basis of issues and taking its editorial positions on the basis of circumstances as they may be, rather than with regard to a previously determined political slant.

LEE J. SMALLSREED JR., *Pastor*
Scottsdale Congregational
United Church of Christ
Scottsdale, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

As an active union member, I have come to suspect all editorials, and teach my teen-age boys to do the same. . . . If you can write from a kind and understanding heart and an unbiased mind, we who cannot trust the American press may come to trust what is printed on one page of one magazine.

D. E. BROOKS, *Business Manager*
Local 668, I.B.E.W.
Lafayette, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

If only a few more editors . . . were to write and act along the lines you have indicated, it would be easier for some of us in the academic world to defend the freedom of the press because it has been employed for the finest and most unselfish patriotic ends, and not merely to protect legitimate vested interests.

DR. MAURICE BAUM, *Professor*
Department of Philosophy
Kent State University
Kent, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

My flag is at half mast for the old *Post*. It died a hero, supporting the ideals on which this country was founded.

EDWINA ROBBINS
Yuba City, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I read with interest and satisfaction WHERE THE POST STANDS. I will look forward to following the editorial policies of your great magazine and hope you can carry out those laid out in the above-mentioned editorial.

J. T. CRANDALL, *President*
Ashaway Line & Twine Mfg. Co.
Ashaway, R.I.

CHASING A SHADOW

Dear Sirs:

I cannot see how "the politicians now in power are trying to pretend it [CITY IN THE SHADOW, by Thomas J. Fleming, Jan. 6] hasn't happened." Why would they? The article is just another example of the political pessimism which has kept Kenny in power in Jersey City. . . . It is not the ghost of the past mayor that is ruining Jersey City; it is the pessimism-bred indifference of the people themselves.

PHILLIP C. WETHLY
Jersey City, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

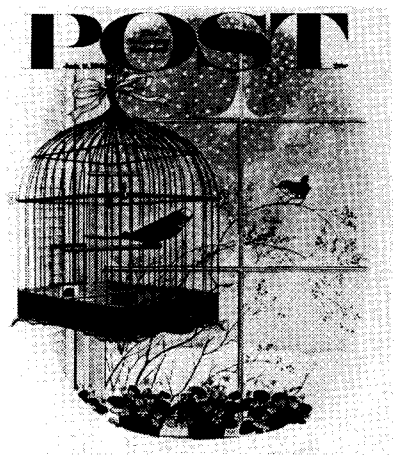
What author Fleming says is candid, forthright, and based on an intimate experience of the vagaries of politics. What he says needs saying, and he has had the courage to say it. But his sentiments and intentions remain somewhat obscure. He leads us to a point which proclaims the city and all its contents are evil, and leaves us there, with a little nostalgia for the old days thrown in. . . . He exemplifies what I think is the real danger in Jersey City today—a civic schizophrenia of those who have acquired enough intelligence to know what is wrong, who have enough potential to do something about it, but who cannot grip it emotionally, and therefore leave. . . . Luckily some with emotional maturity have decided to do something about it. If it works, that would make an even better story for Mr. Fleming, and he might see that building a city up is far better than tearing it down and leaving it there.

VINCENT J. GAGLIARDI, M.D.
Jersey City, N.J.

POOR BUDGIE

Dear Sirs:

As the owner of two parakeets—budgies—I feel sorry for Gyo Fujikawa's bird [Jan. 6 cover, below]. Does



it live on air? Where is its millet spray, cuttle bone, treat, condition food? I think the winter wren has no cause for envy.

MRS. WALTER B. TONGUE
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

No wonder the poor thing is dozing—no mirror, no Ferris wheel, no slide—nothing but four little bells, all beyond reach *outside* the cage!

BILL WALLACE
St. Charles, Mo.

• *Miss Fujikawa says, "In order to keep the illustration as simple and uncluttered as possible, extraneous objects which might detract from the budgie were not shown. It was not my intention to show that I do not care for my bird properly."*
—ED.

FLORIDA'S BLACK EYE

Dear Sirs:

Why is Philip Wylie giving our Florida a black eye? [SPEAKING OUT: WHY ARE THEY SPOILING FLORIDA?, Dec. 23–30]. He certainly looked at the very worst and exaggerated it.

VICKI B. REDMOND
Bradenton, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Philip Wylie's article has an error in that he calls the new offshore Coral Reef Park at Key Largo a National Park. I am sure our good friends in the National Park Service will agree that the State of Florida and the Florida Park Service should be given the credit for establishing the first completely underwater park in the world.

JAMES T. COOK, M.D., *Chairman*
Florida Board of Parks
and Historic Memorials

W. A. COLDWELL, *Director*
Florida Park Service
Tallahassee, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

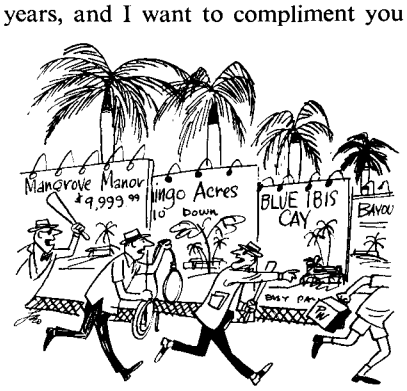
Mr. Wylie wrote, "During the depression, President Roosevelt encouraged a program to build a sea-level ship canal across the upper waist of Florida. That project has recently been revived. True, it would shorten the sea route from the Atlantic to the Gulf. It might also, according to some embattled geologists, 'salt up' the entire underground water table to the south. If so, the feat would be much like burning down one's house to toast marshmallows."

This paragraph is a result of misinformation on Mr. Wylie's part as follows: (1) No *ship-level* canal across Florida is being revived. Mr. Wylie is confusing a long-abandoned project with the Cross-Florida Barge Canal. (2) The Cross-Florida Barge Canal is not designed to connect the Atlantic and Gulf but is designed to facilitate uninterrupted barge movement between the Mississippi Valley and the Atlantic Intracoastal Waterway. (3) It is impossible for the canal to "salt up" anything since it will consist entirely of fresh water—fresh water that is today flowing uninterrupted out of the Oklawaha and Withlacoochee rivers. Five locks will be utilized to even out their flow of water to maintain the canal's twelve-foot depth and eliminate seasonal flooding.

GORDON THOMPSON, *Chairman*
Port and Waterways Development Div.
Chamber of Commerce
Jacksonville, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

I'm depressed every time I see a cypress brake or a swamp filled in—thinking of baby 'gators, turtles, snakes, frogs and the native growing things being buried and some killed out forever. I've birded all over Florida for 30 years, and I want to compliment you



and Wylie before the buck-mad bozos tan your hide and hang Wylie.

ROBERT BLACKSTONE
Orlando, Fla.

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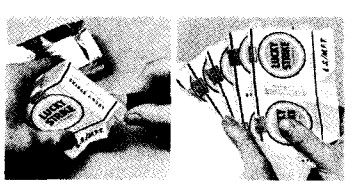

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SPEAKING OUT THE VOICE OF DISSENT

Our Right Not to Believe

BY ROBERT BENDINER

Future historians will probably record the Presidential election of 1960 as a triumph of fair-mindedness over a prejudice as old as the Republic. They will be right, of course. And it is all the more ironic that this very campaign, which produced our first Roman Catholic President, witnessed an attempt to ostracize another group of Americans, entitled as much as anyone else to be judged by their public lives rather than their private beliefs. "There is only one way that I can visualize religion being a legitimate issue in an American political campaign," Richard Nixon said, in what was no doubt intended as a gesture of generosity. "That would be if one of the candidates for the Presidency had *no* religious belief."

Politics being what it is, no one thought it surprising that Mr. Nixon's opponent failed to make much of this cavalier treatment of the country's several million doubters—vague believers in a vague deity—and outright unbelievers. What *was* noteworthy was that Nixon's statement caused scarcely a ripple anywhere. No newspaper or magazine or public figure seemed to think it worth while to take a stand for the political rights of atheists, agnostics, and freethinkers, who were being casually put beyond the pale, as though the Constitution sanctioned their exclusion and national tradition hallowed it. Both these propositions are baseless. That they can even be implied is a measure of how far we have slipped from the forthright ways of the founding fathers.

After 174 years it should hardly have to be said that the Constitution, far from providing a religious test for public office, expressly forbids any such requirement. Yet the Supreme Court had to say it again only last June, when it came to the rescue of a would-be notary public in Maryland. The aspiration of one Roy R. Torcaso to witness signatures in Montgomery County had come up against a provision of the Maryland Constitution which read: "No religious test ought ever to be required as a qualification for any office of profit or trust in this state"—and then came the sleeper—"other than a declaration of belief in the existence of God." Having no such belief, Mr. Torcaso refused to sign the required declaration. That act of honesty might have recommended him as a functionary whose job was to bear witness, since without fear of hell or expectation of heaven he could easily have lied. Firm believers have been known to do so from time to time. But under the law, Torcaso was rejected.

On appeal, the state's highest court ruled against him on the ground that Maryland's tradition of religious toleration was not "thought to encompass the ungodly," and the case then went up to the United States Supreme Court. That body ruled unanimously that Maryland's "religious test for public office unconstitutionally invades . . . freedom of belief and religion."

In view of the clarity of the Constitution on this subject, it may be something of a surprise that Maryland was not alone in exacting a statement of faith from those who would hold public office. At the time, Arkansas, Mississippi, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, and Texas had similar provisions, and Tennessee went them one better. It not only required a belief in a Supreme Being, which would let in even those vague deists whose prayers might be addressed To Whom It May Concern; it demanded, more specifically, a belief in "a future state of rewards and punishments." That would eliminate all those Unitarians, Jews, and Protestants of various shades who believe in God, but whose vision of the hereafter is not quite so graphic.

The opinion of many constitutional lawyers is that with the Supreme Court's decision, those particular laws became dead letters, whether or not they have yet been formally revoked. But the decision by no means removed all the disabilities under which nonbelieving Americans are obliged to carry on. Eleven states call for official oaths ending with the phrase "So help me God," and congressional statutes require the same words for Federal jobholders—*except for the President of the United States*. His oath of office is prescribed in Article II of the Constitution itself, the only one so imposed, and in it, significantly, there is no reference to a Supreme Being.

Still other states have so-called blasphemy laws, forbidding the public casting of doubt on the fundamentals of religious belief, though such laws are very rarely invoked. And in a number of states atheists may not serve as either witnesses or jurors. As the Maryland law runs, a witness or juror must believe that he "will be held morally accountable for his acts, and be rewarded or punished therefor, either in this world or in the world to come." Contradictory testimony is nevertheless as common in Maryland as it is elsewhere, the threat of consequences in the next world notwithstanding.

Aside from these dubiously legal disabilities, the climate of opinion creates other handicaps for the purely agnostic. A student at the University of Miami in Florida is dropped from a course for teachers because the county where he is to do his intern teaching will not allow the three R's to be imparted by an unbeliever. A New York couple professing no religion will find it impossible to adopt a child through the public channels.

Illustrating the limbo to which avowed skeptics are assigned, the mayor of a New England city not long ago refused to accept a statue of Thomas Paine because that patriot's religious views were, to say the least, controversial. In the same vein the Post Office Department has never brought out a Paine commemorative stamp, though it has paid philatelic honors to Joel Chandler Harris, Virginia Dare, the Pony Express, and the American Poultry Industry. Strenuous representations in Paine's behalf have been made repeatedly before Congressional committees and Post Office officials, but the man whose immeasurable service to the Revolution won tributes from Washington, Franklin, Adams and Jefferson is remembered by some Americans only as a freethinker—and we are not so liberal about that sort of thing in the 1960's as they were in the 1790's.

The Torcaso affair served only to point up this fact. Seemingly jolted by the Supreme Court's opinion, a prominent newspaper columnist suggested that the justices had misinterpreted the intention of the founding fathers. "Is it clear," he asked incredulously, that they "wanted to make it possible for atheists to hold office and to conduct the affairs of their fellow men?"

The founders of the American Republic were men of their times, and their times were saturated with rationalism. As de Tocqueville, the great French observer of our young nation, observed, "The men of our days are naturally little disposed to believe." Paine and Jefferson were products of the Age of Reason. Franklin's great biographer, Carl Van Doren, characterized him as a "pagan skeptic." And the influence of the period was not lost on Washington or Adams either. The prevailing spirit among them was that of deism. Forerunners of modern Unitarianism, the deists were selective concerning the Bible—insofar as they accepted it at all—and they believed a Supreme Being to be vaguely inherent in Nature but very different from the personal God of the Scriptures. They thought that in any case men had to determine for themselves a basis for rational morality, and they had little use for theology or the ceremonials of organized religion.

Paine's *Age of Reason* exceeded the liberal bounds of the day: "I do not believe in the

Robert Bendiner, 52, a former managing editor of The Nation, is the author of two books and numerous articles. In 1955 he received the coveted Benjamin Franklin Award for magazine writing.

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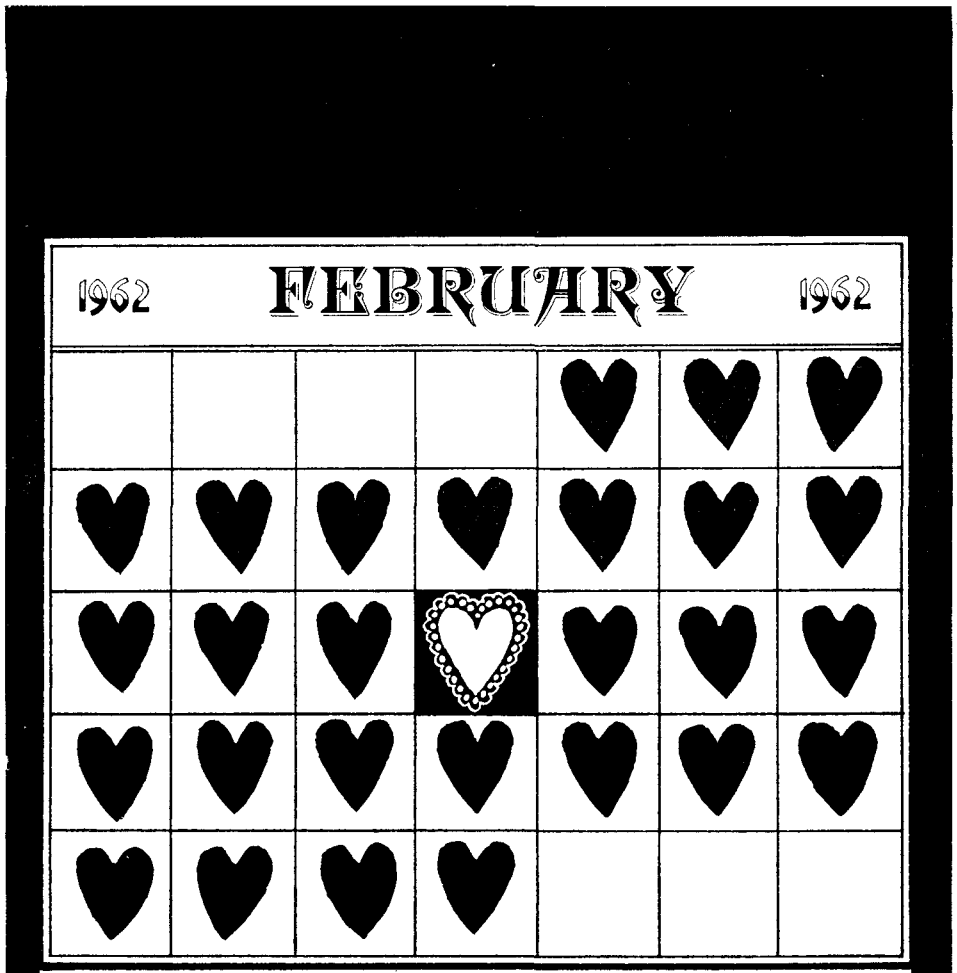

FEBRUARY'S QUIZ About Your Heart

February is "Heart Month"—a good time to consider some questions and answers that could make the difference between a heart that will carry on efficiently for a long time or a heart that may falter too soon.

Q. What does overweight do to the heart?

A. Excess pounds put a constant and needless strain on the heart. Eventually its ability to meet the regular demands placed on it is impaired. To help keep your heart healthy, *keep your weight down.*

Q. Is there any special diet that will protect the heart and blood vessels?

A. There are still many unsettled questions about the relation of diet to diseases of the heart and blood vessels. Authorities generally agree, however, that some limitation on the kind and amount of fat in the diet is desirable. But a healthy person probably should not make drastic changes in his diet without medical advice.

Q. Do stress, strain and tension harm the heart?

A. Anyone who is under constant emotional stress many hours of the day probably runs a greater risk of diseases of the heart and blood vessels than the individual who takes things in his stride. All excesses—emotional and otherwise—certainly do the heart no good.

Q. Does exercise help the heart?

A. Many authorities now believe that the more active you are, the less likely you are to develop coronary heart disease. After middle-age, it is wise to avoid sudden or strenuous activities to which you're unaccustomed. But for your heart—and your health in general—some form of regular physical activity should be continued throughout life.

Q. How often should your heart be checked?

A. Even if you've never had any symptoms that suggest heart trouble, don't neglect a periodic health examination. If your doctor finds that all is well with your heart, think of the comforting assurance you'll have. If, however, something should be amiss with your heart, your physician—thanks to new drugs and new treatments—may spare your heart further damage and, with a few sensible restrictions, help you live long and actively.

An informative account of the heart, and how the more common types of heart disease are treated, is presented in Metropolitan's booklet, *Your Heart.* Clip and mail the coupon below for a free copy.

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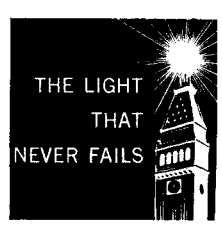

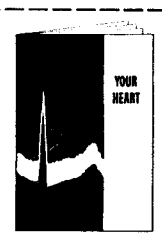

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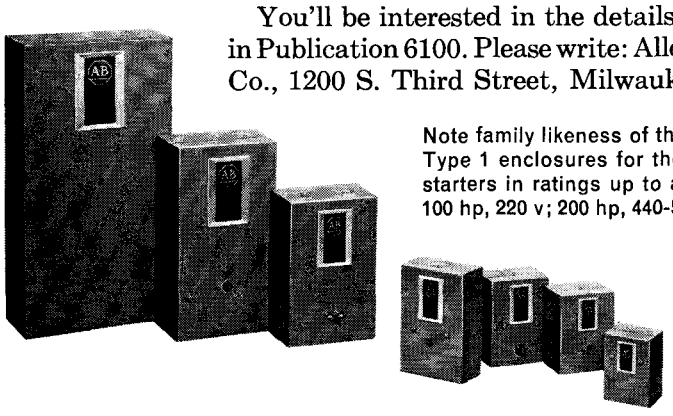

Note family likeness of the new NEMA Type 1 enclosures for the Bulletin 709 starters in ratings up to and including 100 hp, 220 v; 200 hp, 440-550 v.

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SPEAKING OUT

creed professed by the Jewish church, by the Roman church, by the Greek church, by the Turkish church, by the Protestant church, nor by any church that I know of. My own mind is my own church."

Jefferson was not so rough on the Bible as Paine, but John Quincy Adams wrote of him, "If not an absolute atheist, he had no belief in a future existence." That may be strong, but he advised a nephew to apply critical tests to the New Testament because "Your own reason is the only oracle given you by Heaven, and you are answerable for, not the rightness, but the uprightness of the decision."

Writing to Jefferson in the twilight of their lives, John Adams, who was a Unitarian, remarked that after a lifetime of reading polemics, "I have learned nothing of importance to me, for they have made no change in my moral or religious creed, which has for fifty or sixty years been contained in four short words, 'Be just and good.'"

I cite these few quotations only to show that a fairly relaxed and freewheeling attitude in matters of religion marked our ancestors, in contrast to the rigid conventionality of their political descendants.

What is more, their tradition of freedom prevailed down to the early days of this century. Although I shall not attempt here to characterize the much argued beliefs of Abraham Lincoln, they would not have qualified him for any Sunday-school awards. His law partner Herndon may have put it extremely—"As to Mr. Lincoln's religious views, he was, in short, an infidel." But it is true that as a young man he turned out an essay critically dissecting the Bible, which friends persuaded him to throw into the stove for the sake of his budding political career.

The generally pious post-Civil War era easily adjusted itself to a flood of unorthodoxy from its greatest literary representatives. Twain, Whitman, Poe, Emerson, Howells and Holmes ranged from an exuberant naturalism to a completely rationalist agnosticism. Above all, the Gilded Age saw the phenomenon of Robert G. Ingersoll. Here was a man who not only rejected religion but toured the country preaching the gospel of the unbeliever. "Our fathers retired Jehovah from politics," he would say. He particularly extolled Paine, whose "arguments were so good that his reputation got bad."

Yet Ingersoll enjoyed a brilliant career and reputation. Besides being the finest orator of his age, and one of the wittiest, he was among the most popular. Overflow audiences flocked to hear him "tell the truth about the Bible."

A colonel of Union cavalry at Shiloh and later attorney general of Illinois, Ingersoll was so highly regarded in Republican Party circles that he was chosen to put James G. Blaine in nomination for the Presidency, the occasion on which he responded with his historic "plumed knight" speech. No one seemed to think the choice of the "great agnostic" an odd one, though such an endorsement now would surely be regarded as a kiss of death for any politician. When Ingersoll died, he was eulogized by the nation's great—Mark Twain and Andrew Carnegie among them—and he was buried in Arlington Cemetery.

It is hard to imagine a career like Ingersoll's in these timid days, though as recently as the '20's men like H. L. Mencken and Clarence Darrow still blared forth their unbelief. Sinclair Lewis went to the adolescent extent of challenging God to strike him dead in fifteen minutes in order to prove His existence. In science, Burroughs, Burbank, Edison, and Steinmetz were all unbelievers. Edison, who was exceedingly blunt on the subject, even helped finance the Freethinkers of America, an organization that is still struggling along.

Today, by contrast, a public man who publicly doubts is regarded as a shady figure. If in politics, he is much surer of being replaced at the next election than if he had been caught with his fist in the treasury. For aside from being "unpatriotic," agnosticism is "immoral." "If an officeholder doesn't believe in God, he may or may not be a person who believes in honesty or morality," says the columnist already cited. "He might not accept the Ten Commandments, for example, as necessarily governing his conduct."

Here, I submit, the would-be censor of belief is on even trickier ground than in his appeal to history. Obviously if an atheist who aspired to office were in fact immoral, perjury would be the last thing to upset him, and the gesture of belief would be enough to meet all requirements. Since one cannot be sure about a candidate's morality no matter how many oaths he takes, the question arises as to whether it is morality that is really being called for or merely conformity.

Whether or not one agrees with Shaw that man possesses a "natural sense of honor" that is "quite independent of religious instruction," it is impossible to accept the view that questioning spirits like Socrates, Spinoza and Giordano Bruno were less moral than their persecutors. Or to argue that the great abolitionists, William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, neither of whom belonged to a church, needed lessons in virtue from pious churchgoers who bought and sold human beings at auction.

In the end if the state can demand officially—or public opinion unofficially—that officeholders acknowledge a conventional religious belief, then state and public are entitled to examine credentials. They are entitled to demand that a candidate's conviction be genuine, not just a matter of political convenience. And there's the rub. For who is to be entrusted with the inquisition required to winnow out the real from the synthetic in religious conviction? Happily the thought is preposterous as well as illegal.

Yet to exact a hollow profession of belief, Jefferson said, serves "only to beget habits of hypocrisy and meanness. . . ." And he has been proved right. Few political reporters would be at a loss to name men who, on entering public life, have suddenly felt the urge to appear in church for the first time since childhood. Paine understood the problem well, and his advice is as pertinent now as it ever was: ". . . it is necessary to the happiness of man that he be mentally faithful to himself. Infidelity does not consist in believing or in disbelieving; it consists in professing to believe what he does not believe." That is where the dry rot begins. In short, it is not the avowed agnostic who threatens the health of a society, nor the devout believer. It is the religious communicant who does not mean what he says, who uses religion to maintain his status or advance his career; and who, having in reality little or no faith himself, demands it all the more loudly of others.

Next week in this space Billy Graham will discuss why Americans and American political leaders should believe in God.

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"...the water shortage is not something to be feared for the future. It is here now."

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THE VALLEY THAT ONCE HATED WATER

It meant rampaging floods, erosion, loss of industry and people. Now that's all changed in the Muskingum Valley. Control of water has brought new industry. Thousands of new jobs. A $10,000,000 a year tourist business. This is the story of how it all came about.

Bryce Browning told the story as he stood on the crest of an Ohio hill overlooking a lovely, twisting lake—a lake that wasn't there 25 years ago.

"Floods almost ruined the Muskingum Valley," he said. "New construction was at a standstill. Industry departed for safer ground. Farms were scarred with erosion. Our hills baked dry every summer and lost more of their valuable topsoil with every rain. Villages took on a patched look. It was a dismal picture."

The struggle to fight back began some years ago. Heavy spring rains brought the matter to a head, particularly at Zanesville, located in the southern part of the Valley. There, citizens, frightened by the specter of more devastation, demanded flood control measures. Meetings were called. Money was collected for engineering studies.

After an eight-month investigation, one of the nation's foremost hydro engineers, Dr. Arthur Morgan, advised the townspeople that adequate flood control measures for Zanesville were impractical unless they were part of a plan for the entire 8000-square-mile Valley.

The scope of this plan was too big for Zanesville to tackle alone. But Bryce Browning, then an energetic young member of the Zanesville Chamber of Commerce staff, caught the fever. Flood control, he reasoned, was the key to economic growth. It was either action or stagnation. Browning enlisted the aid of George H. Maxwell, long-time evangelist of conservation, to bring the crusade to the people of the Valley. Maxwell agreed immediately and went to work.

Maxwell told his audiences that flood control was not a matter of dikes and dams alone . . . it was the problem of controlling water, raindrop by raindrop. He shocked them by suggesting that floods were not the great threat. Soil erosion and drought were even greater hazards.

Two years later this grim prophecy came true. The Valley suffered its worst drought. It lasted two bitter years. But out of disaster finally came the unity of purpose that unfolded in the nation's first multi-purpose conservation program—the Muskingum Watershed Conservancy District. It was created to undertake not only flood control and water conservation but also pollution prevention, soil conservation, reforestation, wildlife propagation and recreation.

This unique public corporation, under local direction, is perhaps the only state agency in the U.S. that pays taxes on the land it owns, and yet, since 1939, has received no tax income to support its operations. The District's dams have already reduced flood damage by more than their total construction cost.

Industry no longer shuns the Muskingum country. Conservative estimates of today's plant investment range from 300 to 400 million dollars. Thousands of new jobs have been created. A new industry, too. The necklace of sparkling lakes created by the District's 14 dams attracts 2.5 million visitors every year from the great industrial cities nearby. Tourist income exceeds $10,000,000 annually.

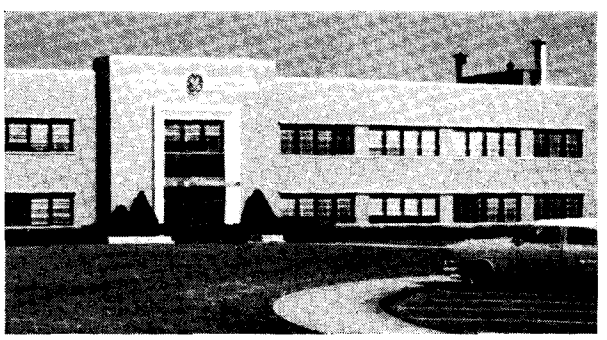
Water problems like Muskingum's are not restricted geographically. And the beauty of the Conservancy system is that it can be adopted virtually anywhere in the U.S. "All it takes," says Mr. Browning, chief administrator of the Muskingum District, "are people who want to get things done."

Action by people is needed now . . . while there is still time. Today over 90% of our nation's rainfall is allowed to run off. Yet, by 1980, we'll need twice the water we're using today.

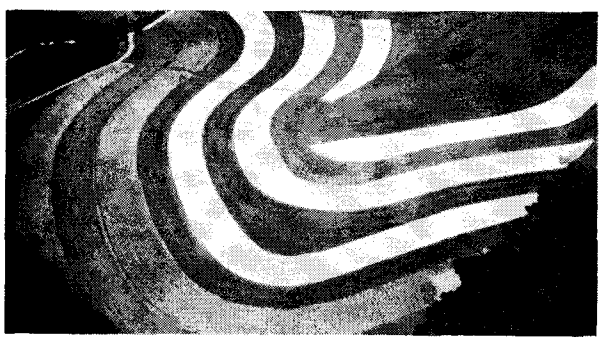
In your community, action can start with *you*. The people of the Muskingum Valley proved what individuals can do. They saw a vision, and made it come true.

For more information on our nationwide water problem, write Dept. E, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.

Floods like this once plagued the Muskingum Valley, cutting deep scars into its economic life. Jobs were lost as industry departed for safer ground. Farms were etched by erosion. Valuable topsoil was washed away with every rain. At this point, the Valley's citizens went to work.



New plant construction has returned to the Muskingum Valley. Manufacturing operations like this modern installation at Coshocton have boosted industrial development to an all-time high of approximately $400,000,000. Thousands of new jobs have been created, bolstering the economy of the Valley.



The gentle curves of contour plowing and strip planting are holding water in the Valley's land. So are more than ten million trees planted in District-held and private property. Once a tired, farmed-out area, the Valley now boasts some of the finest bottom land in the U. S.

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin

AFFLUENT EUROPE

A *Post* editor reports on the enormous, unprecedented upsurge of wealth abroad.

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

PARIS.

Europe is in the chips. An affluence undreamed of a few years ago is filling European pockets with hard cash, European kitchens with new gadgets, and European highways with new cars. Rooftops have sprouted forests of antennas. Luxurious jet planes ferry busy men and women across the Alps, across the Rhine. People who used to ride the streetcar now drive to work. The stores are crammed with great quantities of the good things in life. Three hundred million human beings—the inhabitants of Europe on the sunny side of the Iron Curtain—are enjoying a prosperity that is unprecedented in the Old World's history.

Postwar reports of Europe's demise have since proved premature. That it was a narrow squeeze nobody here denies. "If we are still around at all," a ranking French official said, "it is most likely due to the forty-odd billion aid dollars the United States has lent or given Europe since the end of World War II. But we are now on our own. We've broken through. We have entered a new phase, and we are moving forward on our own momentum."

In my own little world, the nook of Paris where I make my home, things have crept up on me. Since when, I wonder, has Monsieur Louis who owns the *bistro* down the way—a favorite haunt of truck drivers and workmen—used an expensive station wagon for his marketing? The television antenna marring the view from my back window dates back—let's see—to last July. I seem to have a neighbor who gives cocktail parties. An expensive-looking candy store has recently opened its doors. The toy shop has taken on an extra salesgirl and put out a neon sign. The bank has had its face lifted. My friend the antique dealer and his wife spent their summer vacation driving all the way to the North Cape and back again.

The man who runs the inn around the corner has bought the rickety apartment house adjoining his property and plans to do it over. The postal clerk across the street now owns a Renault and take his wife and little boy off to the country every fair weekend. I notice several chic dogs and several chic children that weren't there two years ago. As for the neighborhood cat, he's grown so prosperous he'll hardly stop to say hello these days, and it seems months ago that I last saw him investigate the garbage pail.

Project this picture post card on a vaster screen and what you get is Europe, 1962. While the United States has passed through at least two recessions since the Korean War, Europe has suffered nothing worse than a couple of mild dips. And while we have increased our national wealth since 1950 at the modest rate of 3.8 per cent a year, France's annual rate of growth has

Le supermarket: This mass-selling device has become increasingly popular in France, but it has reduced the hearty bonhomie of the local market.

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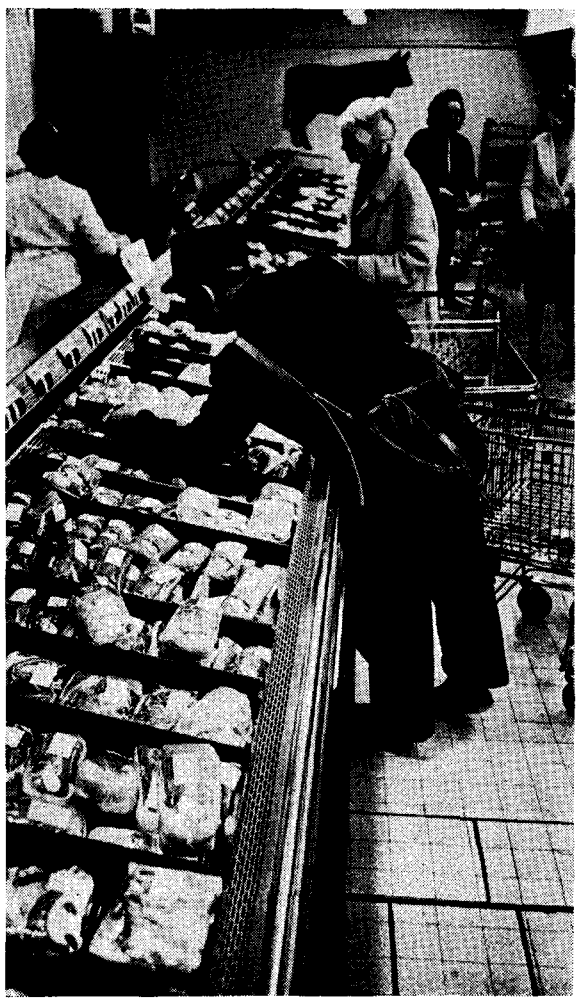
"Through Europe's new prosperity, the common man has come into his own."



New money for the changing French marketplace: With rising wages and increased employment, money circulates freely through the shops. Nearly 100 supermarkets have opened in France, and the completion of 3000 more is planned within four years.

averaged 7.1 percent; Italy's 8.4 percent; and finally, Western Germany's, a staggering 9.6 percent.

The rise from rags to riches, to be sure, must be seen in its proper perspective. In several European countries expansion has been so spectacular largely because they had suffered heavy damage during World War II. Starting at the bottom, they came up fast, while our own economy was merely clambering from an already high plateau to a still higher one. Even today the average European is still "poor" by our standards, his annual income being roughly half the income of the average American in terms of real purchasing power.

Moreover there remain some ugly holes in the bright picture of Europe's new prosperity. Greece, Portugal, Southern Italy and parts of Spain are still beset by their old incubus, mass poverty. Slums, even cave dwellings, exist in many cities. There are regions where such necessities of life as electricity and running water are still considered luxuries. Even in Britain, Western Germany and France the electricity output per person is less than half our own. Housing, almost everywhere in Europe, is still distressingly inadequate, with many families living in one small room or sharing the homes of relatives. Last but not least, the distribution of wealth still leaves a lot to be desired, and abject misery frequently hides hard beneath the glittering surface.

Still, the great bulk of Western Europe's population is now immeasurably better off than in the recent past. Wages have gone up steeply in the last five years, and full employment has become a fact in almost every European country. In some industrial regions, such as the thriving Netherlands, there now are many more jobs than men to fill them. Switzerland, with a population of 5,000,000, employs as many as 500,000 foreign workers, most of them imported from Southern Italy and Spain. Western Germany has 750,000 registered job openings; and although wages there already are 13 percent higher than they were last year, a skilled man is worth almost any wage he asks for in what is known as the "gray labor market." Labor piracy has become a common practice in places like the Ruhr and Lombardy, where specialists are being lured from one job to another by pleading, desperate employers.

A static continent has turned dynamic. Cities have outgrown their old forms and spilled into the countryside. (Look down on any European capital from the air, and you will see its venerable body dwarfed by a brood of modern suburbs.) The birth rate has been climbing merrily since World War II—even old France, stagnant and over-age for decades, has spawned some record crops of babies, increasing her population from a prewar 42,000,000 to 45,800,000. The accent is on youth. Everywhere one goes in Western Europe one is impressed with the great number of young people, taller than their elders, and by the flocks of boisterously healthy children, dressed no longer like tiny adults but in dungarees and T shirts.

People are on the move. Farmers flock to the cities. Townsfolk become suburbanites. Touched by a magic wand, the great outdoors has come to life—long-silent forests swarm with campers, the lakes are white with sailboats, gingerbread mountain towns are packed with skiers. Anything that spells "hobby" and "outdoors"—from barbecue grills to records, stamps and movie cameras—is selling briskly. The money has come out of socks and mustard pots, and it circulates.

The most remarkable thing about this new prosperity in a notoriously class-ridden continent is that it is a mass phenomenon. "Exclusive" signs are coming down all over Europe. "I went to Capri last summer as I do every year," an Italian industrialist told me. "The first day on the island I met our maid with her husband. The next day I encountered my optician. And the day after that I bumped into my tailor, who promptly measured me for a new suit."

The common man at last has come into his own, and he behaves surprisingly like his transatlantic relative, who took off in pursuit of happiness a generation or two earlier. Not that the American design for living is taken over wholesale, with no questions asked. I have yet to meet a Frenchman who believes that canned food is as good to eat as fresh food, or an Italian woman who'd consider herself as elegant in a ready-made dress as in one made to order. Still, Europeans—and in particular the younger set—find a generous amount of "Americanization" wholly compatible with their own way of life.

If supermarkets have begun to flourish in many European cities—France has nearly 100 of them and expects to build 3000 in the next four years—it is because more women work and can no longer spare the time to gossip with the butcher, the grocer and the pastry baker. If quick-lunch counters are besieged at midday by a throng of workers and employees, it is because more and more businesses are switching to the continuous working day, replacing the hallowed institution of the three-hour lunch with a quick break. Vending machines and jukeboxes have become part of Europe's scenery, along with plastics and synthetic fabrics, slacks for the ladies, frozen food, soft drinks and tranquilizer pills.

As customers have become more demanding, stores everywhere have "gone American" in their display and marketing techniques. Gift-wrapping, recently introduced in France, has been a huge success. One large Paris department store sends its chief stylist to New York four times a year to see what she can glean about American merchandising and display techniques. Discount stores have begun to operate in several cities. Consumer credit, virtually unknown in many European countries before World War II, has been accepted, albeit cautiously, as a necessary feature of the market place. The average Englishman today owes $33 in installment debts on goods he has bought; the German, $22; and the Frenchman, $16—compared with $212 owed by the average American.

But it is the motorcar—catalyst of our own machine-age civilization—that has revolutionized the European way of life. Consider for a moment the case of France's celebrated ugly duckling, the $1000 *Deux Chevaux*—an air-cooled frill-less four-door sedan that looks like two bicycles joined together by a piece of dirty canvas. Designed to fit the worker's pocketbook, it came into the world as the direct result of social agitation in the 1930's—a child of France's "Popular Front."

"There was talk of paid vacations and weekend outings for the workingman," an official of the Citroën works in Paris told me. "Our *Deux Chevaux* was meant to be the answer. Some of our people had been to America and studied mass-production methods at the Ford plant, and we were ready with a prototype when World War II broke out. Well, you should have heard

Shoppers in Milan: New selling methods are ending resistance to ready-to-wear clothes.

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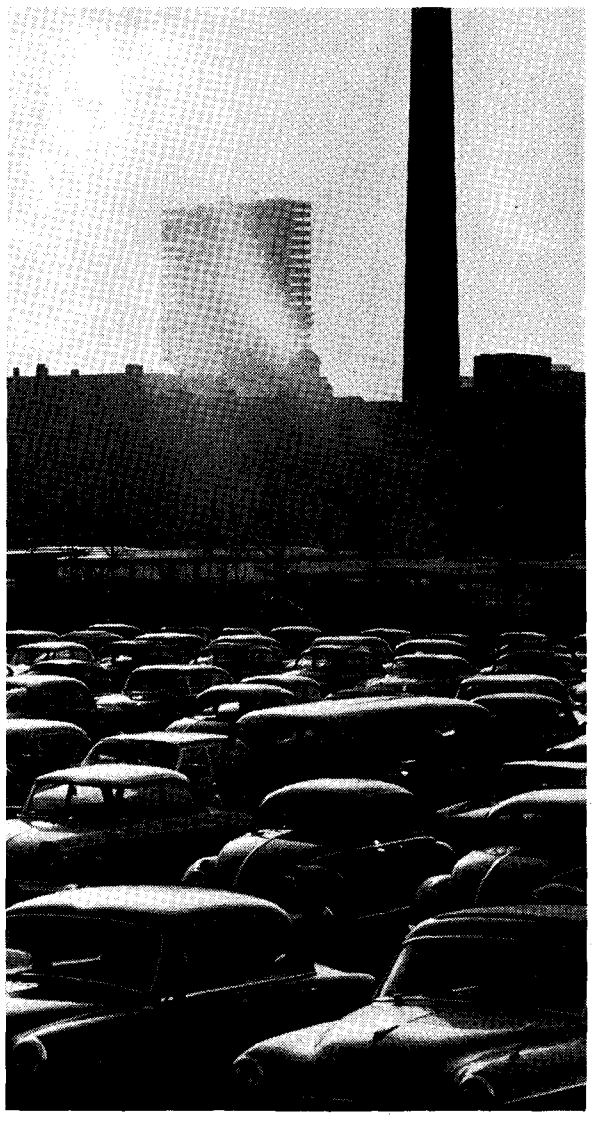
"The European has yielded to the exhilarating rush of a new freedom, the automobile."



Workers' cars outside a plant in Leverkusen, Germany: European wage earners are graduating from bicycles and motor scooters to low-priced automobiles, and are clogging the roads on their Sunday outings. The total number of automobiles in Europe has tripled in the last 10 years.

the cries of horror when we unveiled the model at long last at the 1948 Automobile *Salon*. 'Is that a car?' people were asking. It was so ugly! Of course, it was designed by engineers and not by aesthetes. When people found it worked, they bought it."

A journey around France will turn up quite a few of the 1,500,000 little rattle-traps sold until now. Country priests chug around their parishes in them. Veterinarians find them just the thing for taking off across rough fields. Postmen drive them on their appointed rounds. In town, the plumber and the electrician who until recently rode bicycles now call on you in their own *Deux Chevaux*. Shopkeepers use them for deliveries on weekdays and for a Sunday jaunt into the country with the family.

The *Deux Chevaux*'s success story is by no means unique. It is matched if not excelled by those of Fiat's *Topolino* and "600" and of the German *Volkswagen*, now turned out at the rate of nearly 1,000,000 a year. True, Europe is still well behind us in mobility—where there is one passenger car for every three Americans, there still is only one for every eight Frenchmen, every nine Britons, every eleven West Germans, every twenty-six Italians and every 200 Greeks! However, Western Europe's total number of automobiles has jumped from some 10,000,000 in 1950 to more than 30,000,000; Italy alone has multiplied her herd of passenger cars by six in the same period. An Italian friend of mine who works for a government agency in Rome reports: "In 1958 only one man besides me owned a car in my department. Today nine other people drive their own automobiles, including two girl secretaries and one of the ushers."

As thousands of Europeans graduate every day from motorbike or scooter to something low-priced on four wheels, others move up to more expensive makes. Easy credit terms and a snow-balling secondhand-car market extend, from year to year, the boundaries of ownership. The old cliché that "Europe could always export parking space for dollars" has long since lost its point. Parking your car in Vienna, Stockholm or Milan is as traumatic an experience as it is in Manhattan. To make things worse, many a lovely European city was laid out centuries ago and has retained such quaintly medieval features as narrow crooked streets that intersect at crazy angles. Some cities, like eternal Rome, are girded by historic walls that city planners cannot touch, and motorists must squeeze through narrow gates—designed, likely as not, by Michelangelo. The resulting traffic jam, as every tourist knows, is something to write home about.

Cooped up in his own bailiwick for many war and postwar years, the European yields to the exhilarating rush of a new freedom. Along hurriedly widened roads and brand-new superhighways, past gleaming service stations and motels that weren't there last year, through recently completed Alpine tunnels, he rumbles off to see the world. For the first time in history millions of Europeans cross their own borders and take a look at foreign lands which heretofore were well beyond their reach. Paris in springtime is overrun with Germans. Spain, Italy and Greece become, during the summer months, the happy hunting grounds of Frenchmen, Belgians, Germans, Britons, Scandinavians. An air ferry will fly your car from continental Europe to the British Isles and vice versa; luxurious trains will carry it in one section, while you sleep in another, from northern Europe to Riviera playgrounds; specially built ships will take it across the sea—and you along with it—from Italy to Greece.

Alas, a shadow falls across this happy picture. Not weaned on the internal combustion engine, the European is still ill at ease with so much speed and power. The middle-aged apprentice driver perspiring at the side of his instructor as he stalls the car in heavy traffic is a common sight in European streets. Male fledglings, especially in Latin countries, find it hard to resist the urge to show off, with a mighty roar, to their admiring girl friends. As for the average woman driver, her turn at the wheel comes so infrequently—two-car families still being few and far between in Europe—that she is likely to remain a public hazard all her life. Add to all this the absence of a speed limit in many regions, and what you get is sudden death. Comparative statistics are appalling. The United States, with 74,000,000 motor vehicles on the road, registers nearly 38,000 traffic deaths a year, France, with 7,000,000 vehicles, kills 8000 people; Italy, with 2,500,000—also 8000; and Germany, with 5,000,000 cars, holds the macabre record of 14,000 victims.

The second-biggest annual show in Paris, after the autumn Automobile *Salon*, is the *Salon des Arts Ménagers*—a sample fair of household gadgets and appliances which, every spring, fills the French capital with eager visitors who come to ogle and to buy. Europe has gone appliance-happy. Refrigerators, washing machines, dishwashers, mixers, vacuum cleaners, record players and TV sets largely account for the fantastic rise in the turnover of consumer durables. While our own expenditure for this kind of hardware has increased by 20 per cent over the last decade, Europe's has doubled.

"For years," an Austrian lady confessed, "I had envied the American housewife whose life I saw depicted in movies and advertisements. Look at my kitchen now—doesn't it seem a color page from an American magazine?" It did, and so does many a cozily old-fashioned European kitchen that suddenly has filled up with shiny and expensive *gadgets*—the word itself has been absorbed into most European languages.

I made a pilgrimage to the Dutch town of Eindhoven, lair of Philips Lamps—the continent's largest corporation—to see how things were shaping up. The well-washed little town itself, where life spins merrily around the Philips works, has grown from 40,000 to 170,000 inhabitants within the life span of a generation. Once known primarily as maker of the humble light bulb, the company has in more recent years been pouring forth an avalanche of kitchen things and television sets, marketing most of them in the surrounding countries. I learned that the demand had quieted down a bit of late but that the boom was likely to continue.

"Our turnover," a dapper company official informed me, "has quadrupled in the last ten years, and we expect it to pass the five-billion-guilder mark—about $1,400,000,000—this year. Much of the upsurge has been due to television. What really put TV on the map in Europe was the coronation of Queen Elizabeth of England in 1953. The event could be viewed over a European hook-up, and all at once everybody wanted a TV set of his own. Incidentally, we still have a long way to go before we reach the saturation point. In the

The Turin Auto Show: Europe's love for the motorcar has blossomed for the common man.

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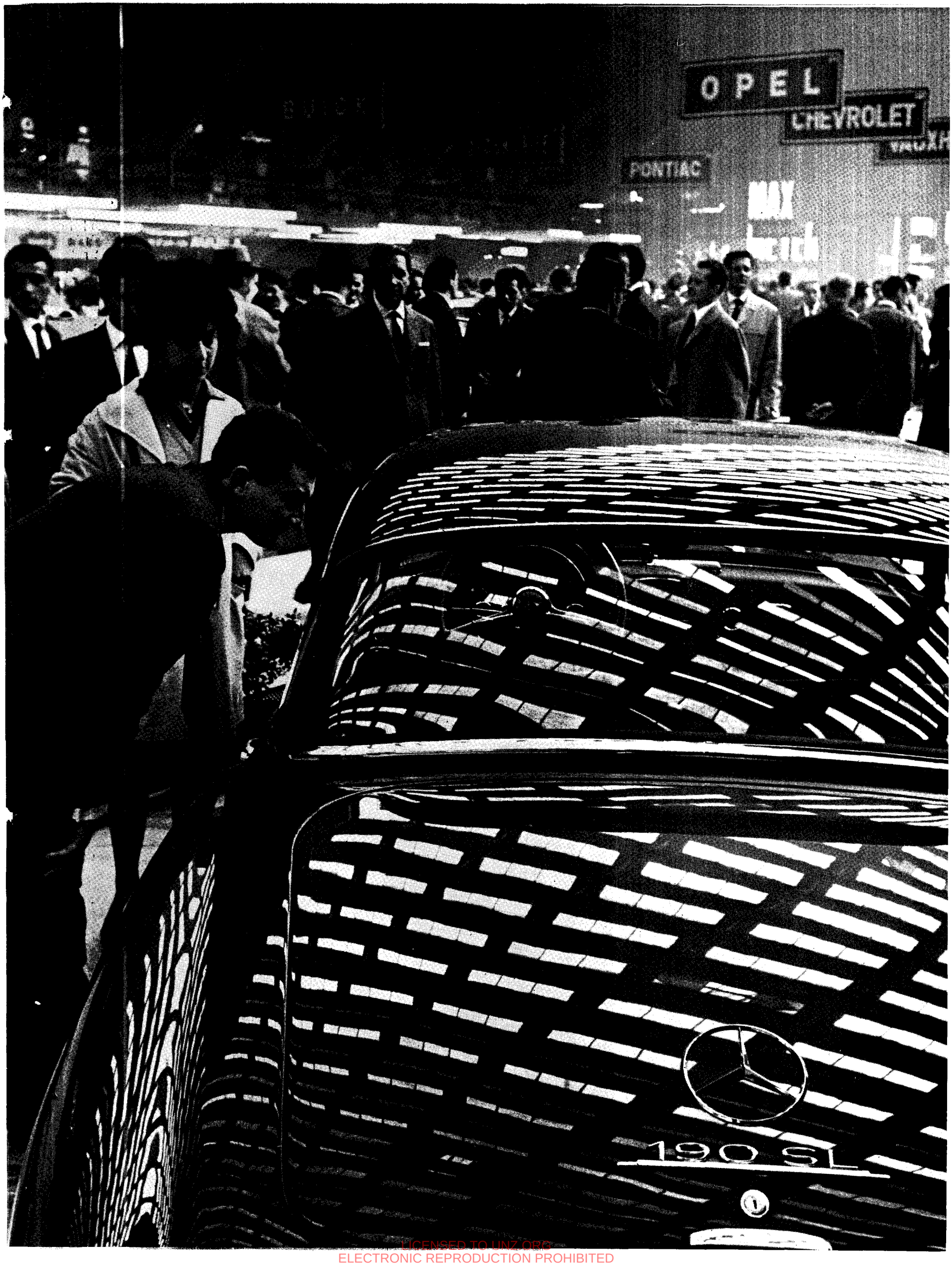

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"A static continent has turned dynamic . . . cities have outgrown their old forms."

United States you now have 105 TV sets for every 100 households, while Western Europe has no more than thirty-six. Or take refrigerators—120 to 100 homes in the United States, and just twenty-seven to 100 over here." He glanced up from his papers. "You've come from Paris? Ah, Paris, the City of Light—a badly lighted city, don't you think?"

Under the impact of the roaring '60's the map of Europe is changing almost as dramatically as it did in the Middle Ages, when townsmen built great castles and cathedrals and soon achieved ascendancy over less-enterprising neighbors.

Among the hitching posts of the new boom are Rotterdam, with its vast "Europort"; Zurich, which now plays banker to a large segment of the continent; Milan, the commercial capital of Italy; Turin, whose baroque palaces and churches are now eclipsed by the huge Fiat works; and Düsseldorf—"desk of the Ruhr."

It is in Düsseldorf that one receives perhaps the most impressive notion of what this age of affluence is all about. Fed by the mines and factories of the nearby Ruhr, whose corporations use it as a headquarters, the city—once a third-rate ducal residence—has turned into Exhibit A of what is known as the West German "miracle." Those of us who came through here at the end of World War II, when 65 percent of the city's built-up area was flattened, have trouble recognizing it. Wide, pleasant avenues, lined with the glass-and-steel façades of modern buildings, have risen from the ruins of cramped quarters. Eleven junior skyscrapers have been completed or are being built; seventeen more are planned. Düsseldorf has made itself the principal emporium for ladies' coats and dresses on the continent; it boasts a "supermarket" for used cars; its stock exchange is now the continent's largest after Paris; its streetcars serve refreshments.

Almost everyone you see wears new, expensive clothes. The number of privately owned automobiles has more than doubled in the last five years. Along the chestnut-lined Königsallee, where swans float lazily in the canal that runs its length, shop windows overflow with all the attributes of the abundant life. From jewelry to hand-tooled leather goods, from furs and stylish shoes to chinaware and fancy chocolates, the German wage earner finds all his heart desires. Bank windows show on electronically operated boards the fluctuations of his favorite blue-chip stocks. In flower-trimmed sidewalk cafés, housewives are apt to discuss, over ice cream and cake, the servant shortage or their Mediterranean cruise.

On the terrace of a fashionable restaurant, a German businessman was talking to me earnestly across the luncheon table. Below us the swift-flowing Rhine was filled with ships and barges laden with goods of every description. On the horizon the exhalations of a hundred furnaces were blending into a pink haze. "People should not call it a miracle," he said. "Nothing miraculous about it! We Germans are hard-working people, and we've had to work extra hard this time to prove to Russia and her prisoners behind the Iron Curtain that life is better where there is freedom." He drained his beaker while I waited for the rest which never came: We had to prove it also to ourselves.

Beneath the surface ripples of Europe's golden age, one finds some basic changes which are beginning to affect the structure of society itself. Class hatred, for one thing, is disappearing fast as today's have-nots expect to be tomorrow's haves. A Fiat automobile representative with whom I talked in a small town in Italy smilingly pointed to a poster in his office. It was a slicked-up photograph showing six beaming persons—a blonde in slacks, a bronzed young man with golf clubs, and other stand-bys of the advertising trade—grouped casually around Fiat's latest ranch wagon on the luxurious lawn of a suburban house.

"Ten years ago," the dealer said, "we would not have dared put up a thing like that. A poster of this kind would have caused nothing but resentment. Today every Italian can visualize himself—or at any rate his children—as members of that happy group."

But Old World capitalism itself has come of age and is no longer the terrifying bogey it used to be. Gone is the penny-pinching, stiff-necked, ice-cold manufacturer who ran the business by his own lights, brooking no interference. In his place there has risen a managerial elite very much like our own. Board any of the continent's crack trains—the *Sette Bello* between Milan and Rome, or the Trans-Europe Express on its Cologne-to-Paris run—and you will find in it a cross section of the new business aristocracy. Well groomed, well tailored, full of vim and vigor, your fellow passengers closely resemble American executives as they talk shop over cigars and brandy.

Many of Europe's manufacturers and merchants have in fact visited the United States. Others have listened to our industrial experts sent to Europe under various technical-assistance schemes. Scoffing at the old concept of a high per-unit profit based on limited production, these trained professionals are out full tilt for productivity and an expanding market. Far from "exploiting" those who work for them, they look at them as customers who must be able to afford what their own hands turn out. Nothing could have shown more clearly the way the wind is blowing than the recent free distribution by France's giant Péchiney chemical company of 35,000 shares of its own stock—worth about sixty dollars each—among its employees. Karl Marx, one can't help thinking, would have been somewhat shaken had he been still around.

Will Europe stay her course? There is no reason, at this juncture, for concern. In spite of the unprecedented spending spree, savings are high; the factories are turning out the goods; there is no runaway inflation anywhere in Europe. Moreover, the Common Market—a solemn compact among European nations to scrap the trade barriers still separating them—is well out of the blueprint stage. As economic unity becomes a fact, as goods and people start to move across the map as freely as they do in the United States, the future holds the promise of an even more broadly based prosperity.

The signs at this point read FULL SPEED AHEAD. Barring such unforeseeable calamities as war and *coups d'état*, the experts say that ten or twelve years hence our European cousins should be as prosperous as we are now. Picking and choosing as they go along, accepting or rejecting various aspects of the American example according to their needs and fancy, they will no doubt come up with their own version of the affluent society. Whatever formula they hit upon in the end, there is little doubt that it will allow them to remain themselves.

THE END

London: In this new housing development at Notting Hill Gate, tower apartment buildings, set in the midst of shopping centers, grow upward from the old city. Europe's modern communities are spreading into the countryside, bringing "urban sprawl" to the ancient landscape.

Young Europe: Turin youngsters cavort before burgeoning landmarks of rising prosperity.

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MR. LINCOLN
★ FOR THE ★
DEFENSE

THE CHARGE WAS MURDER, BUT
THE YOUNG LAWYER WAS NOT A MAN TO
LET AN OLD FRIEND DOWN.

A STORY BY ELISA BIALK

My name is Hannah Armstrong, and I've got a story to tell you. It's a true one, too, about someone who came to be mighty well known.

I got to thinking about how we first knew Abe while I was waiting for him at the inn in Beardstown. He was still over at the courthouse, where the circuit cases was being tried. He'd come out of Springfield, and I'd come to see him from New Salem.

I can tell you I was more than a mite nervous as I waited. Abe was now the biggest man in Illinois—some said the biggest next to Steve Douglas, but I always said the biggest next to nobody. It'd been years since I seen him last, and I wasn't sure he'd remember me or be willing to do the big favor I'd come to ask. But I'd promised Jack on his deathbed that I'd ask.

This was in the spring of 1858. A window in the lounge of the inn where I waited was open, and the air smelled sweet with lilacs. It reminded me of the bushes we had back at the place in New Salem. We'd worked hard for that place, Jack and me. It was all we'd had, but maybe it would have to go. Jack had said, "Sell everything you got, if you have to—but clear Duff."

That was what I was here for now. To clear our son Duff of a murder charge. Abe Lincoln was the only one who could do it. But would he? Should I even ask? Dast I ask? We'd been friends once, it's true, but that was a long time ago. Abe had come a long way since. Waiting for him to come from the courthouse, smelling the lilacs outside the open window of the inn, I got to remembering how far he'd come.

First time I seen him, I never thought he'd amount to much. He sure was scrawny-looking, even if he was tall as a sapling. I guess I was used to chunky, well-muscled men like my Jack. Then I saw him wrassle Jack, and I changed my mind.

Guess you heard about that wrassling match. It all started in the fall of 1831 when Denton Offutt was bragging on the new clerk in his grocery, young Abe Lincoln just up from Kentucky. He said Abe was not only the smartest fellow of his age he'd ever seen, but the strongest too, and that he could outrun, outwork and outwrassle any man in the county.

Well, that was just a bit more than Bill Clary could swallow. My Jack was one of the boys used to hang out at Clary's place. The Clary's Grove boys, people called them. They was rough and tough, the lot of them, and I guess Jack Armstrong was the roughest and toughest of them all. The upshot was that Bill Clary bet Denton Offutt that Abe Lincoln couldn't beat Jack, and once the bet was made, it was hard for either one of them to back down. Not that Jack wanted to. There was nothing he liked better than a good wrassling match. As for Abe Lincoln, he was new in town; and though I'd heard he wasn't willing to fight someone he had no grudge against, with Denton Offutt egging him on, there was nothing else he could do.

Nobody expected Abe to win, least of all Jack Armstrong and the Clary's Grove boys. But that Abe was a fooler. He looked scrawny, sure, but he was as hard as the sapling he took after. And he was a fighter. He never gave an inch he didn't have to, then or ever. That sure was a good match, real close, but it was Abe who got Jack to the ground finally, not the other way around like everybody expected.

The Clary's Grove boys started moving in on Abe. Those boys always stuck together. But Jack did something that made me real proud of him. He yelled to the boys to stand back, and he got up and said, "Abe Lincoln, you beat me fair and square! You're the better man, and here's my hand on it!" From that day on, Abe Lincoln was Jack Armstrong's friend. My friend too. He called me "Aunt Hannah," though I wasn't much older'n him, in the polite way a man spoke to a woman who was married out our way.

Abe used to come and see us quite a bit. He even stayed with us once in a while between times, when things wasn't going so well for him. Truth to tell, things didn't go so well for Abe most of the time. Denton Offutt's store winked out after a while, so Abe and a fellow named Berry went into partnership in another store, and that didn't turn out so good neither. Berry drank up the profits, and Abe's nose was always in a book, and neither one collected debts that was owed them but kept going deeper and deeper into debt themselves.

Abe always joshed me about my good cooking, I remembered. Can't say that it was ever extra-special, but it didn't cost him nothing, and that was a help. Not that Abe ever took anything for nothing. Whatever he'd eat, he'd pay for by doing chores around the place, like chopping wood

PAINTING BY NORMAN ROCKWELL

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and fixing things my Jack never got around to fixing.

Sitting there in the inn at Beardstown I kind of choked up when I remembered how Abe took a shine to our twins when they came, especially to the one we called Duff. That was a nickname that Jack hung on the baby because he was always laughing like an Irishman we knew named Duffy. The "Duffy" was shortened to Duff and it stuck. The other twin passed on with the fever. Maybe I spoiled Duff some 'cause he was all we had, I simply don't know. He was never bad, though, just full of high spirits, his father all over again.

I didn't want to sit there at the inn and start bawling in public, so I started remembering other things about Abe. I remembered the time I had foxed his breeches with a pair of buckskins he'd got as pay for a surveying job. Surveying was something he'd boned up on in his spare time so's he could earn some extra money. He was the postmaster too—I could see a letter he was going to deliver up the road later stuck in his hat.

Knowing what I did—that he already had a couple of jobs in order to make ends meet besides running the store—I was surprised when he told me, real excited, that a fellow had gone by the other day heading West, and had sold him a barrel he didn't have room for, for half a dollar. I said to him, "And you give him a half dollar for nothing but an ole barrel! Oh, Abe Lincoln!"

"Now, hold on, Aunt Hannah!" Lincoln told me. "That's where you're fooled. You know what was on the bottom of that ole barrel? A whole edition of Blackstone's *Commentaries!* They're the most important law books ever written. I been reading them, and I'm fixing to be a lawyer."

"Abe, Abe," I said, "make up your mind! You got a store, and you're letting it wink out. You're the postmaster, and you carry your post office around in your hat. You're a surveyor and get paid in buckskins! Now you want to be a lawyer. What next?"

Abe said in that funny way he had of talking, half laughing and half shy, "I'll tell you what next. I want to run for state assembly. Sounds pretty silly for someone who's only had about a year of schooling, don't it?"

I spoke right out like I always do. "I say it'd be silly if you didn't win out, Abe. You got more friends than anybody in New Salem."

Abe fixed me with those deep eyes of his that sometimes made him almost good-looking. "But will they vote for me, Aunt Hannah?"

"Try 'em out and see, Abe," I told him. "Try 'em out and see."

Well, the upshot of it was that Abe did try 'em out, and he got himself

elected to the state legislature. We sure missed him in New Salem when he went to Vandalia, which was then the capital of Illinois. No one could touch him when it came to telling funny stories, but that wasn't all. He had a good mind, Abe did, and was as honest as the day is long. We used to say it was like losing our entertainment, our constable and our guardian angel all in one.

When I look back I can see that Abe Lincoln never really came back, once he went to Vandalia. Oh, sure, he returned to New Salem when the legislature was over, but he had things on his mind. You somehow couldn't get close to him like you used to. Then that summer Anne Rutledge died, and the village didn't seem the same without her. Abe took her passing hard too, and he went back to Vandalia a more serious man than he used to be. That was the session when Springfield was voted the state capital, and he worked real hard on the bill. When it was passed, Jack and I knew that it was a real victory for Abe.

When he came back to New Salem, we found out something else too—something I guess we had felt all along would happen, when he first went in for politics. He told us he had passed his bar examination and was going to move to Springfield to be a law partner of John Stuart.

He came to say good-by, then rode off on a borrowed horse with two saddlebags that he joshed about holding all his worldly goods. "We'll never see the likes of him again," I said to Jack as we watched him go.

"Now, Hannah, sure we'll see Abe again," Jack told me in his easygoing way. "Springfield ain't too far away."

I shook my head. "He's gone. New Salem never could hold him. Springfield'll be too small for him, too."

"Springfield?" Jack laughed.

"Yes, Springfield! You just wait and see!"

Jack laughed again. "Sure, Hannah, I'll wait and see. Nothin' else to do in New Salem, is there?"

To be sure, we did have to wait a pretty long time. Not that Abe let grass grow under his feet in Springfield any more than he did in New Salem. He was always into something, and we'd keep hearing or reading about him. But the big things took their time in coming.

I remember one day when Jack came home late from town with some real surprising news about Abe. I almost didn't give him a chance to tell me, I was so mad at him for being late. The stew was near ruined. When he started joshing me about no stew of mine being ruined because I was the best cook in New Salem, I knew he'd been with the Clary's Grove boys again—what *(Continued on Page 48)*

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PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP

Colleges' Pied Piper: Sounding a call to high-school graduates throughout the country, Winifred Piper, 32, leads thousands of youngsters into college every year. Chief aide at the College Admissions Center, she puts students—who perhaps have been turned down by the overcrowded colleges of their choice—in touch with good schools that have room to spare. The Center, in Evanston, Ill., is a nonprofit clearing house for college applicants. It screened nearly 5000 applications last year, expects to process twice as many in 1962. "The big task," says the Center's director, Joe Jefferson, "is informing school and student that the other exists. Somehow Winnie gets it done." Miss Piper, from Smyrna, Del., skipped college herself ("But my mother won a degree at age 58, and I may try for one too."), got a job with the State Department, traveled to Israel and Austria as a secretary. Joining the Center as a girl-Friday in 1960, she won quick promotion to top assistant. "I do my best work," she says, "when I'm part of something that stands for more than pursuit of the dollar." PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT HUNTZINGER.

Hockey's Hardknocker: Slicing across the ice, rugged Howie Young, 24-year-old defense man of the Detroit Red Wings, drives in to check an attack. Howie, now playing his first full season in the National Hockey League, already has acquired a tough-guy reputation for his crashing—and devastatingly effective—style of play ("I'm on defense; I'm supposed to hit guys. So I hit 'em good."). His bad-boy tactics early this season cost the Wings dearly in penalty time, prompted the front office to order him back to the minors. Detroit fans raised a howl, and office brass back-tracked. But Young, out to square himself with Red Wings general manager Jack Adams, determined to avoid costly penalties, cut them by more than two thirds ("I have to prove I'm a hockey player, not that I can knock people down.") without losing his aggressiveness. "Young's fierce play," says Adams, "was one of the big reasons for our reaching the play-offs last year, and for our fine showing in the Stanley Cup games. But he still has to prove himself." Young, 5-11 and 190 pounds, from Toronto, lives with his wife and two daughters in Detroit. He wants to stay in hockey's big league "for ten years and become an established star," realizes he'll have to play a tight defense against his own temperament if he's going to make it. "But," says Young, "it's hard to play well and hold your temper." PHOTOGRAPH BY JOE CLARK.

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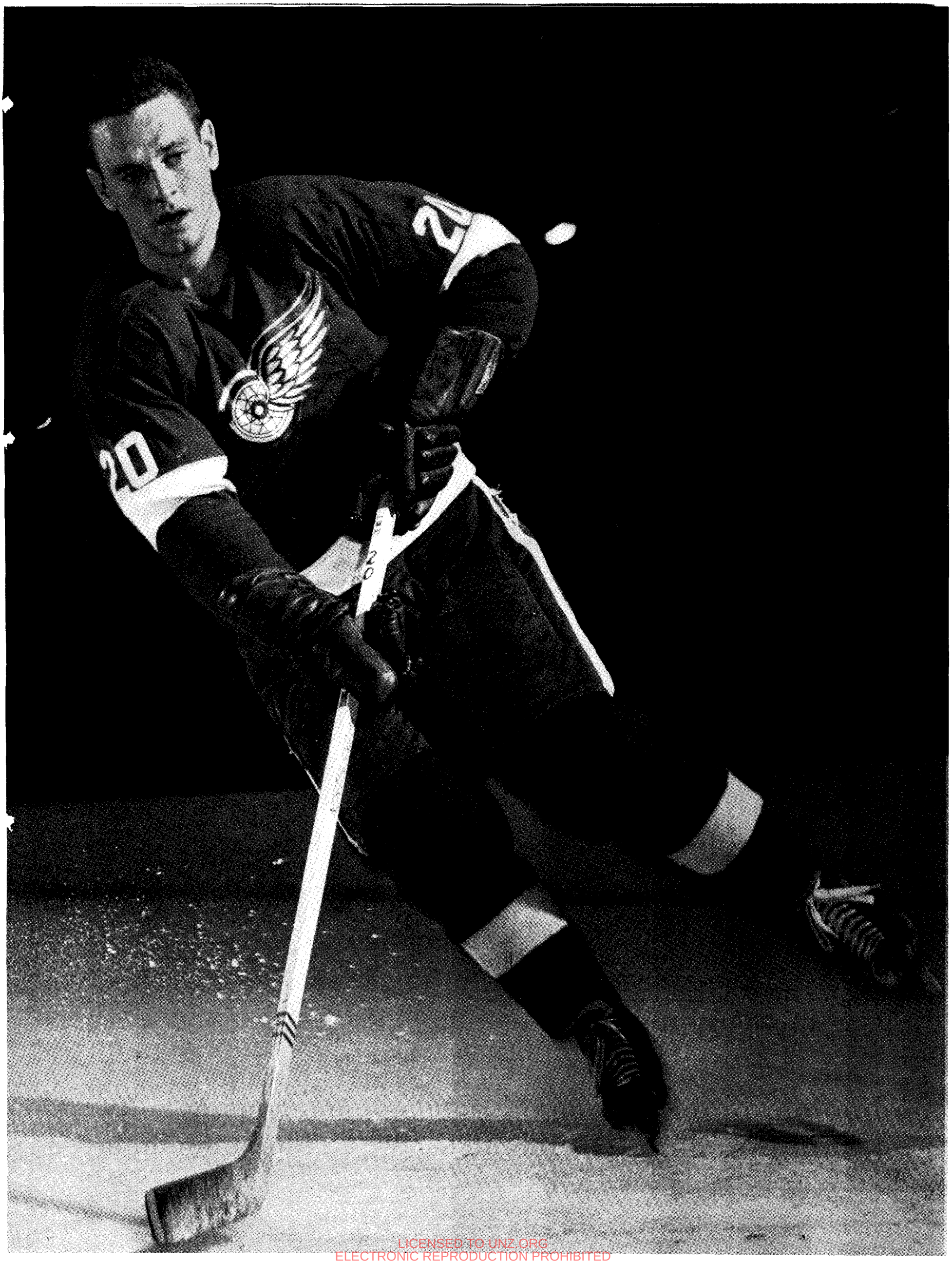
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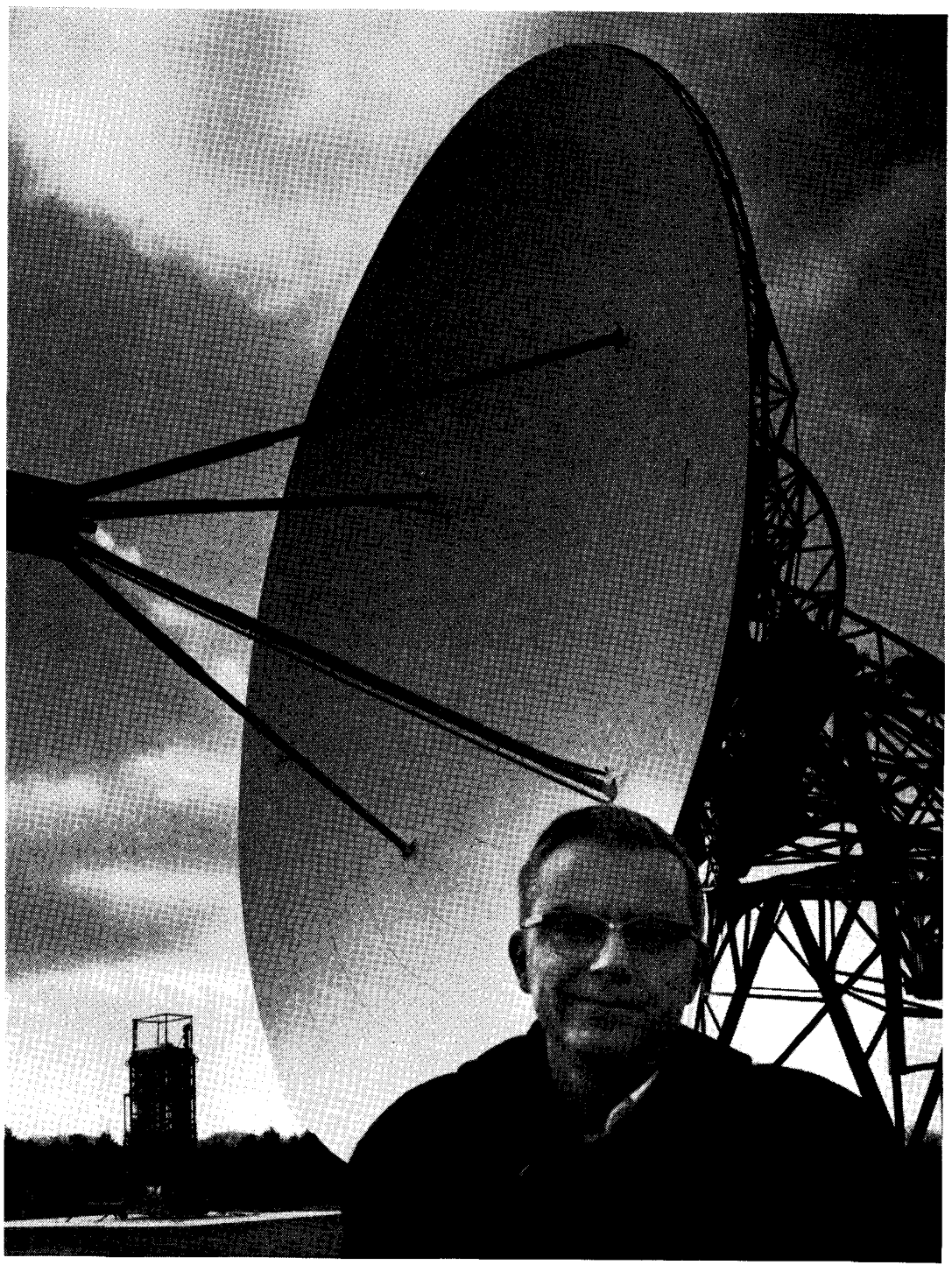
PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP



Cosmic Eavesdropper: Scanning the heavens with a giant radiotelescope, Frank D. Drake, 31, hopes to home in on signals from intelligent beings beyond our solar system. "It's just a question of time before we detect the life that must be out there," he says. A radiotelescope (which behaves much like a TV aerial) enables Drake to pick up signals from stars billions of miles beyond the range of optical telescopes. Drake, associate astronomer at the National Science Foundation's radio astronomy observatory at Green Bank, W. Va., handles a galaxy of space-probing assignments, currently spends most of his time charting space maps. Chicago-born Drake majored in engineering physics at Cornell, was sidetracked by a course in astronomy which whetted his interest. At Harvard he was one of the first Americans to earn a Ph.D.—in 1958—in radio astronomy, made his first attempt at interstellar communication in 1960. Drake calls his cosmic eavesdropping project "Ozma," after the girl ruler of Oz. "In a way," he says, "we're like Dorothy making a trip to Oz. After we get there and back, we'll never be the same." PHOTOGRAPH BY LARRY KEIGHLEY.

Queen of Cards: Holding a good hand, bridge whiz Dianne Barton, 18, hides a confident smile. Rated a bridge master since she was 11, Dianne last fall became the youngest Life Master bridge player in the U.S., turning a trick rarer than making seven no-trump. (Bridge ratings are based on points won in tournament play. Life Master, the top rank, requires 300 points. Many avid players accumulate no more than a dozen points in a lifetime. Expert Charles Goren leads the field with about 6300.) Dianne believes bridge is more than a game, sees it as an exercise in self-control. "Bridge brings out the worst in a person," she says, "and when a player becomes riled, his game suffers. Any project can be ruined when emotionalism upsets reason." Dianne's most frequent tourney partner, 26-year-old Ivan Scope, describes her as calm and analytical. "She sizes up a situation quickly, then plays rapidly to rattle her opponent," says Scope. Born in San Francisco, she learned the game at her parents' bridge studio, began playing when she was 8, had won 175 master points by age 15. A freshman at San Francisco State, Dianne is considering a career in psychology, a science she practices at cards, especially in picking partners. She prefers a male partner, explaining, "Women are more hampered by a lack of emotional control." PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED LYON.

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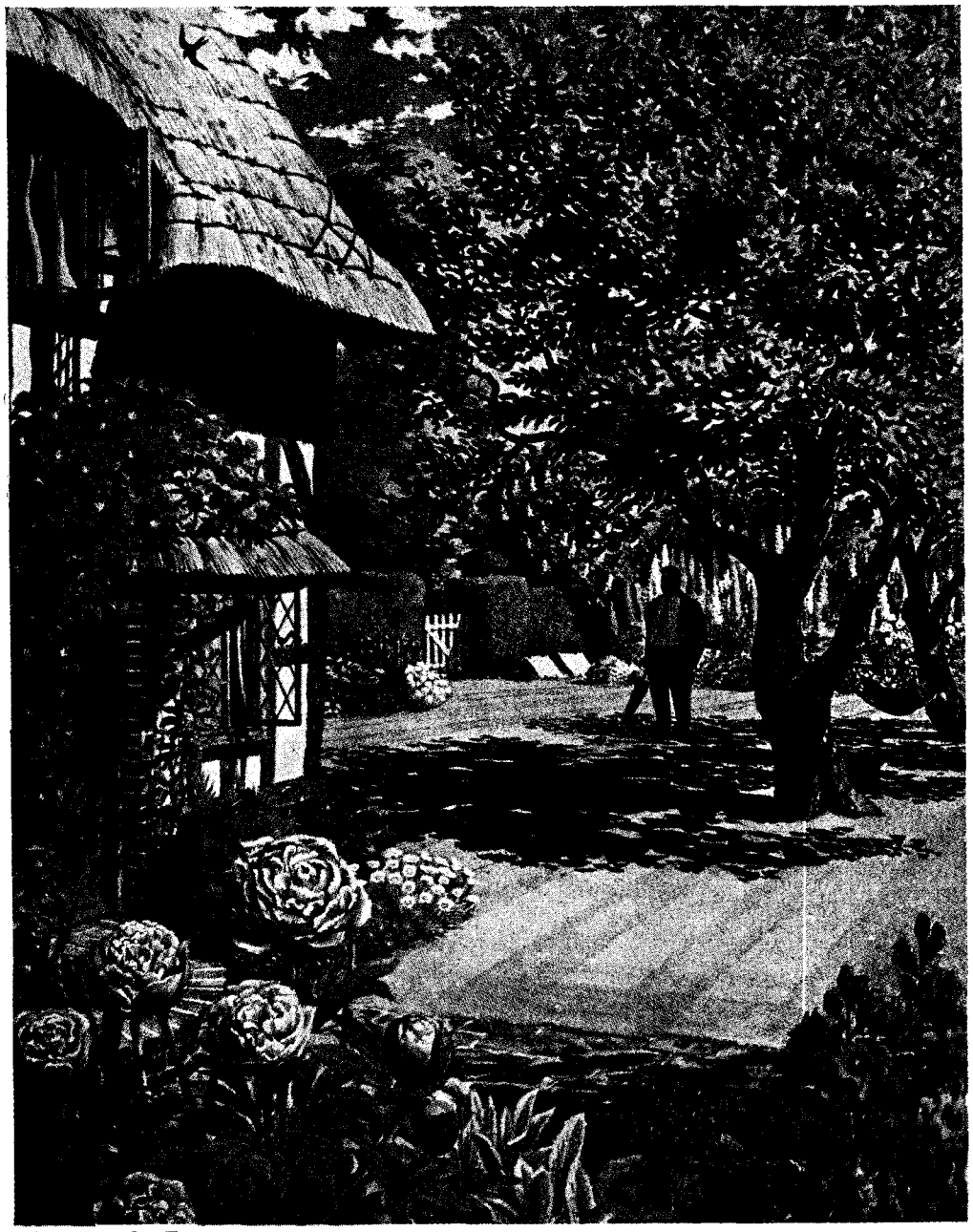
Painting by S. R. Badmin, R.W.S.



TRES-PASSERS BEWARE!

One false turn put fetters on this gentleman for the remainder of his days.

by H.E. Bates

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"Good gracious," Aunt Leonora suddenly yelled, "that cow's eating the lupines again!"

A moment later, gold spectacles prancing, she was rushing with revengeful haste through the open French doors of the sitting room and into the garden, snatching up on her way out one of the many old ashplants, gnarled as twisted parsnips, that she kept handy for the purpose of chastising trespassers, stray animals, tramps, idlers, salesmen and anyone else who might be standing about and up to no good in the process. "Shoo, you beast! Get out of it! Cow, do you hear?"

I followed her immediately, searching the calm, sunny borders of the June garden in vain for a single sign of any trespassing cow. I should have known that none ever came there, that they were as mythical as the marauding herds of deer that nightly threatened beetroot and bean rows, bringing Aunt Leonora downstairs with beating sticks and flashing lanterns.

I saw instead a tubby, mild-looking man, with a white topknot of hair and a very scrubbed pink complexion, who looked not at all unlike a round, fresh radish, standing with an air of absent surprise on the edge of the lawn, beyond which large colonies of lupine rose in gold and purple spires. A floppy black umbrella, on which he was pensively leaning for support, gave him the estranged appearance of someone who had been unexpectedly dropped into the garden by parachute and did not know, in consequence, quite where he was.

Aunt Leonora, who was baggy and big-limbed and looked not at all unlike a rampaging cow herself, meanwhile rushed onward to enlighten him. It was still not clear to me whether, in her shortsighted way, she could really distinguish between man and beast, and I was half horrified, scarcely a moment later, to see her brandishing the ashplant with violent challenge in the direction of the tubby man, obviously in readiness to beat him furiously about the rump.

A providential turn of his body brought him face to face with her just in time. Undismayed, she yelled an instant demand to know exactly what had happened to that cow she had seen trampling all over the place a couple of minutes before.

"It's yours, I suppose, isn't it? It would be!"

A look of almost ethereal surprise enveloped the tubby man so completely that he stood there as if embalmed. The gravity of things was evidently still not clear to him, and when his mouth finally opened, it was merely to let fall a single hollow word. "Cow?"

"Yes, cow. A great red-and-white one. Chewing the lupines. Trampling all over the place. You know very well what I mean. They're always at it. They're in here every day." It was a blatant lie, though I am sure she was unaware of telling it. "Trampling and gorging everywhere. Where's it gone to? One can't grow a thing without its being chewed up like a—like a"—Aunt Leonora made a questing search of the air for a suitable damning word—"like a field of tares!" she suddenly spat out. The word "tares," delivered with a final hiss, had a positive fire in it and set the tubby man back another pace or two. "Who are you anyway? Take your cow home. You're trespassing, you know."

After a glare of stunning power had struck the little man like a point-blank charge of shot, he managed somehow to find an answer. "I rather thought I was in my sister's garden," he started to say, "but ——"

It was a most unfortunate remark to have made, and Aunt Leonora at once seized upon it with peremptory scorn. "That's a foolish thing to think," she said. "Sister? What sister? Whose sister?"

The tubby man, looking about him with deepening apprehension, almost despair, said he was terribly sorry, but he could have sworn that this was The Limes. A flutter of repeated apologies ran from his lips in a muted scale, ending with the words "even the lupines looked the same ——"

"Good heavens, man, The Limes? You belong to Old Broody? Her? She's your sister?"

"Miss Elphinstone—yes, she's my sister."

Aunt Leonora let out the rudest of snorts and said good heavens, she'd never known that Broody had men in the family and then, as if the withholding of this family secret from her was a sort of unneighborly crime, glared at him with furious disbelief, as if plainly thinking him a liar.

There was something ironical in the idea of her accusing someone else of not telling the truth, and the little man stuttered as he said, "Oh, yes. There are three brothers."

"Married?" She threw the awful word at him with typical point-blank candor, clearly determined that no second family secret should escape her, no matter what.

"Oh, yes, we're all three married. In fact, my eldest brother and I have each been married a second time."

"Caught twice, eh?" she said.

Unabashed, she bared her big, friendly teeth and laughed into the tubby man's face with an expansive crackle, and then a moment later further confused him by turning sharply to me and saying, "This is my nephew. He just called to bring me some *aubergine* plants for the greenhouse. Raised them himself. I'm mad about *aubergines*. Like them stuffed. Do you garden?" Before the tubby man could attempt an answer, she glared at me again, baring big teeth, and shook the stick. "You saw that cow, didn't you?" she said to me.

I started to say that I hadn't seen anything of the kind. Somewhere in the distant past a solitary wandering cow had so far trespassed as to reach its neck over the fence and take a few modest bites from a lilac bush. Since then Aunt Leonora's complex had developed from strength to strength, and now rampaging cows were everywhere.

"I think it must have been this gentleman you saw," I said. "After all, the light's very strong this morning ——"

Continued on Page 66

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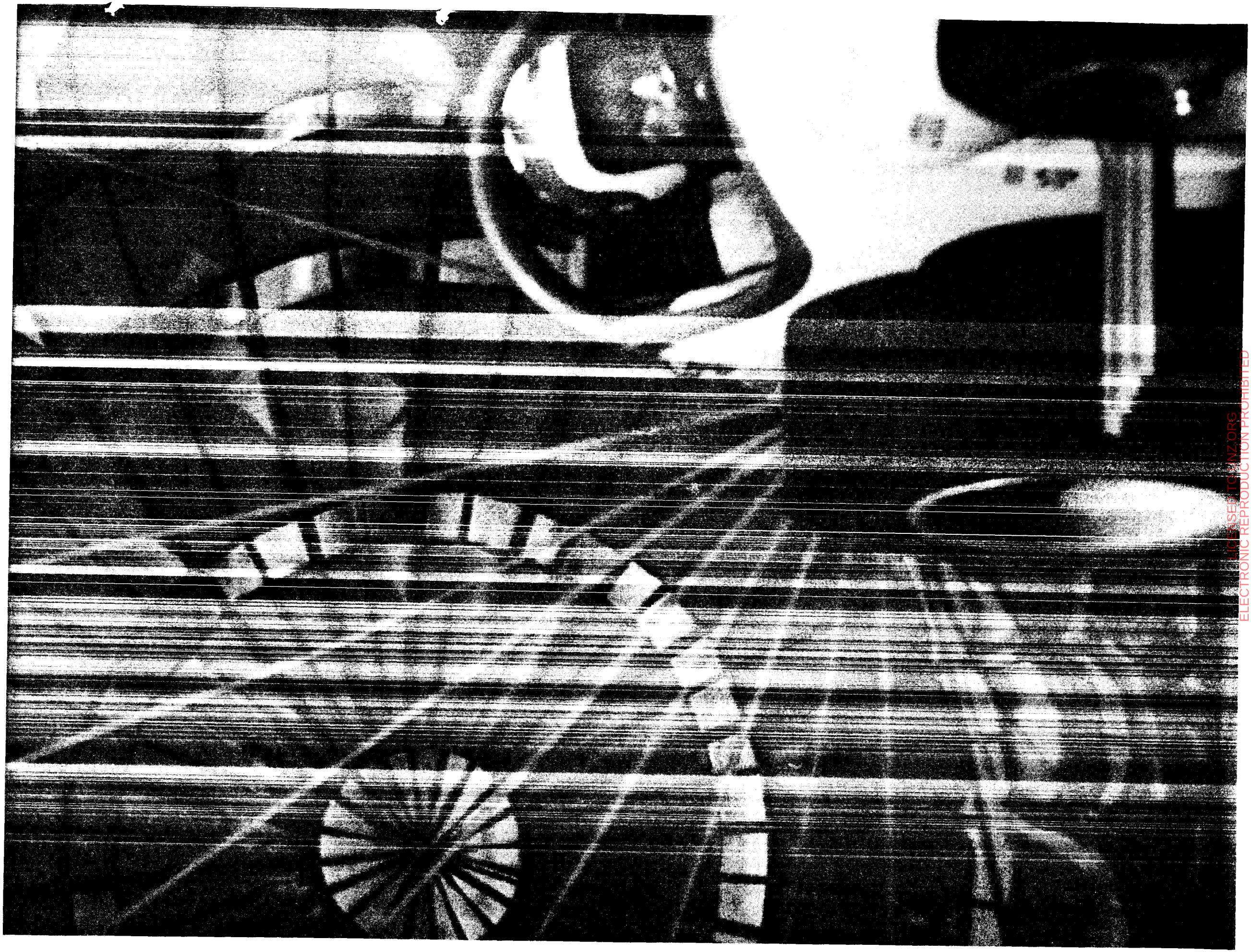

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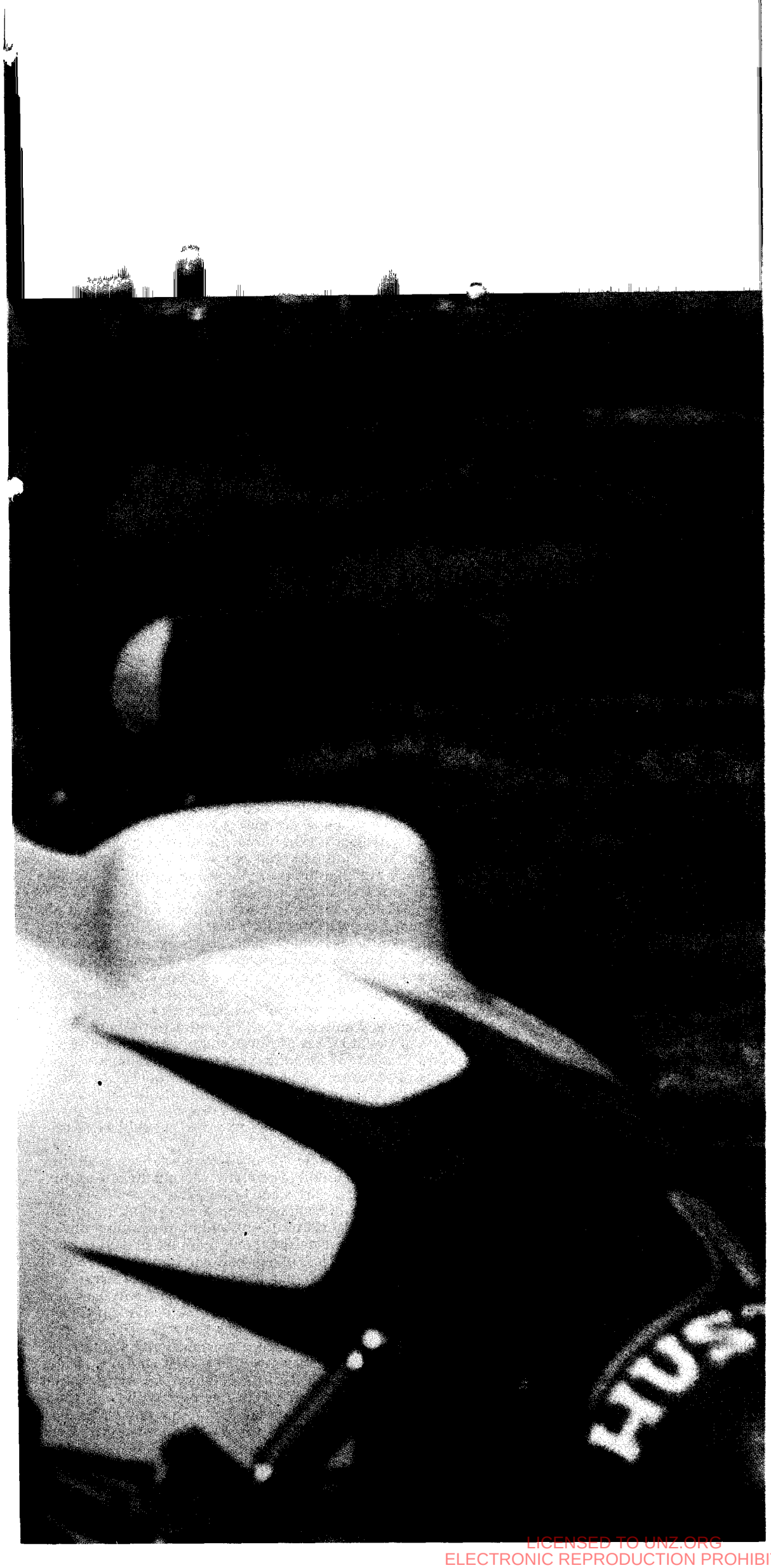

THE Face OF AMERICA

TORRID DRAGSTER

Once upon a time a hot rod was a souped-up Model-A, and a drag race was a gear-lashing grind down a lonely road. No more. Updated by drivers such as California racing mechanic Art Chrisman, 33, shown braking his 900-hp dragster with a parachute, hot rodding is now the fastest-growing, most American, most ear-splitting auto sport. The sophisticated drag-race rodder seeks to coax maximum acceleration from his rod on a short, straightaway drag strip. He is disdainful of "circle burners" (those who race on oval-shaped tracks) and of "shot rodders" (highway rodders who menace innocent motorists). His vehicles range in complexity from sixty-inch go-karts to Chrisman's missile-shaped Hustler, which burns a blend of nitromethane and methanol. (The driver usually wears a mask to protect his face from wind and fire.) In the American Hot Rod Association Championship Drags at Green Valley Raceway, Smithfield, Texas, late last year, Hustler was first in its class, finishing the quarter-mile sprint in just 8.71 seconds, from a standing start. Its top speed: 180.72 mph. Later, pitted against a twin-engine dragster for the meet title, Chrisman fed Hustler a shade too much power at the start. The huge, treadless rear tires smoked and spun and, for a precious half second or so, "I just sat there." The pause was fatal: Chrisman lost to a fellow Californian, Zane Shubert. Another winner was dairy farmer Bill McClure, who built Green Valley Raceway on his property and collected admission from some 50,000 fans. McClure says his cows haven't complained about the commotion, but his 94-year-old father has. "Son," declared the senior McClure, "you've flat ruined a good farm." ● Photograph by Burton McNeely.

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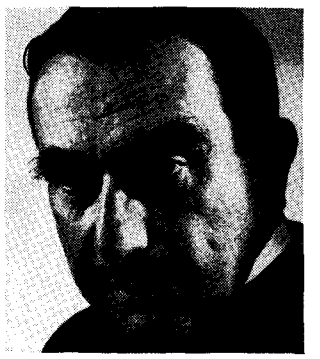
PLAN FOR SURVIVAL

What you should know about fallout and how it affects life on earth. Part Two of a provocative and timely analysis by a distinguished scientist.



Fallout from nuclear testing is not worth worrying about. Its effect on human beings, if there is an effect, is insignificant. Yet *fear* of test fallout is real and widespread. This fear is influencing national policies in dangerous ways.

Throughout history man has feared the mysterious and the unknown. Many natural occurrences—lunar and solar eclipses, thunder and lightning, birth and death—have caused terror. Scientific explanations have diminished many fears, but science cannot eliminate fear itself. In a rapidly changing world, new fear fixations arise.

Radiation, as natural as an eclipse, has given rise to considerable fear in modern times. We have heard much about it in connection with atomic explosions. Scientists have discussed it in terms that give rise to alarm. Radiation cannot be detected by man's senses. We cannot see it, feel it, hear it, taste it or smell it. Yet we know it is there, and we know that an overdose can be dangerous or deadly.

Actually there is no reason why a scientist or an informed layman should consider radiation a mystery. Our scientific knowledge about radiation is firm and detailed in many ways. We know, for example, that all types of radiation produce in the human body reactions which are alike. We know the levels at which radiation becomes a danger to humans, and we can predict the effects of certain kinds of radiation at certain levels with considerable precision. We have clear evidence that present levels of radiation in our atmosphere from natural sources and from the radioactive fallout of nuclear tests are, at best, completely safe for humans or, at worst, are causing exceedingly little damage.

The basic action of radiation is simply this: A certain amount of radiation delivered to living tissue tears apart a proportionate number of molecules. Even the few exceptions to this general rule are predictable. We can anticipate the effects of radiation in stated doses, because the effects at certain levels—with insignificant exceptions that are known and taken into consideration—are always the same. Radiation does not permit the kind of surprise so familiar in biochemistry, where a small change might convert nourishing foods and beneficial medicines into poisons.

Too much radiation certainly is dangerous. Excessive amounts of radiation can cause painful burns and lesions on the skin, leave the body susceptible to cancer or leukemia, or result in death.

In the event of an all-out nuclear war we probably would be exposed to heavy and dangerous radioactive fallout. We can defend ourselves against that exposure. Protective measures will be discussed later in this series. Here we are concerned with the worldwide fallout produced by nuclear tests, which gives rise to exceedingly small radiation effects.

From the very beginning of the atomic program in this country, we have been aware of the dangers of radiation, and we have been extremely cautious in the face of those dangers. Radiation, since it is invisible and insidious, demands respect. Its hazards, unfortunately, were neither understood nor respected by the medical pioneers of half a century ago who used radiation in the treatment of diseases. Many of the men responsible for early work in X-ray treatments were seriously overexposed to radiation, and the tragic results included lesions, cancers and even some deaths. By the time we began our atomic program, the hazards of radiation were better understood, and standards of safety based on the experiences of medical men had been established. We knew we had to be very careful, and we were. I doubt that men ever have undertaken as great a development with as few accidents. But despite the precautions taken in our atomic work, there were mistakes, and there were victims.

Our first great atomic accomplishment, the successful test at Alamogordo, gave us reason for grave concern about radioactive fallout in the vicinity of explosions.

After the Alamogordo experiment a cloud of radioactive contamination spread from the test site and fell back to the earth. The only sufferers, fortunately, were a few cows. After the radioactive dust settled down upon them, patches of fur fell from their hides. The Government purchased the cows, maintained them and subjected them to close study. Their fur grew back, and the animals thrived. Except for the initial loss of fur, the radioactive fallout produced no noticeable effects.

When the first big-scale tests of the hydrogen bomb were being planned, I proposed that they be conducted in Antarctica—as far as possible from any human settlement. But, for the sake of expediency, it was decided that the thermonuclear bomb should be tested in our established test area, the Marshall Islands. The tests were preceded by the exhaustive studies of wind currents and other weather phenomena, so that we could conduct the tests at a time when no inhabited locations would be endangered. Those meteorological safeguards worked well in our first thermonuclear experiment on November 1, 1952. The overwhelming bulk of radioactivity produced in that experiment fell harmlessly into the sea.

Our next test of the hydrogen bomb, on March 1, 1954, was marred by a tragic error. That experiment was conducted on Bikini Atoll, an oval-shaped coral reef in the Marshall Islands. Large amounts of radioactivity were expected from the explosion, so the test was to be made only if islands and atolls in the downwind direction were uninhabited. A wind to the west might have endangered Eniwetok, about 200 miles from Bikini, where Americans were preparing for further tests. A wind to the east might have hurt people on the atolls of Rongelap and Rongerik, a hundred miles or so from Bikini. Rongelap at the time was inhabited by eighty-two persons who lived in primitive palm houses. Twenty-eight American servicemen were stationed on Rongerik. A wind to the south could have affected Kwajilein, location of a busy base southeast of Bikini. The ideal wind direction would have been due north. On the morning of the scheduled test the wind was blowing northeast. Meteorologists, not expecting a north wind for months, O.K.'d the test.

But almost immediately after the explosion, the wind veered. About six hours after the shot the American servicemen on Rongerik noticed a haze of dust descending on the island. Aware of radioactive dangers, they washed themselves, put on extra clothes and stayed indoors as much as they could. Those precautions helped protect them against skin burns. Subsequent measurements showed that the Americans had been exposed to about eighty units of radiation. Such radiation units are known as roentgens, a name introduced into medical science decades ago. A dose of 50 to 100 roentgens never is fatal and only rarely leads to any illness at all.

The fallout on Rongelap was much heavier, and the island natives did not know the elementary precautions against radioactive contamination. Fallout on the Rongelap people later was measured at 175 roentgens—not enough to cause death, but enough to cause sickness among some of the people. The situation was serious, and we narrowly escaped some dreadful consequences.

All of the Rongelap natives lived at the southern tip of the atoll. In the middle of the atoll, about fifteen miles from the native villages, our measuring crews found that a person would have received 400 roentgens of radiation—a heavy dose that would have left its victims with a fifty-fifty chance of living. On the atoll's northern tip, thirty miles from the native villages, crews measured the radioactive fallout at 1000 roentgens. Such a massive dose would have meant certain death in less than one month.

The Rongelap natives were removed to Kwajalein, and their medical history has been followed carefully. During the first twenty-four hours after their exposure some of the victims complained of nausea and fever; those difficulties disappeared without treatment. Some natives also complained of itching and burning sensations on their skin, but those symptoms lasted only a couple of days. After a week or so skin lesions and loss of hair began to occur. At the end of six months, the hair had grown out again in its previous texture and color, and the skin lesions had healed. Four Rongelap women were pregnant at the time of their exposure. Three of the subsequent births were normal babies; one child was stillborn. There was no evidence that the stillbirth was caused by radioactive fallout. The stillbirth rate among the Rongelap people is high, and one in four was not an unusual ratio. All the Rongelap and American victims of the Bikini fallout today seem to have recovered fully. No malignancies or leukemias have appeared, but an A.E.C. medical team still is watching the victims for possible long-term effects.

No one suspected before the Bikini test that a Japanese fishing boat was in the area. Early on the morning of March first, the boat

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THE FALLOUT SCARE

BY EDWARD TELLER WITH ALLEN BROWN

was somewhere north of Rongelap. There were twenty-three men aboard the boat, called *Fukuryu Maru*, which in translation means the *Fortunate Dragon*. The boat was in a patrolled zone, but had not been sighted by our airplanes. The *Fortunate Dragon*'s presence in the danger zone was discovered two weeks after the explosion, when the little boat returned to Yaizu, Japan. No one could tell then precisely how much radiation the fishermen had received, but the dose probably was about 200 roentgens. By the time the *Fortunate Dragon* returned to harbor, the twenty-three fishermen were sick. One died. The others, however, recovered and went back to work. There is a possibility that the single death resulted from hepatitis, which may have been unrelated to the radiation exposure. But the world assumed he died of fallout. The cries of protest were so great that this one death had a considerable influence on the policies of nations and on the fate of the world itself.

The tragedy of that single death was compounded by national feelings of guilt and resentment. The thousands of wartime victims at Hiroshima and Nagasaki seemed to have died again in the single peacetime death. The enormous emotional storm blown up over the fisherman's death was a psychological release of Hiroshima-born resentment on the part of the Japanese and of guilt on the part of the Americans. The ghost of Hiroshima raised the fallout scare.

Tragic as it was, the effect of radioactive fallout after the Bikini test could have been worse. If the wind had veered a little more to the south, all of the people on Rongelap and Rongerik probably would have been killed.

Since our experience with shifting winds during the Bikini test of 1954, meteorological requirements for tests have become far more stringent. Under refined safety rules, many large-yield weapons have been tested since March 1, 1954, and we have experienced no further radiation accidents. According to present ideas and techniques, future explosions need not release substantial amounts of radioactivity into the atmosphere. We can be confident that dangerous contamination from fallout near test sites will not occur again.

The kind of radioactive fallout that has created the most alarm and the most controversy is worldwide fallout. Some radioactive particles from a nuclear explosion rise high into the atmosphere and are blown thousands of miles from the test site. Rain, fog or mist can capture these particles and return them to the ground. It usually takes several weeks for that kind of fallout to occur. During this time the radioactive particles may have encircled the earth near the latitude of the explosion.

Other radioactive particles from such an explosion rise even higher into the stratosphere. They may stay there for years, and the radioactivity is distributed like a blanket on top of the earth's entire atmosphere. It takes from one to ten years for the particles deposited in the stratosphere by the explosion of a hydrogen bomb to be returned to the earth as worldwide fallout.

The consequences of worldwide fallout had to be investigated. The study was undertaken by Willard Libby, Hans Bethe and others in 1954. The results of the investigation were reassuring. Thousands of our biggest bombs could discharge their radioactivity into the atmosphere before biological effects on a worldwide scale could be proved.

The danger of fallout to the human body depends upon the rate of radioactive decay. A radioactive particle in the body is not harmful unless it disintegrates and releases its energy while the person is still alive. Most radioactive particles decay while they are still in the atmosphere—too soon to affect man. Other particles have an extremely long life—too long to affect man. Large quantities of uranium 235, for example, are left in the atmosphere after a nuclear explosion. But 710,000,000 years would be required for half of these radioactive U-235 nuclei to disintegrate, far too long a time to present any danger whatsoever during man's short life span.

Two products of nuclear explosions present unique threats to human beings. Strontium 90 and cesium 137 have very dangerous half-lives of about thirty years—that is, about thirty years are required for half the radioactive nuclei of those two elements to disintegrate and release their energy. In another thirty years, half of the remainder will decay. These half-lives are so long that radioactive decay is negligible between the time of the explosion and the fallout to earth; but, on the other hand, so short that decay is probable between the time the particles contact humans and the time of the human's natural death.

After entering the human body, strontium 90 accumulates in the bones. Bones are sensitive to radiation, and an overdose can cause bone cancer or interfere with the production of blood cells in the bone marrow, causing leukemia. Strontium 90 is retained in the body for many years. It constitutes the immediate danger of fallout. Cesium 137, on the other hand, is deposited more or less uniformly throughout the human body and is retained by the body less than six months before it is excreted. Although cesium 137 presents a lesser immediate danger to the body, it can damage the human reproductive cells.

Our investigation of the actual dangers of worldwide fallout was aided by the case histories of men who had used radiation in medicine, by numerous animal experiments and by our studies connected with safeguards for nuclear reactors. We had extensive experience with the effects of radiation upon the human body. And because various types of radiation have similar effects upon the body, we could establish simple standards of safe doses by comparing the radiation from man-made fallout to the amounts of natural radiation that humans always have absorbed from minerals in the earth, from cosmic radiation that rains down on us from space and from potassium occurring naturally in our bodies.

The dangers of big doses of radiation were and are well known. Exposure to 1000 roentgens over the entire body would cause almost certain death in less than thirty days. And exposure to 400 or 500 roentgens would leave a man with only a fifty-fifty chance of survival. A dose of 100 roentgens would not cause immediate death, but after years could cause cancer in a few cases. Although a person surely would die if his entire body were exposed to 1000 roentgens of radiation at once, there would be a much less than even chance that he would suffer at all if exposed to the same amount of radiation over a number of years.

Compared to the massive doses of radiation that can cause illness or even death, radiation from worldwide test fallout is exceedingly small. The bones of humans throughout the world today are getting an average of about 0.003 roentgen a year from strontium 90 in fallout. The rest of the body is being exposed to about the same amount of radioactivity, mostly from the fallout's cesium 137. In certain areas there is a greater accumulation of fallout, but it would be difficult to imagine that anyone in the world would receive a lifetime dose of more than one roentgen of radiation from test fallout. That still is less than radiation received from cosmic rays alone.

We found it enlightening to compare human exposure to radioactive fallout with human exposure to natural background radiation. The same doses of radiation from fallout's strontium 90 and from cosmic rays will produce similar effects in human bones. People living at sea level in the United States are exposed to 0.034 roentgen of radiation from cosmic rays each year. That is more than ten times the amount obtained from strontium 90 in the worldwide fallout. Exposure to cosmic rays in Denver, about 5000 feet above sea level, is 0.05 roentgen a year. If such small doses of radiation really are dangerous, we had better evacuate Denver.

Radiation from radium is somewhat more dangerous to the human body than radiation from strontium 90. But while worldwide fallout radiation to the bones from strontium 90 continues at a dose of about 0.003 roentgen a year, radiation from radium in the drinking water in some parts of the United States has been observed as high as 0.005 roentgen a year. If such small amounts of fallout radiation really are dangerous, people in some United States communities should stop drinking their local water.

Brick contains more natural radioactivity than wood. A person living in a brick house rather than a wooden house is exposing himself to a considerably greater amount of radiation—perhaps as much as ten times the amount of the current dose from radioactive fallout. If worldwide test fallout really is dangerous, we should tear down all of our brick houses. I would hate to do so, because I happen to live in a brick house myself.

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"Radiation from test fallout might be slightly harmful to humans . . . or slightly beneficial."

The comparisons are almost endless. A person wearing a wrist watch with a luminous dial is exposing himself to much more radiation than he is getting from the present level of radioactive fallout. If we really fear fallout, we should throw away bedside alarm clocks with dials that can be seen in the night, because they are spraying the occupants of the bed with radiation.

If we had used natural background radiation as the standard in judging the danger of exposure to artificial radioactivity, the fallout scare might never have developed. Unfortunately such a standard was not adopted. Instead, arbitrary standards were decreed and, to guarantee their safety, were set at a rather low level.

Radiologists in the early 1940's, taking their cue from the hard experiences of medical pioneers, considered one tenth of a roentgen a day as the dose which, for safety's sake, should not be exceeded by persons regularly exposed for long periods. The establishment of such a guide was based upon observation—no statistical evidence could be found that a prolonged exposure to one tenth of a roentgen a day produced any harmful effects. And that old standard of safety permits exposure to 10,000 times more radiation than the average person now receives from worldwide fallout.

That same standard was adopted when we began our work on atomic energy. I remember the first information I was given when I joined the atomic-energy project in Chicago in 1942: "You must never exceed an exposure of one tenth of a roentgen a day. As long as you observe this rule, you are safe." The general enforcement of radiation standards paid off in our atomic-energy projects. We had no sad experiences comparable to those of the early pioneers.

Serious arguments later arose about possible long-range dangers of radiation exposure. The dose accepted as safe, accordingly, was decreased to three tenths of a roentgen per week. Such a standard is still several thousand times higher than the exposure to worldwide fallout. No harmful effects were observed. That standard generally continues to be enforced in our laboratories. But a question arose: "When we consider whole populations rather than small units of professionals, should we not apply more cautious standards?"

The question appeared reasonable enough. It was decided that for whole populations only one tenth as much radiation should be tolerated as for small professional groups. The decision was completely arbitrary. It was based on no observed fact or general argument. It was guided by a desire to be absolutely safe even though we were virtually certain that faint radiations were not dangerous. The authorities in subsequent years, trying to make safety multiply safety, further decreased their so-called maximum-permissible dose.

The designation "maximum-permissible dose" was most unfortunate. It suggested to the public that anyone receiving such a dose is in trouble. When, because of a local fluctuation, a small group of people received a sizable percentage of the "maximum" dose, there were feelings of alarm. When the "maximum" standard was lowered, there were feelings of uncertainty and distrust. Thus public confidence was lost, and exposure to small doses of radiation was firmly established in the public opinion as dangerous.

The fact is, the maximum-permissible dose is approximately four times the background radiation to which all living things have been exposed for all time. An exposure to ten times the maximum-permissible dose certainly can be tolerated.

I do not propose that we relax our vigilance in guarding against possible dangers of radiation. But I do propose that the man-made and arbitrary maximum-permissible dose should not be used as a measure or standard of danger. We should, instead, compare all exposures to the average background radiation. Such radiation is a fact of nature. There can be little disagreement about its magnitude or its significance.

Our 1954 investigations of fallout effects were undertaken with a tremendous handicap: secrecy. Willard Libby and others connected with our committee's work suggested to the Atomic Energy Commission that worldwide fallout was of worldwide interest, and that our facts should be made known so that fallout would not be feared.

Our arguments for openness finally prevailed. All the information we had gathered, and all our calculations based on that information, eventually were released and published. But declassification of secret material is a slow, bureaucratic process; and the spread of factual knowledge involving an understanding of mathematical equations is painfully slow. Bad news and scare stories travel much faster.

Democratic candidates in the presidential election of 1956 convinced themselves that radioactive fallout was a real cause for worry as well as a potent political issue. Although the facts on fallout by then were available, they either were ignored or suspected of being incomplete. Whatever the cause, an objective understanding of radioactive fallout suffered in the emotion of political debate.

Through the smog of debates since 1956, these facts remain visible:

Radiation from test fallout is very small. Its effect on human beings is so little that, if it exists at all, it cannot be measured. Radiation from test fallout might be slightly harmful to humans. It might be slightly beneficial, or have no effect at all. The smallest doses producing noticeable effects in animal experiments, approximately one tenth of one roentgen per week, are more than a thousand times greater than worldwide fallout. Such experiments produced a slight increase in animal tumors—and a lengthening of the animals' average life. The living organism is so complicated and the intertwining of cause and effect is so intricate that we may never know the biological effect of so small a cause as worldwide fallout.

Worldwide radioactive fallout can be expected to influence heredity. Cesium 137 in the fallout, by affecting reproductive cells, will produce some mutations and abnormalities in future generations. A real increase of mutations could give rise to understandable worry. But the effect of fallout on the mutation rate has not been observed. According to present levels of radiation, only one tenth of a roentgen goes to reproductive cells from fallout during the lifetime of an individual. A dose fifty times greater is received during a lifetime from natural background radiation. Even higher doses would be required to increase noticeably the number of mutations.

Causes much less involved than radiation have the effect of increasing the number of mutations. One such simple cause is an increase of the temperature of the reproductive organs. Our custom of dressing men in trousers causes at least a hundred times as many mutations as present fallout levels, but alarmists who say that continued nuclear testing will affect unborn generations have not allowed their concern to urge men into kilts.

There is serious reason to be concerned about people who are unnecessarily worried about fallout. Their needless worry has had tragic medical consequences. Convinced by the fallout fearmongers that all radiation is dangerous, too many Americans have shunned medical X-ray diagnoses and treatments that could have helped prevent disease and save lives. By far the greatest number of fallout casualties are the thousands who have been frightened away from their doctors' X-ray machines by the fallout scare.

Considering the insignificance of the fallout threat and the great proportions of the fallout scare, I believe that the general concern about radioactive fallout is not objectively motivated, but is rooted in the worries and tensions connected with our first use of the atomic bomb. Hiroshima has become synonymous with horror, and the story of Hiroshima has been told so often that guilt about Hiroshima has tainted our judgment of anything that is associated with nuclear development.

Many people are influenced by an unreasoning feeling that, if we can only purge ourselves and cleanse ourselves of radioactive fallout, we will have made a great step toward a peaceful and safe world. They behave like the neurotic who tries to cleanse himself of guilt feelings by frequently washing his hands. Such symbolic actions are of no help. Soap and water do not wash away sin. Nuclear-test bans cannot erase the memory of Hiroshima.

If we consider radioactive fallout objectively rather than emotionally, we know that worldwide fallout is not as dangerous as living in Denver rather than San Francisco, that it is not as likely to induce cancer as smoking a pack of cigarettes a day, that it is not as likely to give rise to harmful effects as are many unsuspected chemicals in the food we eat or in the air we breathe, that it is not as apt to produce mutations as wearing trousers. It is, in other words, not worth worrying about.

The fallout scare had one important practical consequence. It prepared the ground for the nuclear-test moratorium. The logical connection is tenuous; we could conduct tests underground or in space with no additional radioactivity reaching any living being. But instead of adopting these unnecessary but still rational restrictions, the American people were carried toward the more radical alternative: suspension of nuclear tests. Thus, from insignificant and doubtful medical considerations, there seemed to follow a political and military measure of the greatest importance, which has contributed decisively to our weakness and our danger.

In his concluding installment next week Doctor Teller discusses four measures he considers essential for our national safety.—The Editors.

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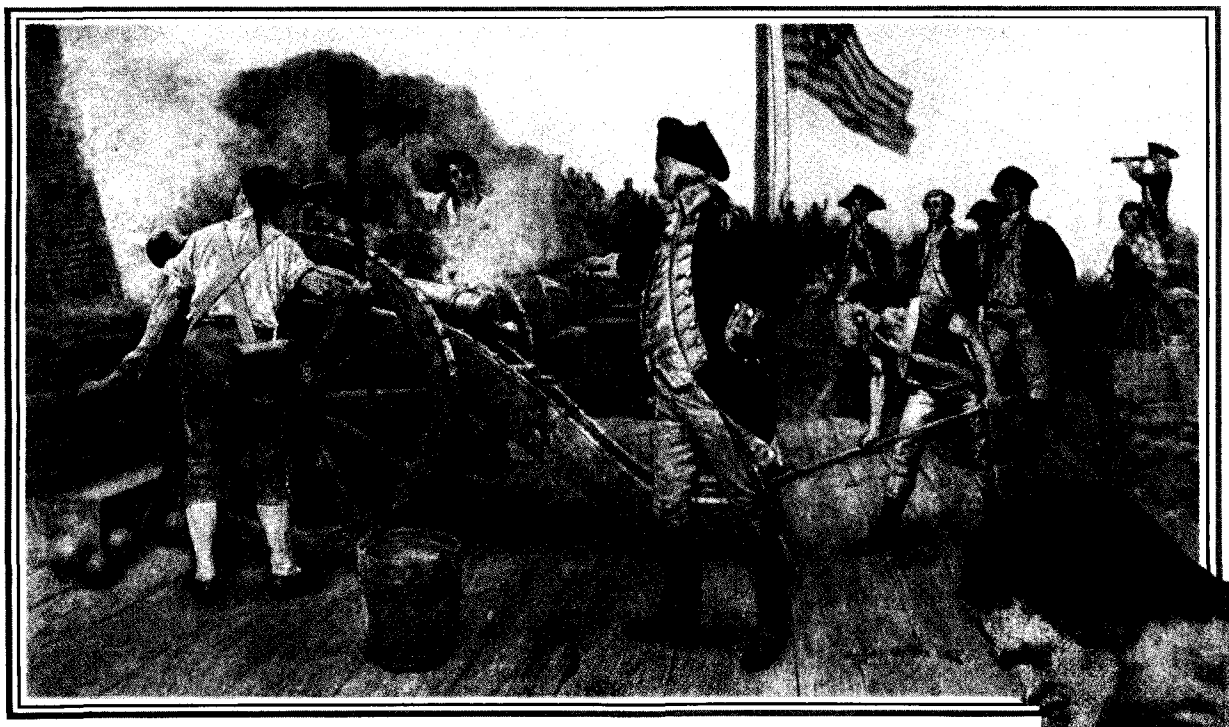
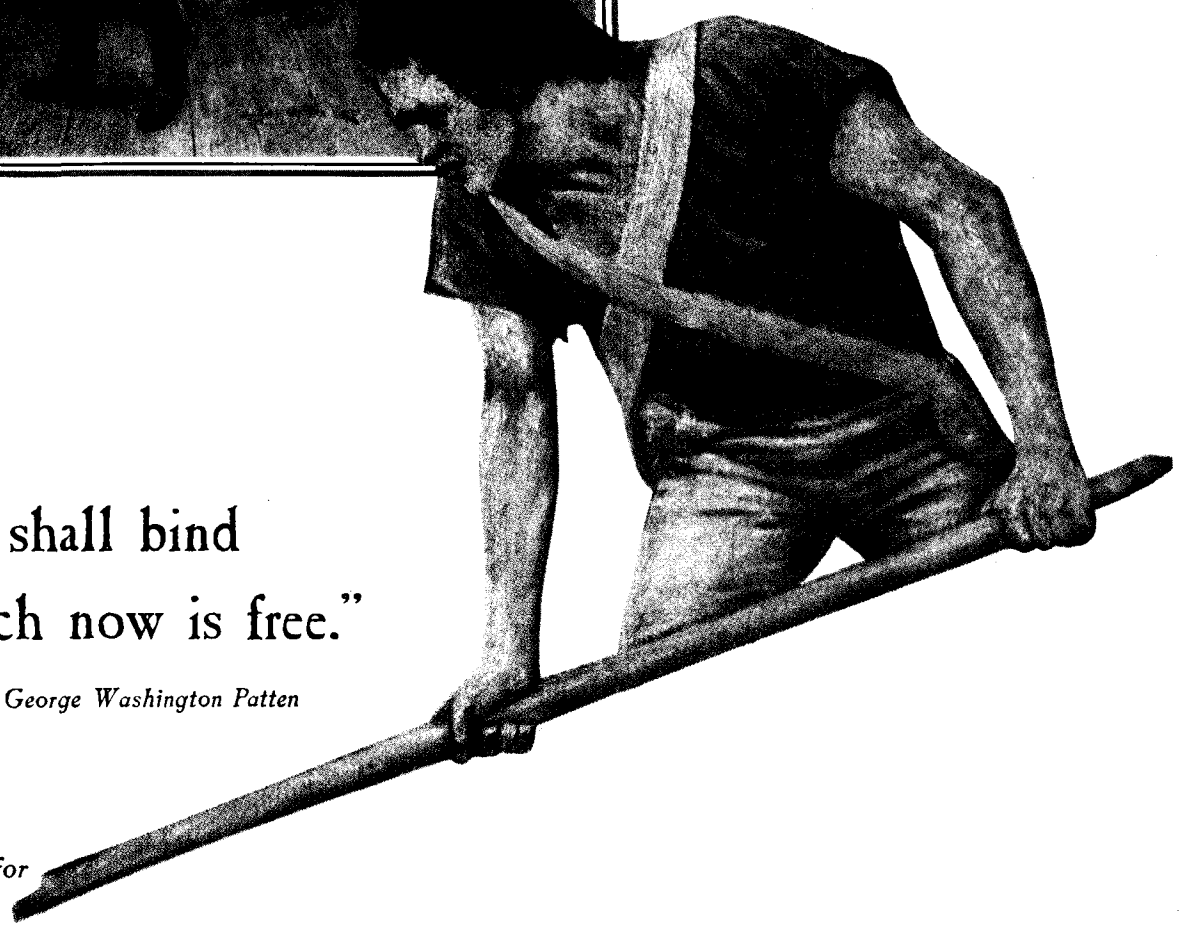
OUR DESTINY IS IN OUR OWN HANDS



Gen. Washington firing first shot at battle of Yorktown, Va., October, 1781. Painting by Clyde O. De Land.



"The shackles ne'er again shall bind
the arm which now is free."

—*George Washington Patten*

There is no final battle in the fight for Freedom. The struggle continues as long as there are enemies who seek to subvert our minds and destroy our ideals.

Our enemies' strongest allies can be our indifference of spirit, weakness of will, and compromise of principle. On Freedom's side, stand the enduring strength of our forefathers; a steadfast faith in our way of life, and a firm resolve to defend it.

Let our convictions remain strong and our purpose firm, so we may pass on to our children both the fruits of Freedom and the will to preserve it.

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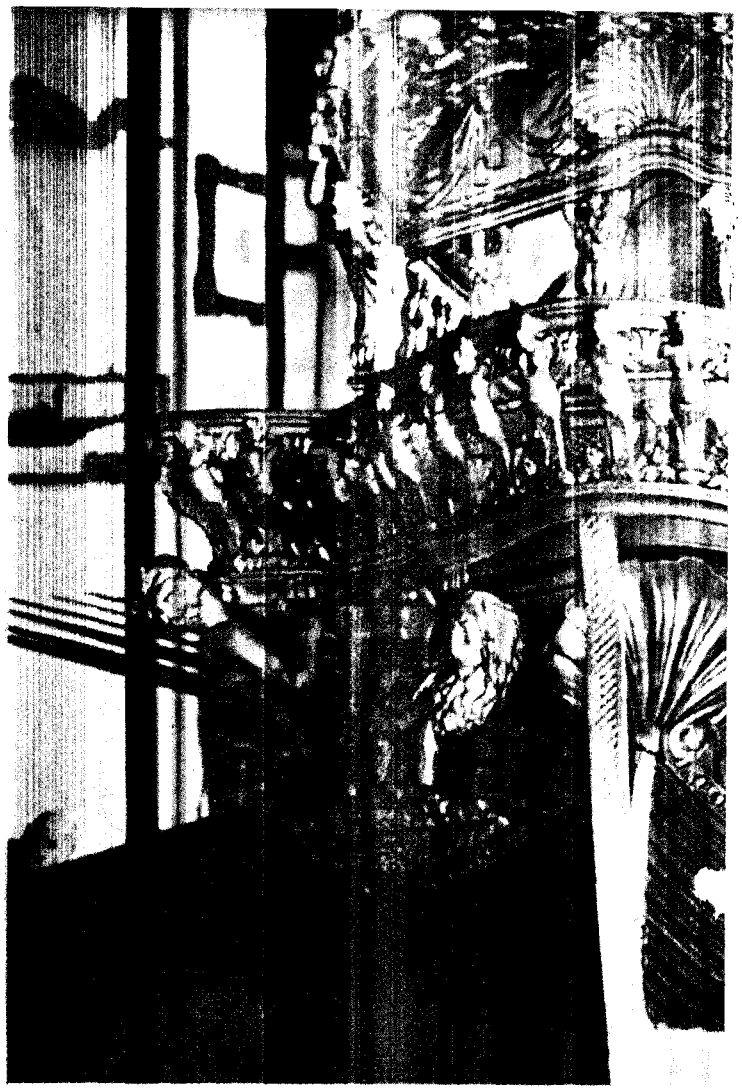
Museum model (1728) of state barge of the Doge, chief magistrate in the republic of Venice, Italy (697-1797). Original vessel burned by Napoleon in 1797. ▶



Why Scallop Shells on the Doge's golden barge?

● A nautical status symbol, this ornate vessel proclaimed Venice's mastery of the seas.

Look closely at the canopied stern. Run your eyes down the vessel's sides. Note the abundance of scallop shells. The Venetians who fashioned this showpiece knew the scallop to be a symbol of the sea and seafaring. And we can surmise they were men who believed in making meanings clear. For they did not rest their tools until fifty-seven scallop symbols were formed in the Doge's vessel.

Long before and centuries after the galleys of Venice set sail, men saw the scallop as the symbol of the voyage—and the badge of those going forth on a quest.

The medieval pilgrim, staff in hand, journeying to an apostle's shrine, wore the scallop as badge of his quest. It was the badge, too, of the Crusader, sword at his side, setting out on his hazardous quest to the Holy City.

Today, this ageless symbol of the voyage and quest identifies one of the world's great enterprises, the Shell Companies. The quest for oil sends Shell men to the ocean's bed, to desert and arctic wastes. Others, in Shell laboratories, explore with the techniques of modern research. They add to our knowledge of oil, find ways to improve oil and put it to new uses.

Out of this come gasolines that mean a better-running car. Jet fuels that can withstand the 600° temperatures of a plane's metal skin at three times the speed of sound. Plastics of Herculean strength. Insecticides enabling farmers to produce more food for a hungry world.

When you see the Shell, think of it as the symbol of a never-ending quest—for new ideas, new products and new ways to serve you. *The Shell Companies: Shell Oil Company; Shell Chemical Company; Shell Pipe Line Corporation; Shell Development Company; Shell Oil Company of Canada, Ltd.*

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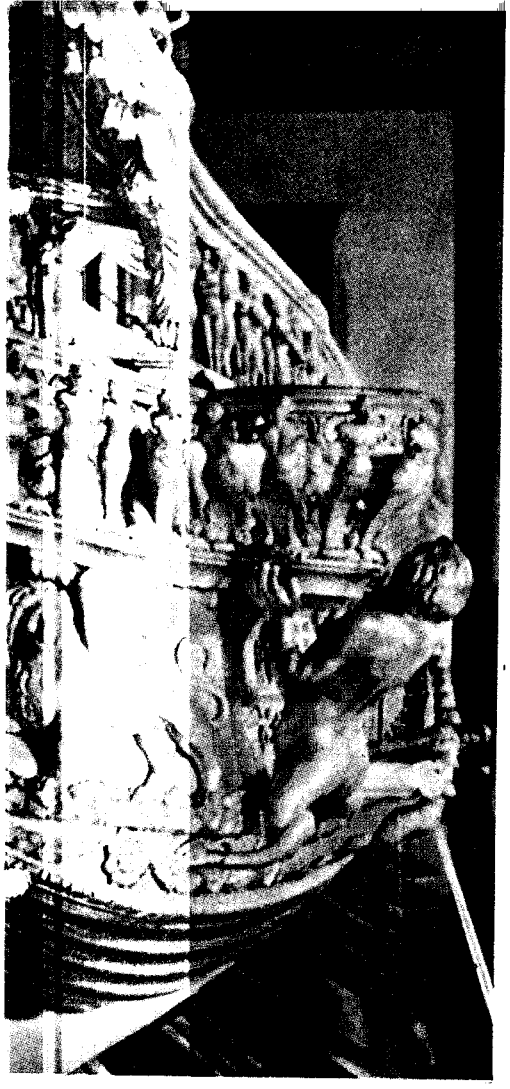

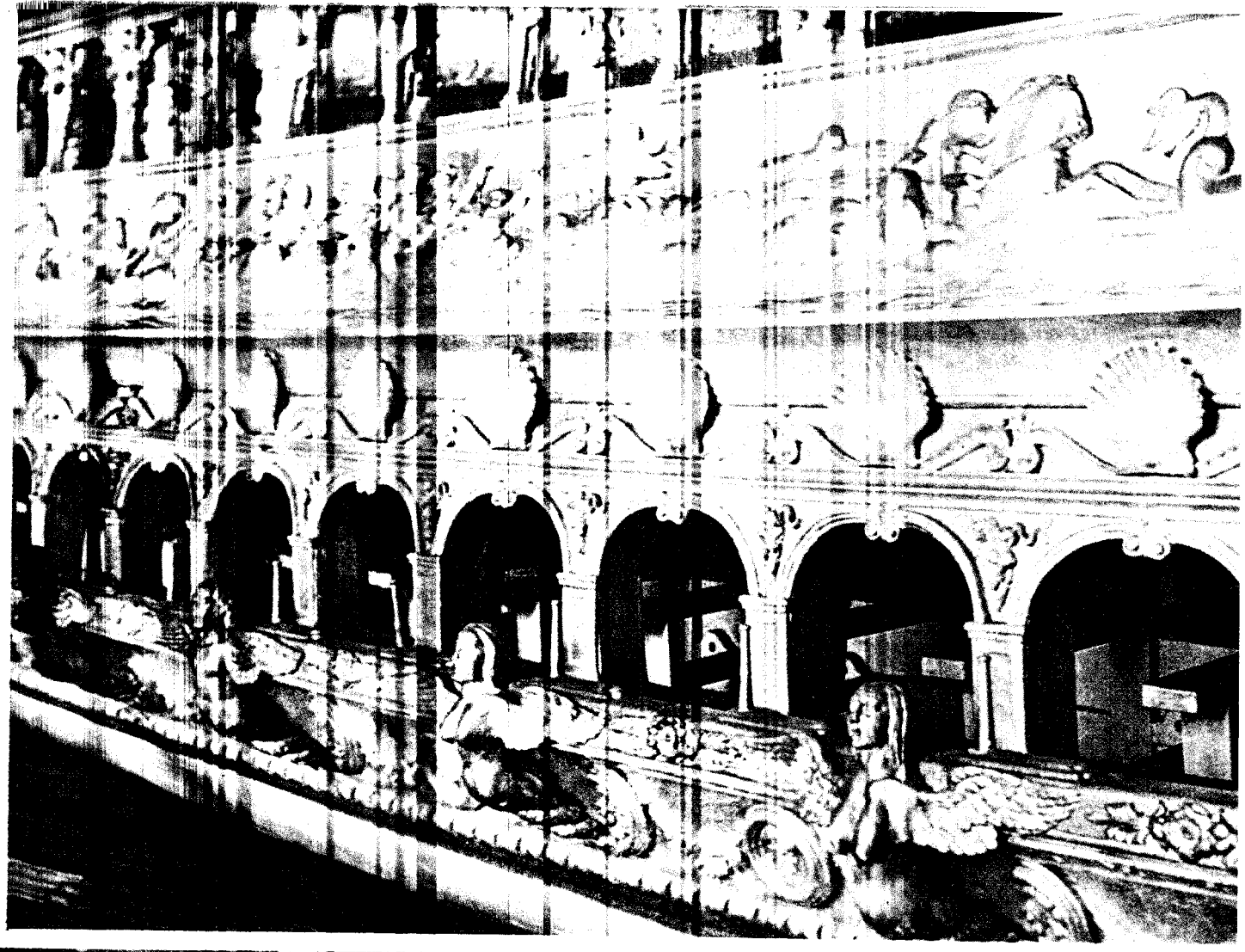

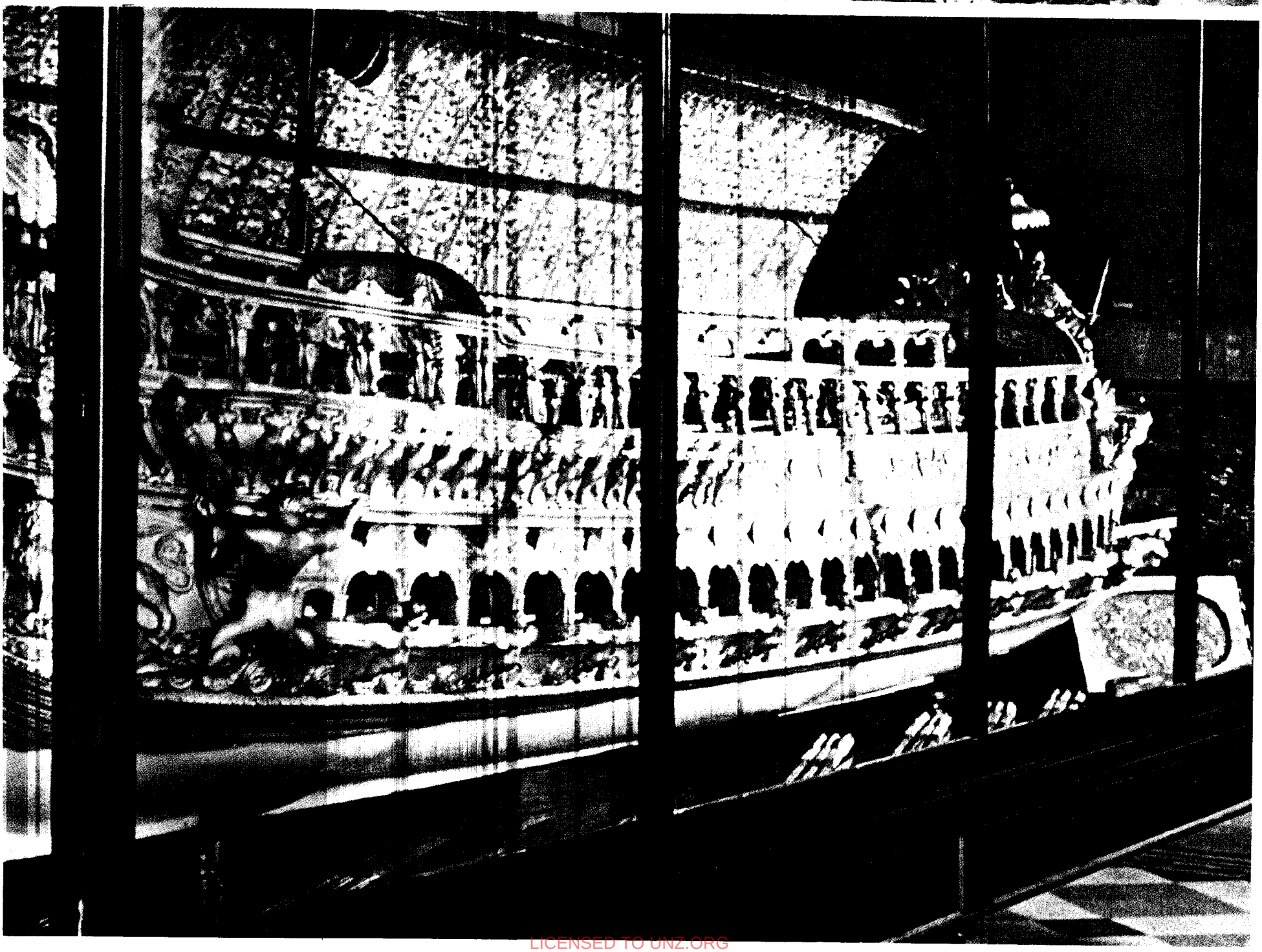

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Backstage with NANCY KWAN

The sensational star of Suzie Wong *and* Flower Drum Song *is a demure product of two exclusive worlds.*

By PETE MARTIN

Photographs by Carroll Seghers II

"She's an emotional chameleon. She's funny and prim, shy and playful. You're never quite sure which."

Her house perches high on the hogback ridge rising above Los Angeles' Laurel Canyon. One side looks down into the San Fernando Valley. The other side peers dizzily at Hollywood far below. The two-view outlook is symbolic. At the moment, Nancy Kwan can look down upon two worlds just as she does from her home high above the prefab tinsel capital.

In one of those worlds she is a shiny-bright new movie star. The publication *Variety*, oracle of show business, recently said, "Her exciting looks herald a great future." In her first picture, *The World of Suzie Wong*, she played the title role. In her second, *Flower Drum Song*, she portrays Linda Low, a Chinese cookie who hip-swings in a San Francisco night club.

Nancy Kwan, the Hollywood star, hot-rods around in a white British sports car, chews gum, dances to Latin rhythms, reads Chinese history against a musical background of Johnny Mathis records. She wears tight Capri pants or a beatnikish outfit of black stockings, short checked skirt and black sweater.

In her other world, half the globe away, she is Ka Shen, which is Chinese for "Delicate Flower." She never smokes, rarely wears lipstick, and uses only a delicate tint of East Indian eyeshadow. There in the British Crown Colony of Hong Kong, where she was born May 19, 1939, Nancy Kwan is the shy, carefully reared daughter of a wealthy Chinese architect.

In Nancy's young life, East and West are the twain that have met. She even has two mothers, representing each of her worlds. Her own mother, an English blonde named Marquita Scott, met Nancy's father while he was at Cambridge. Evacuated from Hong Kong in 1941 before the Japanese swarmed in, she never went back, but remained in England for a while. Then she moved to New York and married an American. Nancy's father next married a Chinese, and Nancy now has five half-brothers and half-sisters.

At thirteen Nancy entered boarding school in England. Her full brother, K.K., was already there. Later he and Nancy lived in London. While he studied architecture, she was trained as a dancer by the Royal Ballet. After dancing in *Sleeping Beauty* and *Swan Lake* at Covent Garden, she returned to Hong Kong and opened a ballet school of her own.

About then a small advertisement changed her life. She answered an ad in The Hong Kong *Tiger Standard* urging candidates for the role of Suzie Wong to submit their photos, biographies and dimensions. The ad was inserted by producer Ray Stark, then traveling the Orient with playwright John Patrick, who had written the *Suzie Wong* screen script. They met, and it opened a new world for Nancy.

As I quickly learned, Nancy's two-world background requires adjustment on the part of an interviewer who is trying to find out what goes on under the glossiness of her hair and behind her smoke-colored eyes. One high hurdle to interviewing her is that, with the infinite restraint of a well-reared Chinese girl, she thinks it bad manners to talk about herself. On top of that, she acquired a cold British distaste for blabbermouthism during her boarding-school years in England. The combination drives her Hollywood publicists to skull-beating.

When I met Nancy in her home perched in the sky, her first words were, "I'm the worst interview anyone ever had." She added warningly, "I am also moody." Next she apologized for keeping me waiting about thirty minutes. She spoke in a sort of verbal shorthand, clipping and sometimes skipping words. I put the words down just as they came. Otherwise they wouldn't be Nancy Kwan's. Many sentences ended with the statement, "I guess."

"I have been running around like crazy," she apologized. "Next summer I'm doing picture in England. For that picture I must have blue eyes. So I've been to the optician for contact lenses. In that picture next summer I play part-Tahitian, part-English girl. She goes to England to live with her uncle because her father and mother have both died. Uncle is headmaster of a boys' school. It has six hundred boys.

"This South Seas girl find the English very reserve. She ask her uncle how he teach about love in his school. He say, 'In biology.' She ask, 'Can I go to biology class?' He say, 'No, for boys only.' She tell him that she doesn't understand—on her island, they teach love-making in the bushes."

Our interview went from biology to other mistakes, or rather, inaccuracies. I mentioned that a reporter said a fortuneteller had predicted, when she was eight, that she would be a great actress. Her eyes filled with distaste. "Never believe those biographies about me," she said firmly. "Many writers put things into them to make people read them. For example, most Chinese girls wear a *cheong-sam* in the street. A *cheong-sam* is a Chinese dress with a high collar and slits, one on each side of the skirt. It is our national costume. I love it. Yet one interviewer quoted me as saying they are so old-fashioned that I wouldn't be caught dead in one.

"Here I don't wear one in daytime because American people are not used to seeing girls with slits up their legs, but I like it for evening. Of course, the slit I wear wouldn't be as deep as Suzie Wong's. Mine would be five inches high. The height of the slits in a *cheong-sam* depend on what kind of girl you are. Bar and night-club girls wear them slashed up to the thigh."

I wondered aloud what the Chinese for bar girl was. "Yum-yum girl is a bar girl," Nancy said, "but that not Chinese word. Yum-yum is American slang. It mean good-good—I guess."

"What is a Hong Kong bar girl, bait to sell drinks?"

"She is a prostitute," Nancy replied casually.

"I've been told that the Oriental idea of sex is more subtle than ours," I said.

"How you mean, subtle?" she inquired.

I explained, "If an Oriental girl unbuttons her collar, it is more exciting to an Oriental man than a deep slit in her skirt."

"Subtle is wrong word," Nancy said. "A *cheong-sam* has slits because Chinese girls have pretty legs. The slits show their legs. Japanese women have pretty necks so they wear a kimono with a collar away from the neck. American girls wear low-cut dresses because they have big busts. A *cheong-sam* collar is always closed. It is bad manner to open collar in public. It is like shoes. In this country you don't run around

Nancy in her Hollywood home before a prized portrait of herself as the yum-yum girl, Suzie Wong.

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Admixture of East and West, Nancy, also named Ka Shen, is the daughter of a Chinese architect and an English model.

A scene from her forthcoming motion picture Tamahine: *Nancy plays a Eurasian orphan who goes to England to live with her uncle, the headmaster of a boys' preparatory school.*

NANCY KWAN

without shoes. You can, but it's not done. Feet are not consider pretty."

I said, "I hear many girls in Hong Kong claim to be the real Suzie Wong."

"That is true," Nancy told me, "but when Richard Mason wrote the book, he put many girls into one person. The Suzie Wong in his story knew that what she was doing was bad, but inside she good person. She does it because she has to support her child with no father. She think that if your mind is good, is not important what you do with your body. You can't understand that, unless you are trying to find job in Hong Kong. At this moment is difficult to get job in Hong Kong. Three million people crowd into place big enough to hold less than one million. More people from Communist China come every day—they even sleep in streets."

"How," I asked, "did you happen to go to school in England?"

"My father had a friend whose daughter was leaving to study ballet there. I love ballet so I wanted to go to England too. Of course, I loved riding also. That we do at our summer homes in Borneo, Macao and Japan. In summer we rode our own ponies on our own beaches."

"You're like my daughter," I said. "She used to love horses, but when she was about fifteen or sixteen, she became interested in boys."

"A very good idea too," Nancy said. "Once in a while a girl stay in love with horses for her whole lifetime, but she can't marry a horse. She can only ride in horse shows or teach riding. When I went to school in England, the stable mistress was dedicated to horses. I thought, *Well, if that make her happy, it is her life.*"

"And you," I inquired, "is there somebody you are very fond of?"

"It is no secret," she said. "I've been going with Maximilian Schell. He is a great actor. We are very good friends. He has won the best-actor award of the New York Film Critics for his part in the movie, *Judgment at Nuremberg*. His next is *Five Finger Exercise*."

"How old should a girl be to be married?" I asked. It seemed like a fair question for a twenty-two-year-old.

"If she is mature and she very much in love, she should get married right then, regardless of age. Me, I don't plan to marry until late in life, maybe when I am twenty-four or twenty-five. The trouble is many young Americans marry to get away from home or because they want to make love. That is not enough. Marriage should mean more than that. You have to be able to talk to your husband. All husbands should have a sense of humor. You can't just sit around and stare at walls between love-making."

I asked, "Do you think there is any conflict between an acting career and a successful marriage?"

"Yes," she replied. "Especially if both people are actors. In my business if the wife is better than husband, is bad for husband. If I marry somebody who is an actor, I stop acting. Every man want to be stronger than his girl, and he should be. I think it right that man should feel superior. Maybe that's what the trouble with Americans nowadays. Some women have more money and better jobs than their husbands."

"Some people didn't see *The World of Suzie Wong*," I said. "How about filling them in?" I almost added, "in your own words," for that was what I wanted.

Nancy drew a deep breath and began.

"Suzie is a bar girl who fall in love with Bill Holden, an American artist who visit Hong Kong. He stay in hotel which is really brothel. They have to call it hotel in film because of censorship. Really there are no such brothels in Hong Kong. There are what would be call in Paris rendezvous houses or in this country 'motels catering to taxi trade.' Bill Holden paint the girls in this hotel. He see Suzie Wong and although he think it impossible to fall in love with a prostitute, he fall in love with her.

"Suzie try to tell Bill the other thing mean nothing, certainly it is not love, but he won't accept that, so they have many argument. In the end there's big flood. Suzie's baby dies. Bill—Robert is his name in the movie—decide he love Suzie too much to leave, so he marry her."

"Were you supposed to be naïve or wise in *Suzie Wong*?" I asked.

"Wise. There was nothing naïve about her—I guess."

"How old were you and Bill Holden supposed to be?"

"I suppose to be about twenty. He suppose to be about forty."

"Actually, he's a little older than forty," I said.

"Maybe," Nancy said, "but he's lovely man. I was lucky to work with him. He help me so much. Once we were doing a scene and I had a close-up. The camera look at me over his shoulder. A shadow cover my face. Bill saw it. He put out his hand and pushed me a little. He got rid of the shadow.

"Suzie is very loving girl. The girl I play in *Flower Drum Song* is much harder. She more go-getter. *Suzie* was drama and comedy. *Flower Drum Song* is a musical. There is dancing in it and I'm glad. My ballet training help me. Also I have plenty room dance."

I knew what she meant. The principal set for *Flower Drum Song*, a $310,000 replica of San Francisco Chinatown's Grant Avenue, covers 51,300 square feet and includes three-story buildings. It is the largest, costliest set ever put together in a Hollywood sound stage.

The intervals between my questions and Nancy's answers had grown a little longer. I decided to give her a rest and talk with Ray Stark, her discoverer-producer-employer, and John Patrick, the Pulitzer-prize winner who wrote the *Suzie Wong* screen play.

I knew Stark had considered a number of actresses for the *Suzie Wong* role. So I asked him what Nancy had that the others didn't have. He said:

"I wanted someone who would have a more universal acceptance than the 'businessman's delight,' which was what some critics called France Nuyen in the stage version of Suzie. Nor did I want a happy harlot like Melina Mercouri in *Never on Sunday*. I concluded the best way to get the impact of reality in Suzie was with a girl with Oriental blood in her veins. Make up an American or English actress's eyes to look slanty and they only look phony. The most attractive Oriental girl might not have looked that attractive outside the Orient, but by Occidental standards Nancy's face is acceptable. While small, she gives the impression of

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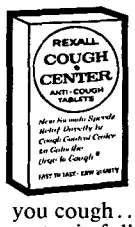

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NANCY KWAN

being alluringly leggy and she is perfectly formed. She made a funny crack about that: 'I haven't as much bosom as the Italians. I have more than the British. I have just enough for the Americans.'"

Actually Stark feels that he has a truly international-girl type of girl in Nancy.

"Don't make the mistake of thinking this little girl is only Suzie Wong or Linda Low or even Nancy Kwan," he told me. "Nancy is many girls of many nations, packaged on one body. She certainly doesn't look Chinese. A make-up man had to make her eyes look Oriental for both *Suzie* and *Flower Drum Song*. If a producer says, 'I need an Italian girl'—or an American girl, a French girl or an English girl—I see no reason why Nancy will not be in the running.

"We have an amazing collection of screen tests on Nancy. First, the one we made in Hong Kong—pretty dreadful, but a clue to what she might be. After she worked four weeks with drama coaches, we tested her again. There was a tremendous change. She still wasn't an actress. But there was an extension of her personality, a development of her authority."

Four weeks later, when Stark and Paramount made still another test, it became a toss-up of whether France Nuyen or Nancy would get the *Suzie Wong* role.

This sudden rise in acting ability made me more curious than ever. I talked it over with John Patrick, who was busy casting a play he'd written, but not too busy to talk about Nancy.

"The first time I met her, in her Hong Kong home with her father and stepmother, she stood behind a chair and never opened her mouth," Patrick said. "In a good Chinese home the father dominates. Nancy held her hands up to her face and talked through them."

Stark and Patrick learned—by asking point-blank—why Nancy covered her face. "I have ugly teeth," she said. Stark replied that Hollywood had the finest dentists in the world. Nancy's teeth subsequently were given a "Hollywood job."

"Nancy's story is hardly a Cinderella tale," John Patrick continued. "She was driven to the Hong Kong studio by her father's chauffeur, and with her younger sister as chaperone. She read script like an amateur, but for some reason I felt that she was going to be good. I spent hours working with her.

"She was so tense in tests the next day that I said, 'No one expected you to give a perfect performance—we can fix your acting later, like your teeth.' Afterward, to get a casual reaction from her, I remarked, 'It's very hot in this studio. Too bad it isn't air-conditioned.' Quite seriously she said, 'I speak to my father. After all, he design this studio.'

"Mr. Kwan is very wealthy, with a beautiful hilltop home on several acres in Kowloon, where land is at a premium. I've been asked how Nancy, with her background, could play a prostitute believably. When she saw herself on the screen, while we were working on the movie, she'd say, 'I'm terrible girl,' and squeal with embarrassment. So Ray decided not to show her the daily rushes. Half the time, I'm sure, she didn't know what she was doing. She just followed instructions."

As I understood that Nancy had got the *Suzie* spot almost by the skin of her Hollywood teeth, I decided I should go back and talk it over with her. It turned out that she came to the United States simply on the strength of faith, hope and Ray Stark, who gave her a contract but not a specific role. Behind the scenes a tug-of-war was going on over whether Nancy or France should play Suzie. Bill Holden, the male star, favored Nancy. Paramount preferred France, who was identified with the stage play. Ray Stark at first went along with Paramount.

"He didn't say I would be Suzie Wong," Nancy told me. "I had a secret hope that Mr. Stark would like me more than France, but I tell nobody. I went to New York. The play was going on tour. I went with the road company to understudy Suzie's part." Suddenly her tone became expressionless. "France Nuyen got the part of Suzie Wong in film."

A month later Stark telephoned Nancy from London. She was on tour in Toronto. He wanted her to fly to England for another test. France, unhappy and unwell, had fallen sick and was in a hospital.

"I guessed it was for Suzie," Nancy told me, "although I didn't know anything was wrong with France. I said, 'How can I come? I'm in this show.' Mr. Stark said he would send a cablegram saying that my father was sick. So I went to the manager and told him a lie. It was not very nice, but what could I do?

"In London I tested once more for Suzie. Although my father is Chinese, they were afraid I would not look Chinese enough. So they pluck my eyebrows and draw a line high up on my forehead. This time I got the part."

The only real crisis that confronted Nancy in making *Suzie Wong* was over lingerie. In one scene, Bill Holden rips off her Occidental dress and shouts, "Wear your own kind of clothing! Don't try to copy some European girl!" Director Richard Quine started to film the scene—but couldn't finish it. He called Stark, "You'd better come down, we've got ourselves a problem."

When Holden had torn off Nancy's dress, she was wearing a full slip instead of a bra and half-slip. Quine complained, "It didn't even look like a slip, it was more like a camisole. It reached from her neck to below her knees."

Stark found Nancy hiding in her dressing room, weeping bitterly. "Nancy," he said, "wear the half-slip and bra or you're off the picture. France Nuyen is no longer in it, remember? If you're difficult, you'll be off it too. All we want to do is make you the best actress possible."

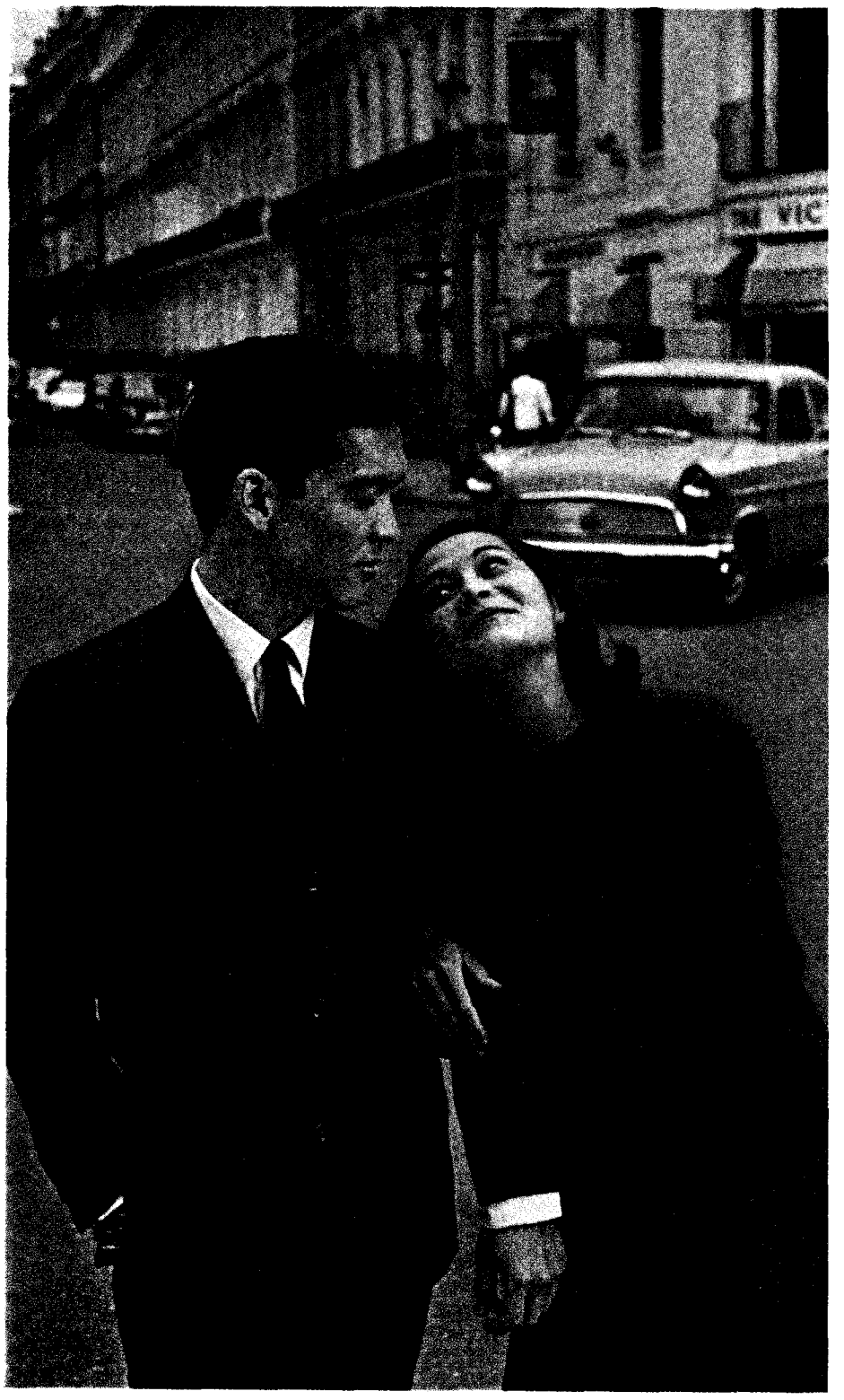
After a lunch break, Nancy appeared in bra and half-slip as coolly as if nothing at all had happened.

"In Hong Kong," she told me, "I'm known now as local girl who made good. My privacy is gone. Everybody follow me when I go shopping. In Beverly Hills I can walk alone. Is better in America because America is much bigger, I guess."

She asked me hopefully, "Haven't you got enough? I hate to just talk about me."

I told her that her ordeal was over; I was through. She relaxed. "I have to press a dress and take a shower," she said. "I can't say good-by in shower. So good-by. I enjoy the interview. I just talking to you so I was not nervous as usual."

I waited for her to add two words—"I guess." She didn't do it. THE END



With her older brother K.K., an architecture student in London. After attending an English boarding school, she appeared at Covent Garden as a dancer with the Royal Ballet.

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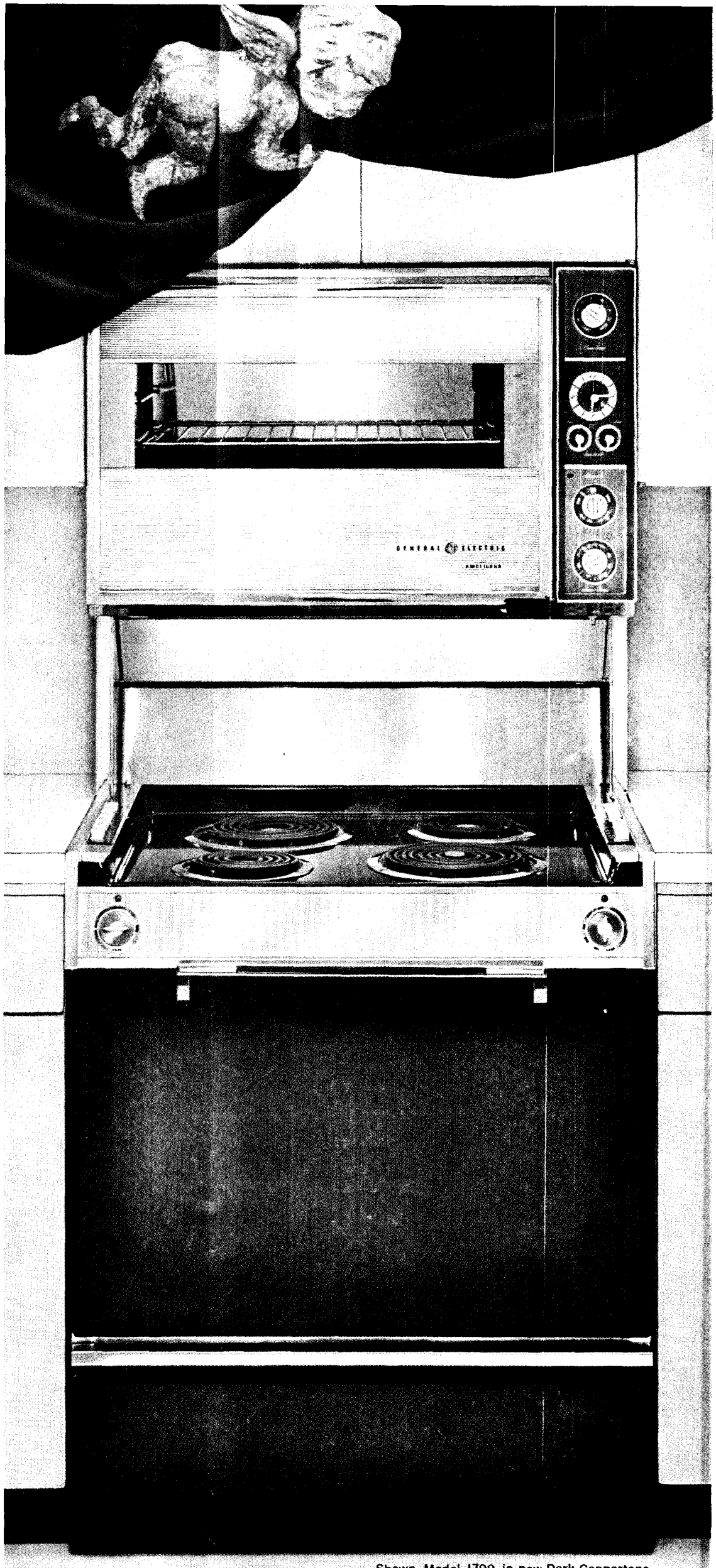

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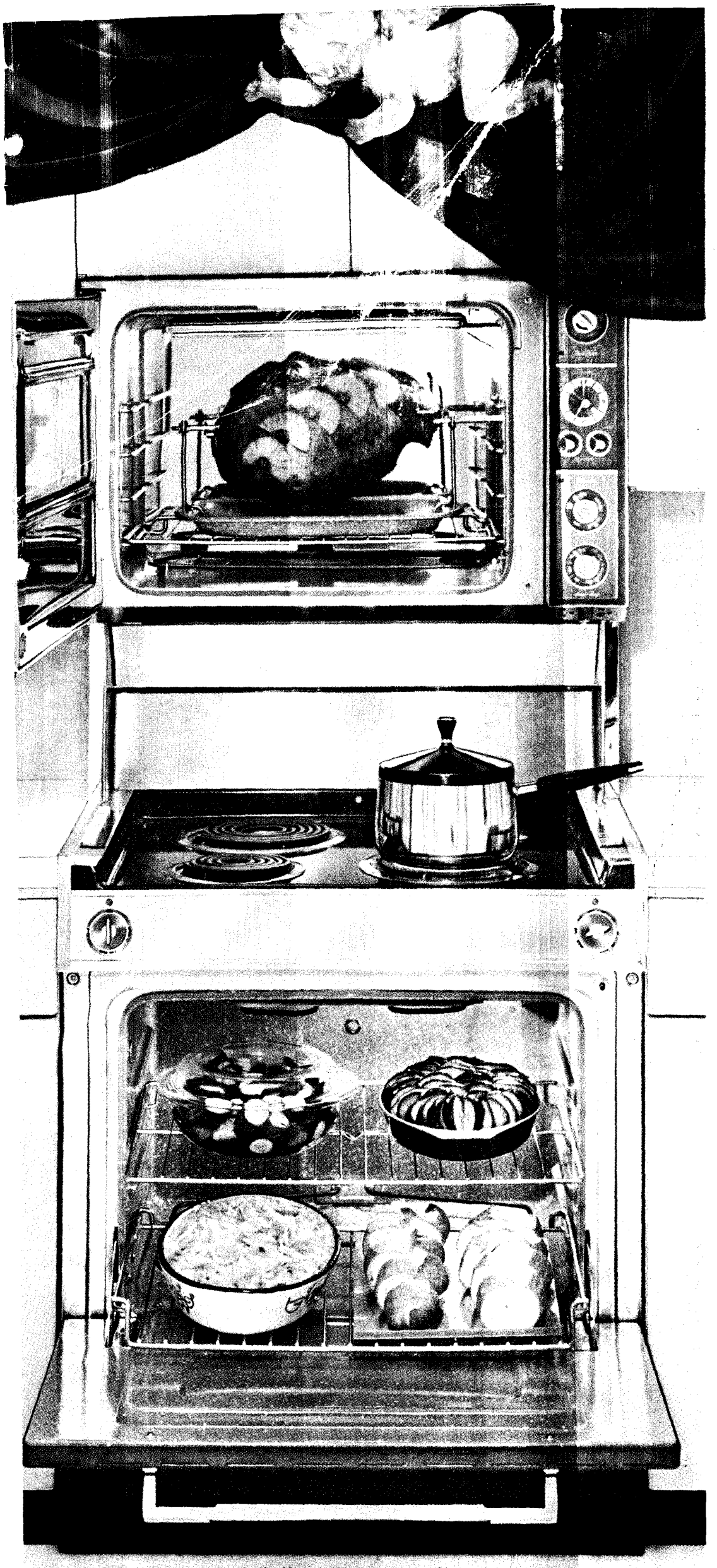

And here is the AMERICANA '62 opened up, busily at work, cooking the luscious kind of food you'll cook in your AMERICANA, too!

New conveniences! Upstairs oven has picture window, separate controls alongside, easy to reach. Inside, a removable chrome back-liner... and automatic rotisserie!

See what's cooking through the panorama window. Watch a roast turn golden on the automatic rotisserie. This eye-level oven gives your kitchen that "magazine page" look (without the cost). And even in a mere 30-inch-wide space, AMERICANA *fits*. Every beautiful inch of it designed for happy cooking . . . easy clean-up. *Let it happen to you!*

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Notice that AMERICANA fits snug with counter tops for real built-in *fit*. Sensi-Temp cooking gives 3 units in one—adjusts to 4-, 6- or 8-inch pans at the touch of a button. Boils a pint of water in 130 seconds . . . *and it's flameless . . . meaning no sooty pots and pans.* Tilt-Lock Calrod® units with removable trim rings and drip pans that lift right out to the dishpan. AMERICANA *stays* clean-as-new because it's designed to!

New roominess! Whopping downstairs oven has its own controls. Lift the door right off for easy cleaning. Both ovens work at once at different temperatures—just set the dials!

Know how great-big AMERICANA is? You could cook a full dinner for 50 all at once. Know how automatic? You set the dials and go to a movie! Underneath it all . . . a jumbo storage drawer holds a raft of pots and pans. Don't you *crave* this AMERICANA? Then *lure* your husband to the nearest General Electric dealer.

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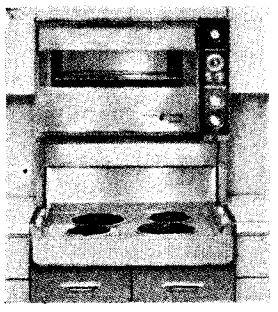

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MR. LINCOLN * FOR THE * DEFENSE

continued from page 25

was left of them by then anyhow.

Jack let me rant a little while, then said, "Picked up a real piece of news, Hannah. Guess who got married? Abe Lincoln!"

"Abe Lincoln? You don't mean it!"

"Knew you wouldn't believe it," Jack chuckled. "He married that Todd girl."

"Mary Todd? The one he broke his engagement to before? I can't believe it!"

"Well, Bill Green told me. He got a letter from Abe himself."

"But he thought they couldn't hit it off, they was so different. Said so himself."

"Maybe she changed," Jack said. "Women do, when they fall in love—you know that. Or maybe Abe's changed."

I shook my head at that. "Not Abe." After I thought about it a while though, I said, "Well, maybe he will. Maybe she'll be good for him after all—push him along a little. But Mary Todd!" I couldn't get over it.

I don't know. Maybe she did push him. There's them that say she pushed him too hard. What I say is, who can tell what really goes on between a man and his wife? All I know for sure is that Abe kept going up in the world. He had a fine house in Springfield. They said it was furnished real grand, and that Mrs. Lincoln dressed herself real grand too.

Abe was getting mighty well known as a circuit lawyer, but I kept wondering when he was going back into politics. When he got himself elected to the legislature in Washington, I was sure he was on his way at last, but after two years he was back in Springfield again.

I felt real disappointed when I heard he was going back on the circuit. Then I could see that Abe probably liked that circuit life more than he liked anything else. Moving from town to town, seeing new things, meeting new people, being with a bunch of friends he could sit around with at night and swap stories with—that was his kind of life. Still, I couldn't help feeling kind of disappointed.

As it turned out though, going back to the circuit was the best thing Abe could'a done. In the last few years he had got to handle some big cases that made him still better known. Then lately he'd got mixed up in the Kansas-Nebraska Bill and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and when I heard what he was saying, I could tell that Abe was really mad. For the first time in his life, I guess, he was really mad. They said he was even going to debate the question with Steve Douglas from one end of the state to the other and that he was likely to get nominated for senator by the new Republican Party at the state convention just a month away.

Now here he was in Beardstown in the spring of '58, the biggest man in Illinois—no second biggest to my way of thinking—and here I was waiting for him to come back from the courthouse so that I could keep my promise to Jack on his deathbed and ask Abe to defend our son Duff, who was up for murder.

I heard some steps on the porch, and right away I knew it was Abe. Some things change about a man, but his walk stays the same. He came in looking as lean and tall as ever. Looking mad too. While I was pushing myself to get up the nerve to speak, a little man came running in after him, all out of breath.

"Mr. Lincoln!" he called. "You left when the court is still in session!"

Abe whirled on him. "Tell me the truth," he said. "Did you know that the defendant held that receipt for the money you were suing him for?"

The little man looked down on the carpet, but I guess he could feel Abe's eyes boring into him and couldn't help himself, because finally he told him, "Yes—but I thought he had forgotten."

The thought passed through my mind that the little fellow was lucky to be little. Otherwise I think Abe might have hit him. But all he did was give him a look that like to have curled him up, and then he turned away.

"But Mr. Lincoln," the little fellow said, "what shall I tell the judge?"

"Just tell him," Abe said, "that I'm washing my hands of the case."

I near had to run after him myself by this time. But what I'd seen told me that Abe was still the Abe we knew in New Salem, and it gave me the nerve to call out to him, "Abe!"

He turned around, and then I got scared and said instead, "Mr. Lincoln!"

He looked at me for just a second, but in that second I knew how much I had changed. Why, I had growed to be old since the last time we'd seen each other! How could I expect him to remember me? But Abe held out his hands and come towards me with that wonderful smile of his that could light up his whole face, and he said, "Why, Hannah Armstrong! Aunt Hannah!"

With the touch of his hand, it was as if all them years hadn't passed. I found myself pouring out the whole story, starting with Jack being dead, and how I had promised him on his deathbed that I'd ask Abe to defend Duff against the murder charge.

"Sit down, Aunt Hannah," Abe said in the quiet way he'd always had, "and tell me all about it."

There in that quiet dark room filled with the smell of lilacs, I told Abe what I could. I tried not to hold anything back. I told him that Duff was a good boy, but that he could get real wild when he was drinking and that he'd been drinking the night of the murder. He'd got into a fight with a fellow by the name of Metzker. Another fellow named Norris got into a fight with Metzker later the same night, and he hit him with an ox yoke. When Metzker died the next day, the doctor said it was from another kind of a head wound, maybe a slung shot, and they arrested Duff for his murder.

Abe asked in that voice of his, "Did Duff use a slung shot, Aunt Hannah?"

"He did not! He swore to his sick father that he didn't. That's why Jack was so set on clearing the boy, Abe. He said no son of his would use a slung shot in a fist fight."

Abe nodded, deep in thought. "Doesn't seem as if Jack Armstrong's son would do a thing like that. But one thing's not clear. You tell me this happened last August, and here it is May."

I explained, "Feeling was running high in New Salem when it happened. We got a change of venue, and that's how the case is due to come up now in Beardstown."

"Any witnesses?"

"A fellow named Allen, who was a friend of Metzker. He claims he saw Duff fight with Metzker." I couldn't take any more and started crying. "Oh, Abe," I said, "if they pin the murder on Duff, it'll go mighty bad for him, won't it?"

"First they'll have to prove it, Aunt Hannah," Abe said. "I'll make them prove it."

"You? Then you'll take the case, Abe?"

"Certainly. For your sake, and for Jack's." He wouldn't let me say any more then, even if I could've. But I can tell you that I had a good sleep that night for the first time in months.

About Abe, I couldn't say. It was only later that I found out that taking the case wasn't an easy thing for him to do. His partner Herndon, for one, tried to talk him out of it. Billy had come back from the East with a long face about Abe's chances of getting the Republican Party nomination for senator. He'd come out to Beardstown to talk to him about it and was all for Abe going east right away to see people like Horace Greeley and other leaders. That failing, he wanted Abe to drop everything on the circuit and take to the stump in Illinois.

But Abe, he could be stubborn. They said he told Billy Herndon that he'd given me his word and he couldn't go back on it. He wanted the Republican nomination if he could get it—and knowing Abe, I'm sure he wanted it mightily—but first he'd have to defend Duff Armstrong. And he did.

IN THE NEXT POST: A COMEBACK OFFSTAGE
a Hollywood story by RICHARD MACAULAY

That courtroom in Beardstown was jampacked the day of the trial. Billy Herndon was sitting near me, looking straight ahead, not giving away his thoughts. My heart turned over at the sight of Duff sitting up there in front, washed and slicked up, looking awfully nervous and awfully young. I kept remembering all the good things about him and what a fine boy he could be if he put his mind to it. If Abe Lincoln could get him out of this jam, I was sure he would put his mind to it, and I prayed to God with all my heart to stay on Abe's side.

Picking the jury took quite a bit of time. I noticed that Abe leaned toward young fellows close to Duff's age. And when witnesses began to be called, I noticed how folksy he was with all of them, particularly the ones from New Salem whose parents he had known. Was he being *too* folksy? I asked myself, as I noticed Duff squirming anxiously on his bench up in front.

Then the witness Duff was most scared of, Allen, took the stand, and I guess I got to squirming quite a bit myself. The prosecuting attorney asked him to tell the court what he saw on the night of August 29, 1857, and he started right out as if he'd been waiting a long time for a chance to tell it. "I seen Metzker and Armstrong in a fist fight at the camp-meeting grounds near Havana."

"You *saw* the fist fight?"

"Yes, sir, I *seen* it!"

"Did you try to stop the fight?"

"No, sir. They was both mad, and I wasn't aimin' to git in their way."

"Then how did the fight end?"

"Armstrong, he was knocked down and, while he lay on the ground, he pulled a slung shot out of his pocket. He used it—quick, like this, when Metzker started comin' at him again."

I heard everybody murmuring, for or against, and I realized that I was murmuring too. I was saying, "That ain't true, that ain't true," but a course, I had to say it only to myself.

"You're absolutely sure about this?" the prosecuting attorney was asking, and Allen spoke right out and said, "Yes, sir, I'm absolutely sure!"

The prosecutor said that was all, and then Abe took his turn. "What time would you say it was when you saw Metzker and Armstrong fighting?" he asked.

"Between ten and eleven o'clock."

"Between ten and eleven o'clock," Abe said in his quiet way. "How could you see everything you describe clearly at that hour?"

"By the light of the moon."

"I see. Was it a bright moonlit night?"

"Yes, sir, it was."

"Could you describe the moon on the night of August twenty-ninth, between ten and eleven o'clock, when you say you saw the fight between Metzker and Armstrong?" Abe asked in the same gentle kind of voice.

"I'd say —— It was in about the same place that the sun would be at ten o'clock in the morning."

"And it was a full moon?" Abe asked.

"Yes, sir. I'd say almost full."

Then Abe did something that surprised me and everyone else an awful lot. "Thank you," he said. That was all. He turned and went back to sit down at his table.

I can't say you could have heard a pin drop, because everybody started squirming and murmuring again, the way they do when they are surprised and have got to do something about it. I took a look at Duff, and he was white as a sheet, as if he'd already heard a death sentence. Next I looked at Billy Herndon, but he just kept looking straight ahead, still not giving away his thoughts.

The prosecuting attorney was on his feet again, summing up the case. He said there was no need to call further witnesses, that the issue was clear and simple. He said that Metzker had died as the result of a head wound suffered in a quarrel, that Duff Armstrong had admitted that he'd quarreled with Metzker on the night of August twenty-ninth and that Duff Armstrong was *seen* using a slung shot against him.

Although I knew it was the prosecuting attorney's voice droning out in the hot close-packed courtroom, I could have sworn Jack's voice cut over it, saying to me, "Clear Duff, clear Duff." Well, I had done my best. If Abe Lincoln couldn't do it, nobody could.

Finally the prosecuting attorney sat down, but not until he asked the jury to judge Duff Armstrong guilty of the crime of murder. Now it was Abe's turn, but the way things had been going, I couldn't hope for much.

Abe started out in that easygoing way of his, talking gentle, being real folksy. He said he hardly knew how to begin his final argument, because the words he would ordinarily use just wouldn't do—this was not an ordinary case.

"I am not here in this courtroom as a hired attorney," he went on, "but rather,

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to discharge a debt of friendship. No man ever had a truer debt than mine toward Jack and Hannah Armstrong, the parents of the defendant, nor truer friends."

I was jolted a bit at that, surprised that he would want to bring it up at all, but Abe had even more to say about it. "Their home was my home, back in New Salem. Many days when I had no money for food, they fed me. Many nights there'd have been no roof over my head, if the Armstrongs hadn't taken me in. And many a time I rocked to sleep, in his cradle, the baby who grew up to be known as Duff Armstrong."

Then Abe's voice took on a sad note. "I would never have thought it possible that that baby could grow up to be charged with murder," he said. "I can hardly believe it now. But this is a court of law, not of opinion. The state contends that Metzker was killed by a wound caused by a slung shot. The state contends that the slung shot was used by Duff Armstrong. The state rests its case on the testimony of the witness named Allen."

I could see every member of the jury hanging on every word Abe was saying. "You all heard Allen testify under oath that he *saw* Duff Armstrong use a slung shot. This is a serious charge."

I felt like crying out, "Abe, Abe! Whose side are you on?" So far, all he seemed to do was help build up the case against Duff.

Then suddenly Abe's voice changed again. He didn't sound as if he was just kind of making conversation any more. He spoke louder, and his words came down hard, like a whip cracking. "You all heard Allen testify, under oath, that he saw what he saw because of the brightness of the moon. You heard him describe the position and the fullness of the moon. Well, all of this testimony is *false*—and here is the proof!"

Abe reached back to the table he'd been using and picked up an almanac. He showed it to the jury and passed it on to the judge as he was talking. "I have here an almanac. On the page describing the moon's phases for August, 1857—the month in which Metzker died—I call your attention to the night of August twenty-ninth. You may read here—and I offer it for the record—that on that night the moon was not full but in its first quarter. It came into view early and dropped from sight soon after. At the time Allen says he saw Duff Armstrong strike Metzker with a slung shot by the bright light of the moon, the moon was low in the West and not bright enough to see by!"

For a minute I couldn't see. Then I knew it was because there was a film over my eyes, a film made by tears of joy.

When Abe finished, the judge charged the jury to retire until it reached a verdict. Abe watched the members go out, one by one, then he came over to me, put his hand on my shoulder and said softly, "Aunt Hannah, your son will be free before sundown."

Still in all, my heart was pounding like a Fourth of July drum when the jury filed back in again. No one seemed to be breathing, least of all me or Duff, when the judge asked, "Gentlemen of the jury, have your reached your decision?"

"We have."

"And what is your verdict?"

"We, the jury, find the defendant—not guilty."

Duff grabbed Abe's hand and shook it hard, not saying a word because he couldn't. Then he ran over to me and gave me a hug, and I hung on to him for dear life. This was my boy and all I had, and Abe had give him back to me.

While people were milling around Abe, trying for a chance to shake his hand, I heard someone say to Billy Herndon, "Well, Billy, I guess that makes Lincoln the leading lawyer in Illinois!"

"Always has been," Billy Herndon answered without changing the look on his face. When Abe could break away and come over to us, Billy Herndon came over too and said, "Abe, if we hurry, you can still make that speech you were supposed to make tonight." Abe nodded, and I knew he had to go. I tried to think of the right words to thank him, but how could I? There just wasn't any such words, not even in all them books Abe had always been reading.

"And now—you're going back to New Salem," he said to me. "God speed you." Then he turned to Duff and said, "From now on, Duff, you keep out of trouble!"

"I sure will!" Duff promised, and I knew he meant it. "I'll take good care of ma too."

"What about you, Abe?" I wanted to know. "Where are you going?"

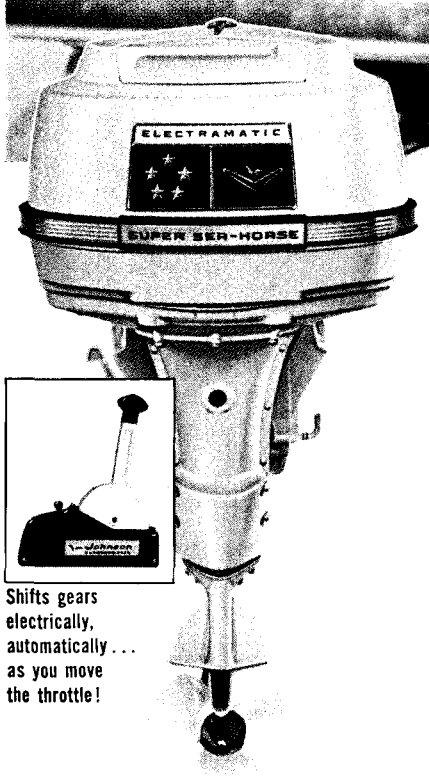
He shook his head slowly and smiled. "Wish I knew."

"God bless you, Abe!" It surely wasn't much to say to him after all he had done, but I put all of my heart into those few words.

He patted my hand and said quietly, "I hope He always will, Aunt Hannah; I hope He always will."

Then he left with Billy Herndon, going his way, as I went mine. THE END

She's driving "the Sea-Horse that shifts for itself"



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beam front axles of 9,000- or 11,000-lb. capacity are offered as options* on heavy-duty models.

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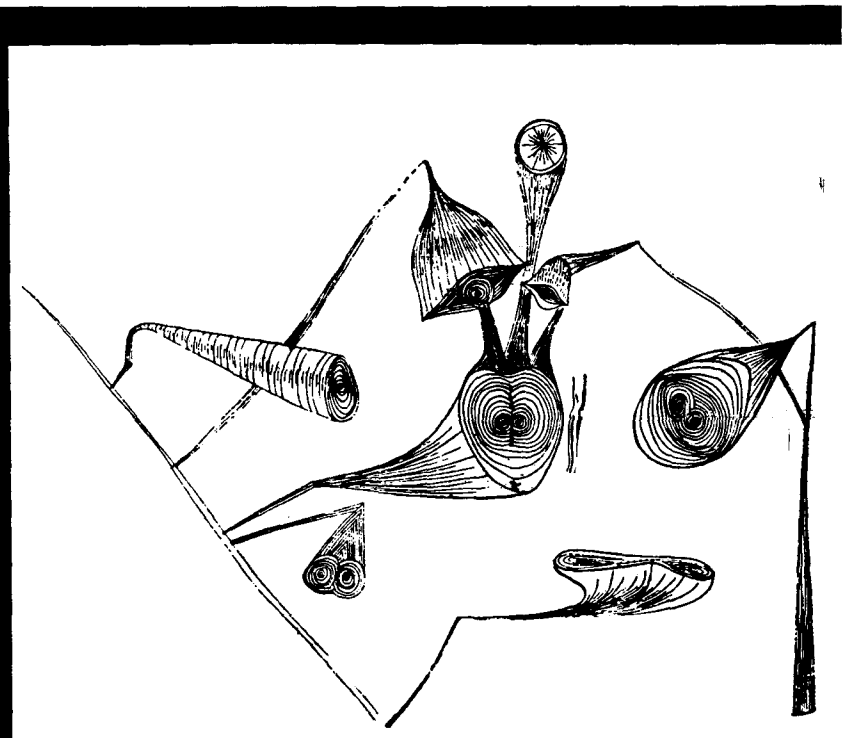
ADVENTURES OF THE MIND

ART AND THE FEAR OF

I. *The School of Athens by Raphael, 1509-1511.*



II. *Family Matters by Paul Klee, 1927*

BY EDGAR WIND

Edgar Wind, who taught and lectured for many years in America, is now professor of the History of Art at Oxford University, the first holder of the recently established chair in that subject. In his books and articles he has been concerned with a humanist approach to art, combining the study of the visual arts with that of philosophy and of literature. ART AND THE FEAR OF KNOWLEDGE *is the fourth of six* Reith Lectures *delivered for the British Broadcasting Corporation in 1960 and soon to be published by Alfred A. Knopf under the title* Art and Anarchy.

ACCORDING TO DOCTOR WIND:

"The popular belief that musicians cannot think, or that painters have no oral facility, is a superstition completely disproved by the evidence of history."

"We know that if artistic imagination is harnessed to a precise and well-defined task of instruction it can gain a sharp edge of refinement by responding to the pressure of thought."

"We cannot solve our problems, even in art, by pretending that we can act as primitives. The gate to that old paradise is shut. . . ."

Amateurs of art often betray a fear that knowledge might hurt the imagination, that the exercise of artistic faculties, not only in the artist but also in the spectator, might be weakened by the use of reason.

This is a modern fear and, if I am not mistaken, unfamiliar before the Romantic period; but for more than a century and a half it has dominated our view of art with such force that we have come to look upon it as a basic truth, supported by a strong philosophical and literary tradition.

In Keats's *Lamia*, for example, the exquisite phantom of the poet's imagination is killed by the cold analytical look of philosophy:

and, for the sage,
Let spear-grass and the spiteful thistle wage
War on his temples. Do not all charms fly
At the mere touch of cold philosophy?

The poet's vision has no place in the dull catalogue of common things:

Philosophy will clip an Angel's wings, . . .
Unweave a rainbow, as it erewhile made
The tender-person'd Lamia melt into a shade.

In retrospect it has seemed to some classical scholars, those still under the spell of the Romantic view, that Greek tragedy died of Greek philosophy, that the primitive inspiration which the tragic poets drew from myth and ritual could not survive the destructive talk of Socrates. In the *Phaedo*, Plato seems to suggest that Socrates felt a scruple on that account and sang a poetic swan song before he died, as if to recant his inveterate addiction to reasonableness. He had been visited by certain dreams which intimated that he should "cultivate and make music": so he composed a hymn to Apollo and turned *Aesop's Fables* into verse. Whether this delightful story is true or not, Plato took the

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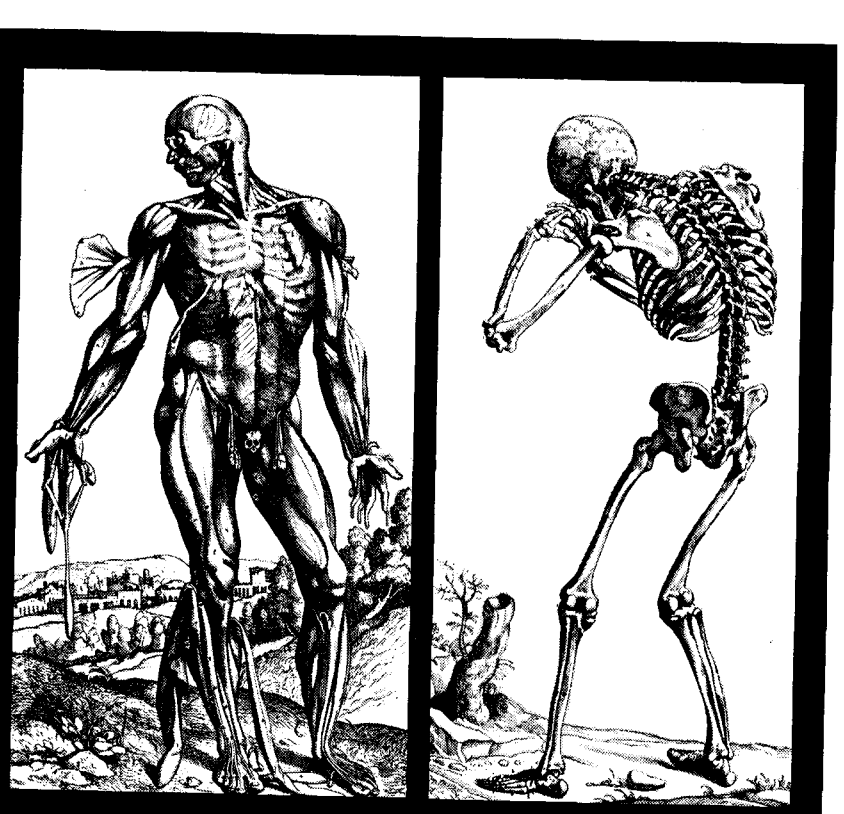
KNOWLEDGE

III. *Two-Piece Reclining Figure by Henry Moore, 1960.*



IV. *Anatomical illustrations by Jan van Calcar, 1543.*

occasion to define the kind of poetry which Socrates would write: it is didactic poetry, a class of literature which every respectable treatise on modern aesthetics has taught us to despise.

Didactic poetry, we are told, is a kind of monster, a hybrid of intellect and imagination in which art is sacrificed to the interests of reason and reason betrayed by the use of art. It may well be that didactic poetry is today condemned unread. Yet a glance at the botanical verse of Erasmus Darwin, or a poem on *The Art of Preserving Health* by John Armstrong, readily shows that the poetic schoolmaster defeats his own purpose; for his verses do not fire the reader's imagination, they merely inspire him with a sound distrust of an argument that lends itself to rhyme. Nor is the prospect more encouraging in the other arts. Except for curiosity's sake, one would hardly wish to see a ballet composed by Descartes for Christina of Sweden, in which the intellectual and moral virtues are said to have danced before the queen. I myself once saw a didactic ballet, an American piece composed by Martha Graham on the Declaration of Independence, in which the text, recited by a chorus, supplied the rhythmic foundation for the dance: "We hold these truths to be self-evident," and so forth. It was a good ballet, and I must say in its defense that the huge leaps of the dancers, their heroic gestures and rhythmic contortions dispelled any thought that all men are created equal. Imagination in this instance triumphed over didacticism, but I am not at all certain that this would have been the case in the more sober composition by Descartes.

As for didactic painting, that again would seem to be a discouraging subject. We think of Ingres's picture of *The Apotheosis of Homer*, in which his flair as a painter deserted him because he was seized with the misguided ambitions of a pedantic pedagogue. Or we think of Kaulbach or the once-famous Chenavard, a painter from Lyons, of whom Baudelaire said that his brain resembled his native city: it was foggy with vapors and soot from furnaces and bristling with bell towers and chimney stacks. While great at inventing encyclopedic programs which covered the history of mankind, he was remarkably bad at painting them. The gross incongruity between thought and image amused Baudelaire to such an extent that he began a critical essay which he intended to call "Philosophic Art," but he left it unfinished for an excellent reason: he changed his mind in the middle of it. The plan was to show in didactic painting how crude images result from great ideas. "Pure, disinterested beauty," he writes, "can be reached only by an art removed from instruction, whereas a desire to be philosophically clear necessarily degrades the artistic image." But this familiar thesis is canceled by an additional note which reads: "There is something good in Chenavard's assumption, it is the disdain of prattle and the conviction that great painting rests on great ideas."

If Baudelaire became doubtful about the foolishness of didactic art, we might be well advised to follow his example and retrace our own steps. Admittedly it is a little perplexing to be told first that great ideas produce bad painting and then to learn on the same authority that great painting rests on great ideas. But there is no need to choose between these two propositions, for we may find that both are true if they are carefully qualified. The pressure of thought upon art does not follow a simple and uniform law. Great ideas have a way of either quickening or clogging the spirit of a painter, with the result that the sort of intellectual excitement which proved the undoing of Chenavard or Kaulbach was the factor that made Raphael rise to his greatest height in the painting of *The School of Athens* (Fig. I).

We all know that a painting and an argument are two different things and that the best argument does not produce a good painting. Hence, if a painter becomes so enamored of his

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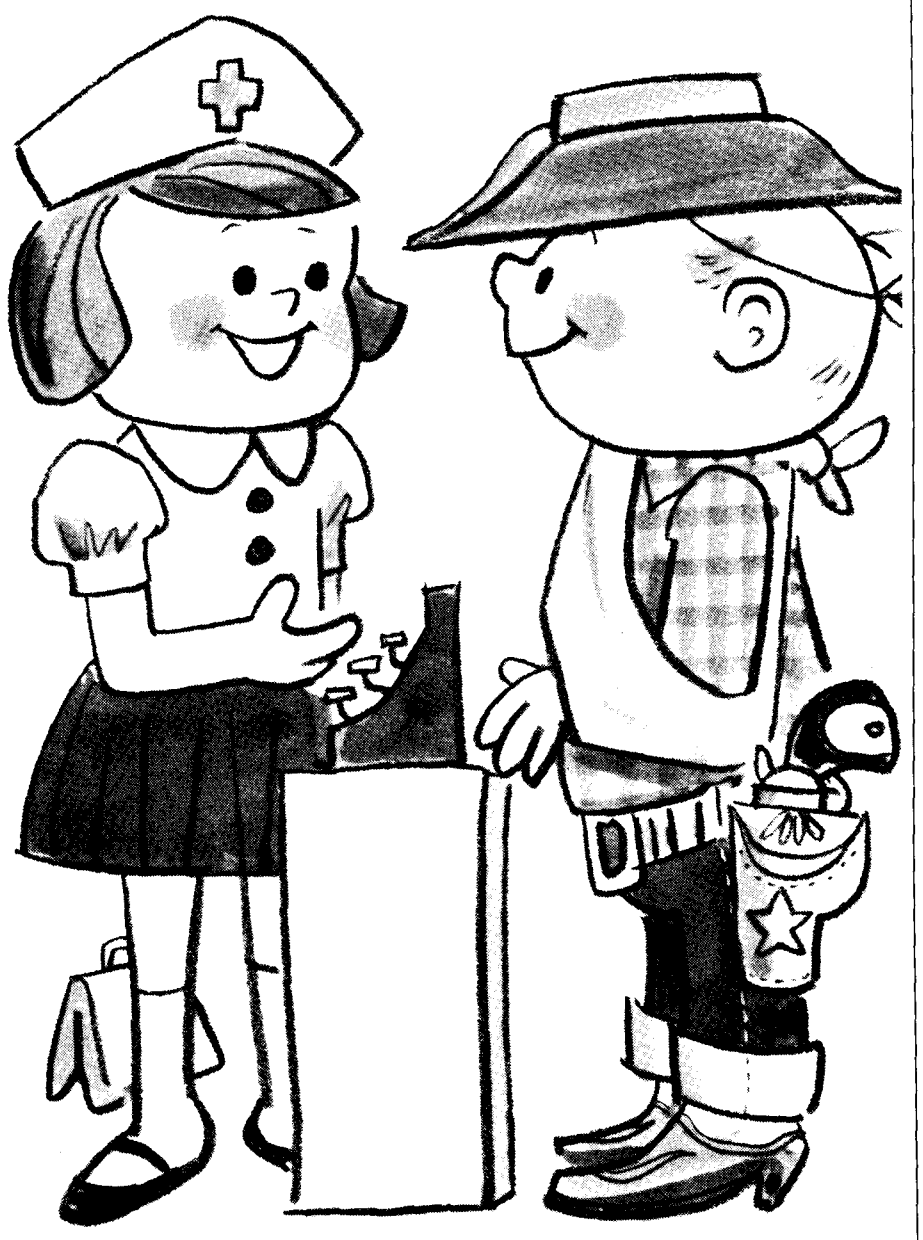

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ADVENTURES

thoughts that he allows them to overpower his vision, his pictorial imagination will be enfeebled by ideas which distract him from the art of painting. It is right, therefore, to say that flight into knowledge is an artistic weakness, because it substitutes intellect for imagination. However, flight from knowledge is also a weakness: it assumes that the artist's imagination has not sufficient strength to respond actively to the pressure of thought. The insecure painter should indeed beware of distraction; his limited pictorial power may go by the board if he thinks too much; and the weak spectator might also do well not to let his thoughts roam while he looks at a painting. To that extent our habitual distrust of the intellect in art is sound. Yet there is something wrong with an aesthetics which explains why Chenavard and Kaulbach failed, but not why Raphael succeeded; which can account for the poetic weakness of Erasmus Darwin, but not for the force of Lucretius or of Dante.

Since we are in the process of retracing our steps, let us face the fact that, in antiquity alone, the number of great didactic poems is disconcertingly large, far larger than it ought to be according to an aesthetics which dismisses the entire species as a contradiction in terms. In writing *On the Nature of Things* Lucretius borrowed "the sweet voice of song" to explain the reasonable system of Epicurus. The poem taxes our intelligence; it addresses itself firmly to the understanding, but in verses of such great passion and beauty that our imagination is fully engaged. In the *Georgics*, Virgil teaches the cultivation of the land with exact precepts addressed to the farmer concerning the best way of planting the vine or of tending crops or bees or cattle. In enjoying the rustic poetry of these instructions even readers who are unfamiliar with agriculture and animal husbandry become seized with a strong passion for the land and willingly participate in the farmer's cares.

As for Ovid, that most forbidding of subjects, the Roman calendar, becomes a festive procession in his verses; not to speak of his eminently professional instructions on how to be skillful in the art of love. And who can forget that Horace, in speaking of the poet as wishing to be useful as well as to delight, does so in a great poem and a didactic one at that? If finally we remember that, from the Renaissance down to the eighteenth century, many didactic poems are pleasing—even if few of them are great—we may well wonder whether the estimate is true that within that genre the number of aesthetic failures is unusually large. Is it really true that there are more bad didactic poems than, say, bad poems on love, or bad patriotic or religious hymns? Is it true that in the visual arts the aesthetic failures in portraiture or in landscape painting are rarer than in didactic compositions?

It is certainly *not* true before the nineteenth century. The great religious cycles of the past were almost all didactic; for example, the sculptures and the colored glass of the French cathedrals, or the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, or the tapestries designed by Rubens of the Triumph of the Sacrament. Portions of these cycles are often enjoyed as narratives, but they illustrate doctrine, and the doctrinal point must be learned and understood if the visual phrase is to be spelled out correctly and the plastic articulation fully mastered. An equal degree of intelligence is needed to design—or understand—the great humanist allegories. If it is asked how so much learning could be absorbed into art, the answer is far from difficult: great artists have always been intellectually quick. The popular belief that musicians cannot think, or that painters have no oral facility, is a picturesque superstition completely disproved by the evidence of history—both past and present. Anyone reading the letters of Titian, Michelangelo or Rubens, or perusing the verbal jests which it pleased Leonardo da Vinci or Mozart to invent, must be impressed not only by their literary ease but by the mixture of learning, wit and good sense which gives an individual style to their prose; and that has remained true right down to the present day. Not only were Cézanne and Manet well versed in literature but, if I may speak from my own experience—which I am well aware may be purely accidental—I have never met a significant painter or sculptor who did not speak and think exceedingly well. This does not exclude that, under unfavorable circumstances, an artist might spoof and talk professional nonsense, but that happens to logicians as well.

Nevertheless, with the approach of the nineteenth century didactic subjects began to repel the artistic imagination; and the causes of that aversion are clear enough. As art withdrew into itself and receded toward the margin of life where it could reign as its own master, it began to lose touch with learning as it lost touch with other forces that are necessary to shape our experience.

Hence, it was only the weaker painter, feeling uncertain in his seclusion, or the great painter in a moment of weakness, who accommodated himself to didactic needs. In other words the Romantic revolt against reason was so effective in art that didactic art became a compromise. As a result it declined, and for all practical purposes it has vanished altogether—a clear sign that imagination and learning have been driven apart.

Not that artists are less knowledgeable than they used to be. Quite the contrary, their imagination is easily seized by ideas

in the next Post:

The Oil-Rich Middle East

an on-the-scene report by Post Editor HAROLD H. MARTIN

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but, compared to the artists of the past, they are at one great disadvantage. As artists they are obliged to think for themselves. Their learning is essentially self-taught. They pick up their ideas wherever they can—witness the flimsy ghost of quantum mechanics in the talk of some "action painters" and serial composers—but even the best mind is not at its best when it is sealed off from the genuine learning of its age. The isolation, which we think of as essential to artistic creation, has been pushed to the point where artists cerebrate far too much, because they are in need of thoughts and those for whom thinking is the primary business do not supply them. Even in their intellectual lives, artists are treated as if they were untouchables: their genius must not be disturbed or distracted, and so they are forced to learn by themselves.

It is evident from the writings of the painter Paul Klee that he enjoyed looking at plant sections and all sorts of living or dead tissue through a microscope and that he was a passionate collector of fossils. In a half-apologetic tone he asks whether these are proper occupations for an artist: microscopy and paleontology. He excuses himself by saying that they set the artist's imagination in motion. The traces of these forms are indeed unmistakable in some of Klee's fantastical designs (Fig. II). And yet how strange that none of the biologists who showed Klee their microscopic preparations thought of enlisting his sensitive hand to record these structures in the interests of science, instead of letting him wander off to play with them only in fantasies. Klee's sly kind of humor is a precious bloom of Romantic irony: he made the most of being in a marginal position and never pretended to be anywhere else, carefully avoiding the grand manner. Yet one cannot help observing that a great artistic curiosity for science was in this case left unused, when it could have both illustrated the precise data of science and drawn new strength from them for vital and imaginative creation.

How curious too—but characteristic—that Picasso, who is a masterful draftsman of animals, should have turned to Buffon—an eighteenth-century naturalist—for inspiration in an enchanting series of animal sketches. Why to Buffon? Why not to a contemporary naturalist? I am not aware that George Stubbs looked for quaint graces in an outdated style of zoology before painting his splendid pictures of animals. He was passionately up-to-date, like Constable, who provided his sketches of clouds with meteorological annotations. But Picasso had good reasons for reverting to Buffon, a text which is no longer science but "literature": it gave to artistic license its full range.

The sculptures and drawings of Henry Moore suggest that he is fascinated by geology (Fig. III). One would like to see him in close contact with those who professionally explore volcanic shapes and various types of stratification, but this would probably be thought a sacrilege because the artist is supposed to engage in research only for the sake of metaphor. It is known, moreover, that Moore has studied—quite on his own—in the celebrated jungle of the British Museum's ethnographic collection. No one could possibly have a better sense than he for displaying these objects to their best advantage. Would a museum ever persuade itself that a great sculptor is the right person to perform such a task? Obviously not, as long as the naïve prejudice prevails that imagination and precision do not go together. But, in fact, precision is one of the ingredients of genius. Most artists would say with Samuel Butler: "I do not mind lying, but I hate inaccuracy."

From the past we know that if artistic imagination is harnessed to a precise and well-defined task of instruction it can gain a sharp edge of refinement by responding to the pressure of thought. And what an advantage it would be to a modern naturalist if he could enlist the eye and hand of a great modern draftsman! Some of the dreariness of scientific illustrations might vanish if they could be returned occasionally to the care of great artists, as in the Renaissance. I think, in particular, of Calcar's fantastical illustrations to the *Anatomy* of Vesalius: woodcuts which combine the utmost scientific accuracy with a stylish macabre magnificence, so that the learner receives his instruction in the vivid guise of pictorial figments which, no matter whether they amuse him or repel him, are bound to fascinate him at every step (Fig. IV).

We are fortunately beginning in the study of art to come alive again to the artistic strength revealed in such remarkable combinations of intellectual precision and pictorial fantasy. Raphael is surely the supreme master of that kind of art. In *The School of Athens* he succeeded in painting what a less intelligent and less sensitive artist might have found to be an utterly unpaintable subject: an abstract philosophical speculation of weird intricacy but rigorous logic. In the philosophical circle to which Raphael belonged, a doctrine was current that any proposition in Plato could be translated into a proposition in Aristotle, provided that one took into account that Plato's language was that of poetic enthusiasm, whereas Aristotle spoke in terms of rational analysis. Raphael placed the two philosophers, who "agree in substance while they disagree in words," in a hall dominated by the statues of Apollo and Minerva. The god of poetry and the goddess of reason preside over the thoughts which, concentrated in Plato and Aristotle, are spread out and specified in a succession of sciences, and they answer each other in the same discords and concords in which Plato and Aristotle converse. The theory is abstruse, perhaps even absurd, and I may say from personal acquaintance that it is a rarefied form of mental torture to study it in Renaissance texts, but in Raphael's figures it acquires a luminosity which overwhelms the spectator for at least three reasons.

First, as a painter Raphael makes us feel the spirit in which that curious doctrine was conceived: dialectic is reduced to visual counterpoint; we suddenly take part in the drama of rethinking the propositions which those figures enact—with and against each other. Second, in guiding our eye the artist focuses our mind. If any modern philosopher should be so perverse as to take an interest in the Renaissance concordance of Plato and Aristotle, he could learn from Raphael how to find his way through these forbidding and diffuse speculations. Raphael has produced a visual commentary on them which is of unmatched lucidity.

That, however, is of only historical interest. The third and artistically crucial point is, that by following the argument in Raphael's painting, we discover visual accents, modulations and correspondences which no one would notice who did not follow the thought. The visual articulation of the painting becomes transparent and reveals itself as infinitely richer than a detached vision—which moves

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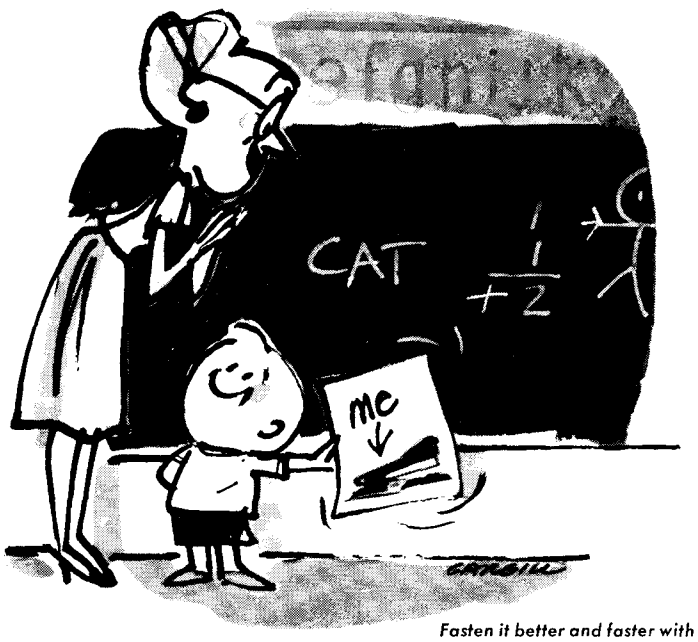

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ADVENTURES

along the figures without grasping their sense—could possibly perceive. The eye focuses differently when it is intellectually guided.

We arrive here at a theory of vision exactly the reverse of that which the youthful Mr. Clive Bell so confidently propounded in 1913. "The representative element in a work of art," he wrote, "may or may not be harmful; always it is irrelevant." As a matter of fact, it is so relevant that whenever we ignore or misunderstand a subject, we are likely to misconstrue the image by putting the accents in the wrong places. Our eye sees as our mind reads. A large anthology could be compiled of visual errors committed by critics who thought that the right way to look at paintings is to disregard the representative element in them. Misunderstanding of factual detail can cause the whole tonality of a painting to shift, as we know, for example, from Bellini's *Feast of the Gods*, which is not a solemn but a facetious painting, or from the famous Botticellesque painting called, mistakenly, *La Derelitta*, which does not represent a weeping woman shut out from a house but the grave biblical figure of Mordecai—from the Book of Esther—dressed in sackcloth and mourning before the King's gate.

It has been said that, while such rediscoveries of the exact subject of a painting are historically interesting, they do not affect our aesthetic judgment. These pictures were always regarded as great; our response was not diminished by our ignorance. That is not entirely the case. Great works of art, we must remember, are as tough as they are fragile. Even if we look rather loosely, or even confusedly, at *The School of Athens*, the force of Raphael's diction somehow comes through, just as the force of Shakespeare is not completely obliterated in an eighteenth-century version. Many of Shakespeare's lines are flattened out, some of his images become dim and thin, horrifying scenes are timidly omitted and scenes which he never wrote are tactlessly introduced to calm the sensibilities of an eighteenth-century audience. And yet Shakespeare's greatness still makes itself felt; just as certain melodies by Mozart, when they are vulgarized in folksongs or drinking songs, retain an echo of his spirit although all the subtle articulation has vanished. Inadvertently we trivialize the works of art of the past when we take them at their face value.

We therefore should not underestimate the degree to which our aesthetic perception is quickened by knowledge. But while pleading for a mode of vision which rests the sense of form on the sense of meaning, we must remember that what quickens our vision can also clog it. The fashion of so-called iconography at this moment has produced many cumbersome interpretations, according to a pattern which C. S. Lewis has so well characterized in literary studies: "It is impossible for the wit of man to devise a story which the wit of some other man cannot allegorize." There is one—and only one—test for the artistic relevance of an interpretation: it must heighten our perception of the object and thereby increase our aesthetic delight. If the object looks just as it looked before, except that a burdensome superstructure has been added, the interpretation is aesthetically useless, whatever historical or other merits it may have.

We thus come back to the fact that ideas in art can quicken as well as clog the imagination. But that does not justify our fear of knowledge. The pressure of thought on art is vital. Perhaps we should remember the fable of the philosophic dove. The bird found that the air resisted its flight and decided that it would fly better if there were no air.

Some years ago an editorial in *The Burlington Magazine* expressed some impatience with learning in art. The writer suggested that a high degree of literacy would seem to be unnecessary to an artist, since very great art was produced by people who did not even have an alphabet. It is true that people without an alphabet have produced great art, although it would be wrong to assume that they were uninstructed: they learned from magicians, bards or priests. On the other hand, it is equally important to remember that great art was produced for people who did have an alphabet and by artists of the highest degree of literacy, and this fact seems to have more relevance to ourselves, because it so happens that we live with an alphabet and not without one. We cannot solve our problems—even in art—by pretending that we can act as primitives. The gate to that old paradise is shut: we must look for a new gate at the other end.

In
SPEAKING OUT
next week:
Our Right To Require Belief
By famed evangelist
BILLY GRAHAM

For those who wish to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Mâle, E.
Religious Art in France: A Study in Medieval Iconography and its Sources of Inspiration
Pantheon Books
$4.00

Wind, Edgar
Pagan Mysteries in the Renaissance
Yale University Press
$7.00

Saunders, J.B. de C.M., and O'Malley, Charles D.
The Illustrations from the Works of Andreas Vesalius
The World Publishing Company
1950
$10.00

Badt, K.
John Constable's Clouds
Saifer
$3.00

Baudelaire
The Mirror of Art
(Phaidon edition)
Doubleday (paperback)
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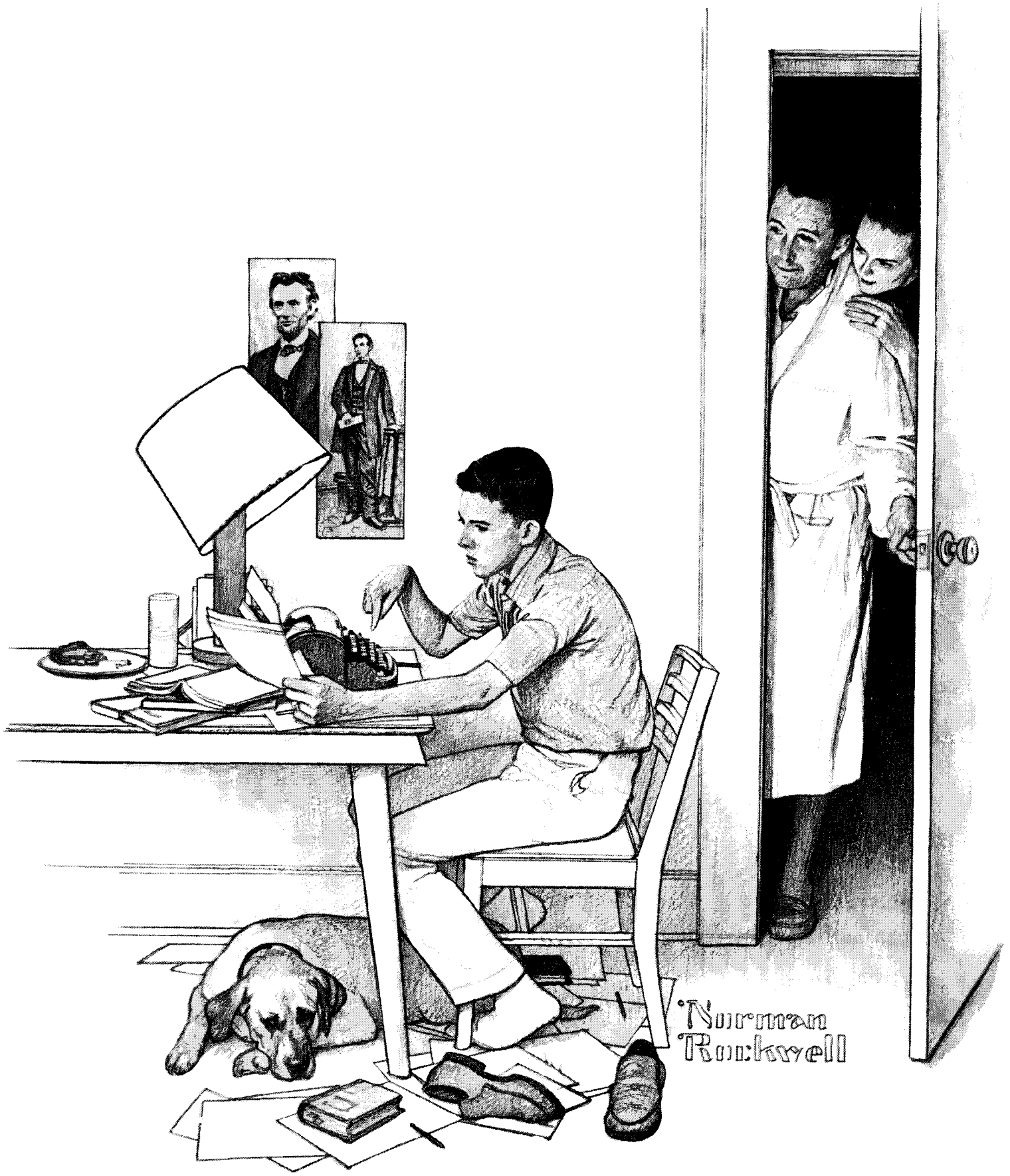

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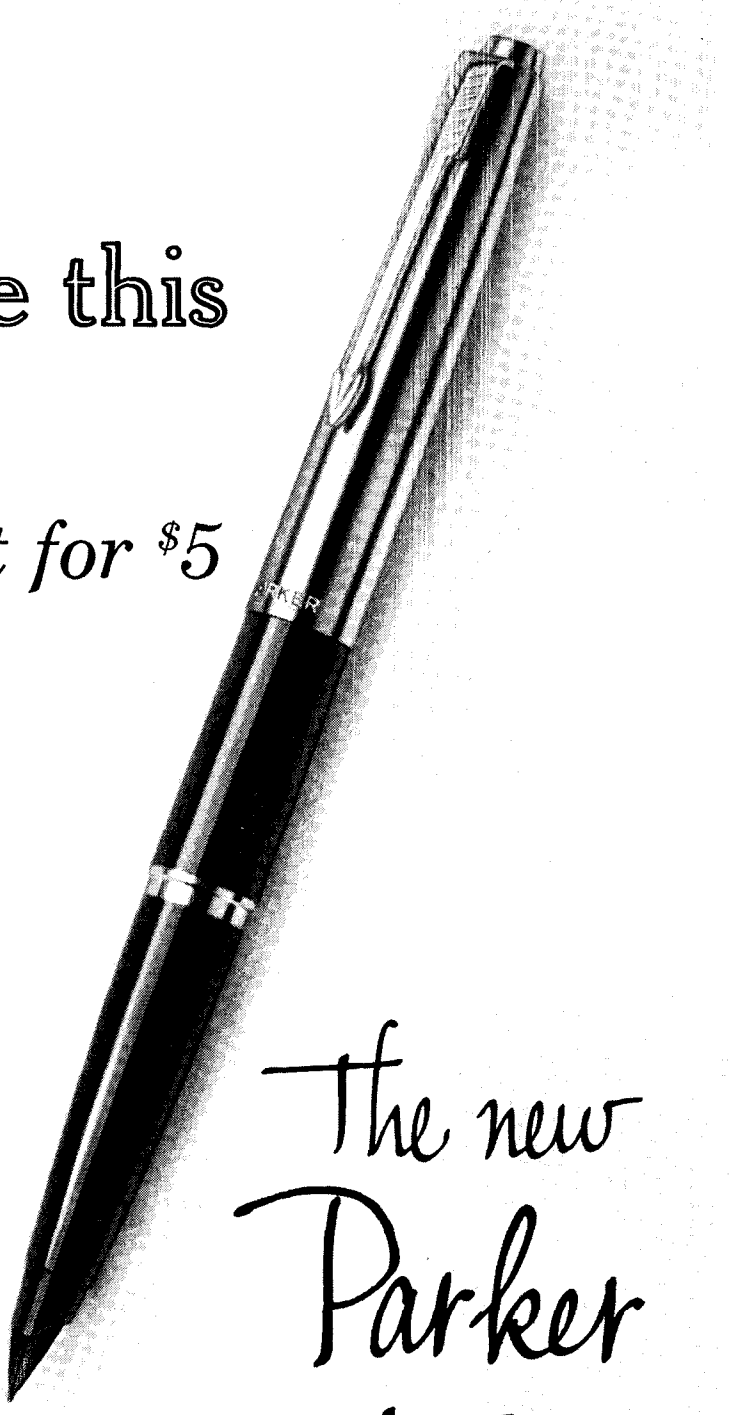

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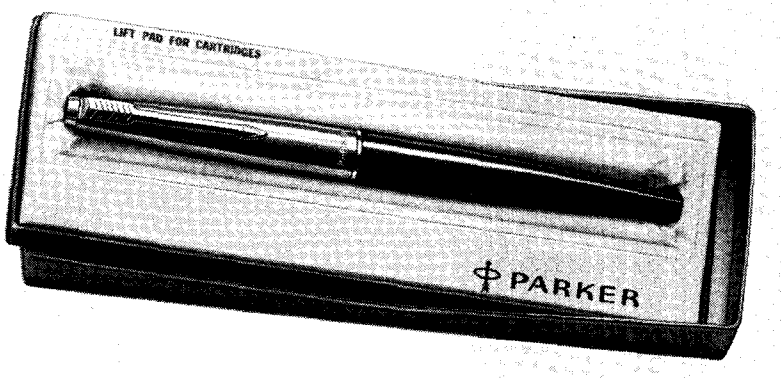

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By MELVIN DURSLAG

The plane disaster that wiped out most of a college football team has created a tangle of heartbreak, legal battles—and the mystery of whom to blame.

AFTERMATH OF AN AIR CRASH

The years immediately following World War II had been bleak in football for California State Polytechnic College. The school's record against neighboring rivals was uncommonly poor. When in 1949 it was beaten by College of the Pacific, 88–0, Julian A. McPhee, the Cal Poly president, got angry. He was fed up.

"I decided," he recalls, "that I was tired of having my school a door mat. We either were going to hold our own in football or give it up."

McPhee hired Leroy Hughes, a skillful coach and vigorous recruiter, who had been serving at Menlo Junior College near San Francisco. Hughes went into action and quickly lifted Cal Poly from the basement. His success was such, in fact, that some of the neighboring rivals soon asked to be dropped from the Cal Poly schedule.

"We got too big for our old friends," says McPhee. "The first thing we knew, we had to start booking games out of the state and traveling greater distances. This made me uneasy. I decided to retrench."

In the summer of 1960 Coach Hughes, faced with a program of de-emphasis, announced his resignation effective at the end of the season. On October twenty-ninth of that year, in a dense fog engulfing the Toledo, Ohio, airport, the season came to a close prematurely. A chartered plane carrying the team home from a game with Bowling Green State University crashed a few seconds after leaving the ground and caught fire.

Twenty-two of the forty-eight persons aboard were killed, including sixteen players and a student manager. The pilot and copilot also died, along with the copilot's mother and sister-in-law and a Cal Poly football booster. Twenty-two others were injured, some so seriously that they haven't yet recovered. The Cal Poly crash remains the worst accident involving an American athletic group.

Apart from the personal sorrow it has brought, the crash has left in its wake a network of complications. Mortuary bills are still unsettled. Costly care is required for the injured. Eleven children belonging to players must be provided for, along with widowed mothers. Other next of kin of deceased are faced with financial difficulties. And the underwriters insuring the plane's passengers have refused to pay any claims.

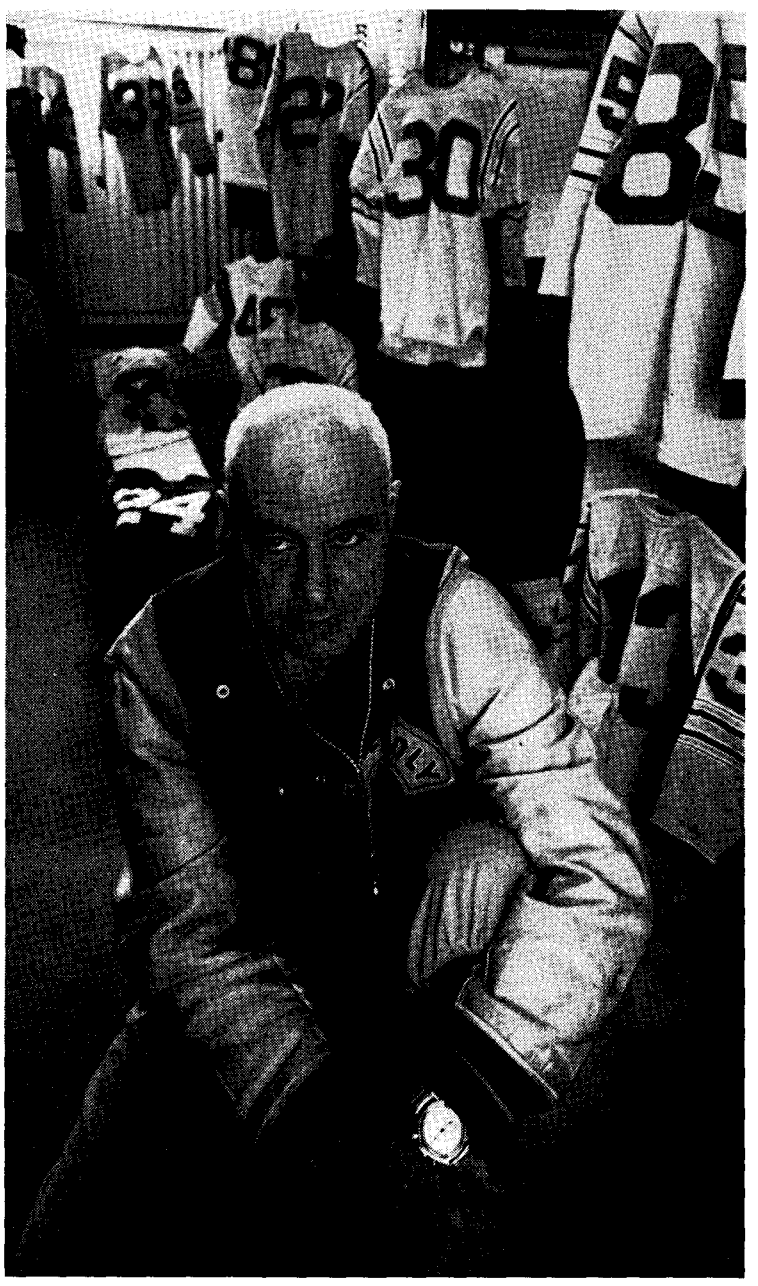
The college, the State of California and the Federal Government won't accept responsibility for the accident either. And the airline company, a nonscheduled carrier, is defunct. Never a pillar of solvency, it didn't even own its aircraft. It leased them from a firm in Alaska.

As this is written, thirty-eight lawsuits, asking damages exceeding $12,000,000, have been filed. The defendants are legion. The legal entanglements are so thick that attorneys for the plaintiffs estimate that the litigation probably won't be settled for five years.

In the meantime a benevolent organization called the Cal Poly Memorial Fund Committee has been raising money to care for crash victims and next of kin in need but, even in this pursuit, problems have developed. Ill feeling against the committee exists on the part of some of the survivors and the kin of the dead. There are complaints that the fund group isn't distributing its cash equitably.

The beleaguered chairman of the committee, Dr. Clyde P. Fisher, dean of applied sciences at Cal Poly, listens tolerantly to all protests. "These people have undergone a traumatic experience," he says. "They must be treated with understanding." Others on the committee take a sterner view.

Cal Poly is a state-supported institution of 5100 students. Located about five miles from the sea, it occupies some 2850 acres in a verdant area reposing at the foot of central California's Santa Lucia Mountains. The school is outside San Luis Obispo, a town of 21,000. This is primarily cattle and grain country, and the Cal Poly curriculum includes some of the finest agricultural and farm-engineering courses in the West.



Coach Leroy Hughes. Behind him hang the football jerseys once worn by Cal Poly team members who died in the 1960 crash.

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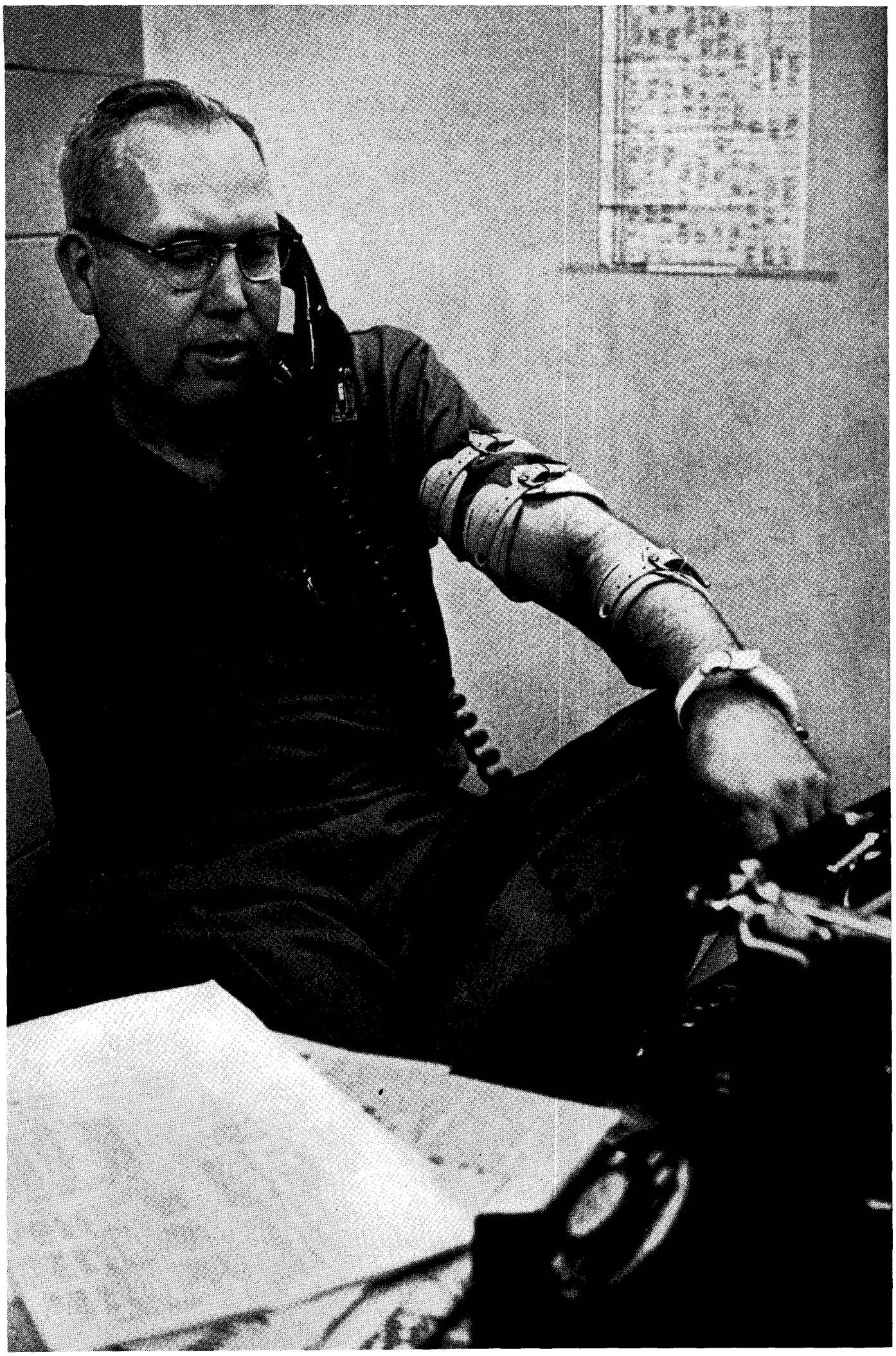

Sportswriter John Nettleship, who traveled with the team to report for the hometown newspaper, was severely injured. Now, fifteen months after the fatal flight, he can work only two or three hours a day.

AIR CRASH

For Cal Poly to branch out in football, even on a medium scale, was no easy matter financially, for the school's stadium seats but 5500. In order to make ends meet on cross-country trips, expenses had to be shaved.

The game with Bowling Green had been booked some two years before President McPhee's decision to de-emphasize. Flying the team round trip to Toledo on a scheduled airline would have cost close to $10,000. The rate that was quoted by Independent Airlines Association, of Washington, D.C., agent for a number of nonscheduled carriers around the country, was only $6748.70.

Just a month before contracting for the Toledo trip, the school had received a copy of a letter written by E. R. Quesada, then administrator of the Federal Aviation Agency, to the president of Independent Airlines. The letter, commending the member airlines of Independent for their fine safety record, read, in part: ". . . You have set an enviable goal for the rest of the industry. Your achievement speaks well for the rigid safety standards and careful adherence to the principles of air safety."

The letter was so impressive to Cal Poly officials that they consummated the deal even after learning that the carrier assigned to fly them to Toledo and back was Arctic-Pacific Airlines, of Oakland, California. Cal Poly had had an unhappy experience previously with Arctic-Pacific on a football flight to Bozeman, Montana. The plane, a twin-engine, World War II Curtiss C-46, lost one of its two engines fifteen minutes after takeoff and was forced to make an emergency landing in Bakersfield, California. Eventually they had to transfer to another nonscheduled carrier.

On the trip to Toledo the plane was again a C-46, and it had a second client to transport. When Cal Poly was unloaded at its destination, the plane continued to Youngstown, Ohio, to pick up the Youngstown University football team for a flight to a game with Southern Connecticut College.

Immediately after the game in Connecticut, Youngstown was flown home. The plane was refueled, and it continued to Toledo to pick up Cal Poly—which had been walloped by Bowling Green, 50-6—for the flight to the Coast that night. They were scheduled to depart at ten o'clock on a trip which would take a minimum of eleven and a half hours.

The fog rolled in thick above the Toledo Express Airport. Donald Chesher, the captain of the plane, debated whether to take off. At the time, pilots could make such decisions. Airport towers were compelled to grant takeoff clearance if requested by a captain. The law has since been changed; takeoff decisions today are left to the towers.

Captain Chesher chose to leave that night, even though the fog was now so heavy that the airport was closed to incoming traffic. The passengers boarded, however, and soon the plane came roaring down the runway.

Descriptions of the accident vary among survivors, but it is generally agreed that something happened to the port engine as the aircraft rose some 60 to 100 feet off the ground. The airplane veered

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violently to the left, lurched downward, hit the ground and cartwheeled.

"It was like being caught in a washing machine with broken bolts and nuts," recalls line coach Howard O'Daniels. "We kept going over and over and over."

The rear part of the airplane broke off cleanly at about the wing and didn't burn. But the front section, which landed some fifty yards away, was enveloped by fire within seconds.

There was no special pattern of life and death. Sixteen persons burned to death in the front section of the plane. Six were killed in the rear. Bill Dauphin, a Cal Poly lineman, occupied the middle seat in that section of the plane where seating was three abreast. Boys on either side of him were killed—but Bill played football again last year.

Strangely spared in the fire up front were canvas bags containing the dirty uniforms and shoes worn by the team that day. A short time later the uniforms, neatly laundered, and the shoes, brightly shined, arrived at the Cal Poly campus, compliments of the Bowling Green student body. Sadly, there were uniforms and shoes for boys no longer present. Coaches sorting the gear wept.

At a recent date the Civil Aeronautics Board had not yet handed down its findings on the crash. At a CAB hearing on the matter last year it was stated that the maximum weight allowable for C-46 aircraft taking off from Toledo is 46,850 pounds. Investigators calculated that the Arctic-Pacific plane carried 48,859 pounds. It was also said that the cargo was distributed "in most undesirable locations."

The left engine of the plane had been purchased from a salvage company in Suffolk, Virginia. It was a military engine, not meeting the specifications for passenger aircraft. Installed by an air-service company in Newark, New Jersey, the engine, according to testimony at the CAB hearing, had not been disassembled and properly inspected. Owing to a mix-up, the engine hadn't even been certificated. The air-service company thought that Arctic-Pacific would obtain the certificate, and the airline erroneously assumed that the certificate had been obtained by the air-service company when the engine was installed.

The president of Arctic-Pacific arrived in Toledo the day after the crash and made arrangements to fly home the bodies of the dead. According to Doctor Fisher of Cal Poly, the airline ordered expensive coffins and signed a contract to cover mortuary costs, amounting to $27,000. Payment was due November 20, 1960. Shortly before, Arctic-Pacific Airlines was placed under emergency suspension. Its certificate to operate was never renewed. And the Toledo mortuary bills still haven't been settled.

Arctic-Pacific carried $25,000-per-seat liability insurance with underwriters of Lloyds of London and British Aviation Company. Both groups are now suing to have the policy declared void. They contend that the airline violated a warranty by operating a plane that wasn't airworthy.

Cal Poly officials also reject responsibility for the accident. It is their contention that they sent their team on a carrier legally certificated by an agency of the Federal Government. The Federal Government in turn maintains that it is blameless if, without its knowledge, an airline is violating the law.

"You can see that no one is to blame except the passengers," says John Nettleship, sports editor of the San Luis Obispo *Telegram-Tribune*, who was injured critically in the crash. He still takes physiotherapy five times a week and is able to work but two or three hours a day. He is suing the Federal Government for $250,000. "When an engine gets on a plane and doesn't belong there," he declares, "I feel the Government is responsible."

Others who have brought suit have variously named as defendants Gov. Edmund Brown of California; President McPhee and other officials of Cal Poly; Arctic-Pacific Airlines; Barter Island Company, of Spenard, Alaska, from which Arctic-Pacific leased its planes; Independent Airlines Association, which booked the flight, and the manufacturer of the engine which possibly failed.

A suit even has been filed against the University of California Board of Regents, which has jurisdiction over the universities of the state but not over state colleges such as Cal Poly.

Coach Leroy Hughes has been named in many of the actions. It is claimed that he is liable because he was the one who negotiated the contract with Arctic-Pacific Airlines. It is also asserted that he authorized Captain Chesher to take off in unfavorable weather. One witness testified that Hughes remarked, "We're going to give it the old college try."

The coach denies this hotly. "What do I know about airplanes?" he asks. "When the pilot said he was going to take off, I said O.K., because I naturally assumed he knew what he was doing."

When the writer talked to Hughes in San Luis Obispo recently, the coach disclosed grimly that he had just been sued that morning for another $148,000, bringing the total damages in which he is named to $6,648,000.

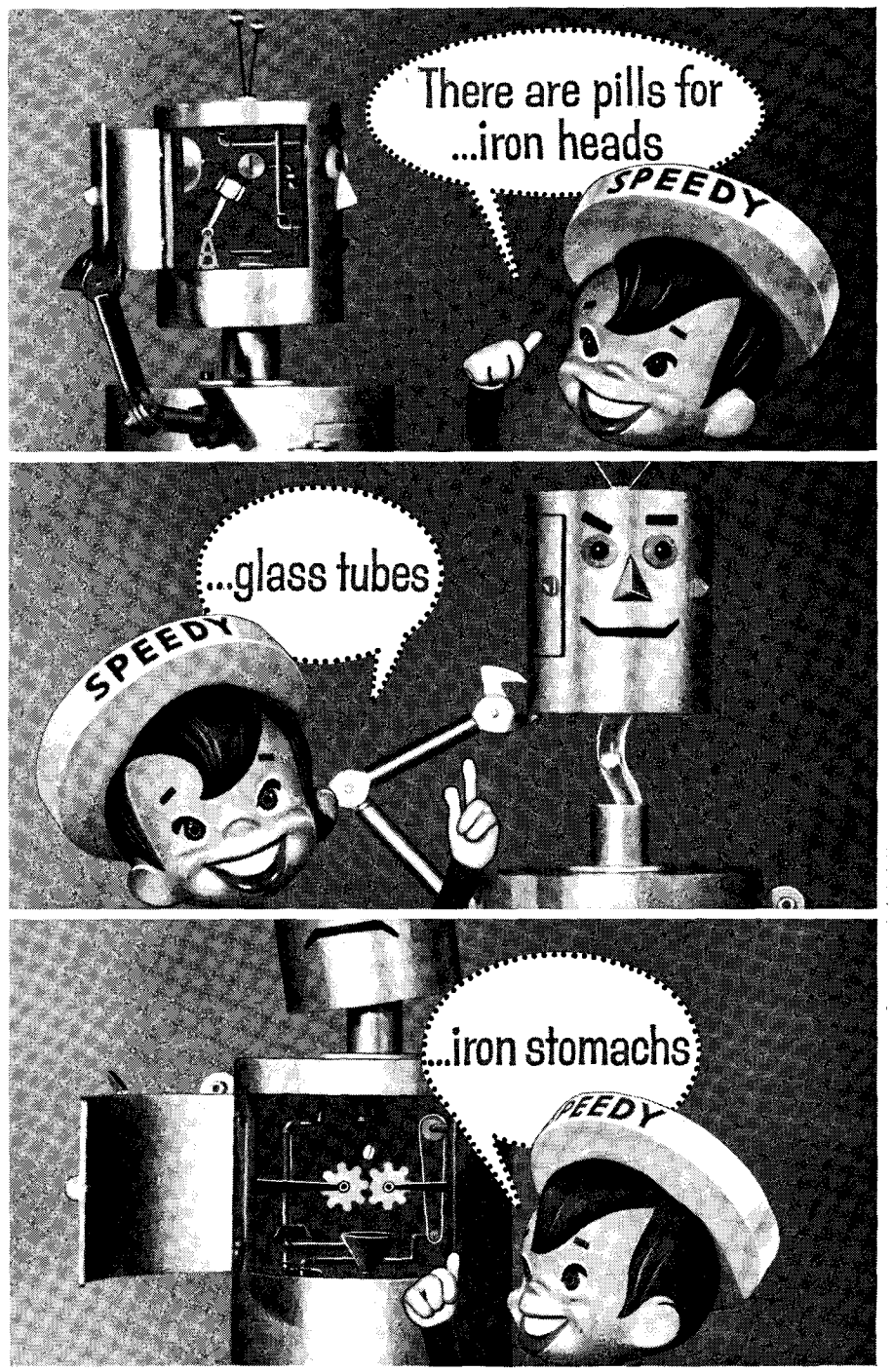
Meanwhile Hughes, who was injured in the crash himself, is suing Arctic-Pacific officers for $100,000.

The San Francisco law firm of Belli, Ashe and Gerry is representing clients in twenty-one of the thirty-eight suits filed. Says Melvin Belli, senior partner, "We are principally suing the Federal Government and the state. It is bad enough that a state college would put its athletes in such a jalopy plane, but it is even worse that the Government would certify a fly-by-night airline that owned nothing except a charter to operate."

In defense of the state, named in thirty of the actions, Fred Girard, deputy attorney general, says, "Safety requirements for nonscheduled airlines are the same as those for scheduled airlines. If Arctic-Pacific had a license to operate, school officials had to assume its planes were safe and its crews competent."

While the lawyers battle it out, the Cal Poly Memorial Fund Committee is faced with the problem of continuing to help the needy. Shortly after the crash, donations from sympathizers began to arrive.

The committee began by making arrangements to care for widows and children, and it assumed the medical responsibilities of the injured. It also paid off such items as refrigerators, automobiles



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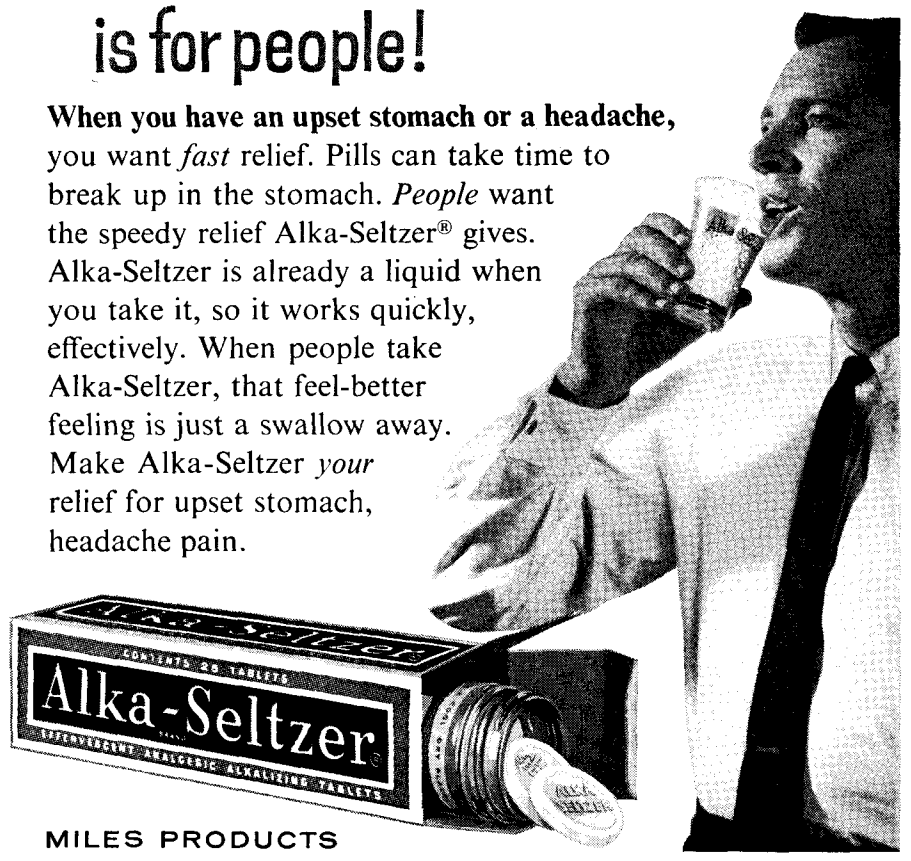

MILES PRODUCTS

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The death of fullback Ray Porras left his wife Dorothy alone with four daughters, now largely supported by the Cal Poly Memorial Fund.

Photographs by Lawrence Schiller

AIR CRASH and vacuum cleaners which had been contracted for on time by victims.

Eight members of the Cal Poly team were married. All the couples occupied small apartments in an area near the campus. Some were youngsters who had married just out of high school. Others among the men were veterans returning to school under the GI Bill. Backgrounds of those in the group were diverse, but they were linked by a common denominator—all were spectacularly short of cash. Life among the married set, though, was a happy one of barbecues, penny poker games and yowling babies.

One of the married men was fullback Ray Porras. He had served four years in the Navy. Coming from a Mexican family of little means, he was determined to get an education and become a recreation director. Ray and his wife Dorothy were the parents of four children. She took in ironing to help the family finances. Ray worked part-time in the campus restaurant as a bus boy and counterman.

"They had it tougher than any of the other couples," one wife recalls. "They never went out, except on a birthday or an anniversary. But they were sweet and uncomplaining."

In the crash of the Cal Poly plane, five of the married men died, including Ray Porras. Two others were seriously injured. Ted Tollner, the quarterback, almost lost a foot. He was on crutches for six months and still limps noticeably. He did, however, play football last season.

His teammate and neighbor, Billy Ross, a tackle, wasn't so lucky. Ross was dragged aflame from the wreckage. He suffered a concussion and was burned severely about the hands and from his waist to his toes. His condition was so critical that surgeons had to open his chest twice and massage his heart to keep him breathing.

Ross was hospitalized for seven months, undergoing numerous skin grafts. He has since returned to school, but is able to carry only a token program. His wife, Ramona, pregnant with her second child at the time of the accident, now works in a print shop in San Luis Obispo and cares for her husband and children. Not long ago members of the Cal Poly football team made an unannounced visit to the Ross apartment and quietly painted it.

The other tackle on the 1960 squad, Al Maranai, was described as the finest lineman in the school's history. Since childhood, Al had dreamed fondly of becoming a professional football player. Knowing the size requirements of the pros, he patiently developed himself by eating special foods and lifting weights. Eventually he got up to 245 pounds. He was the strongest man on the team.

The crash left him in such poor condition that he required physiotherapy six days a week for almost a year following his release from the hospital. Now he goes for treatment twice a week. One of his knees is so badly damaged that he falls frequently. Doctors have recommended an arthrodesis, an operation that would stiffen the joint in the knee permanently to give it stability. At this writing, Maranai has refused to submit to the operation.

"The kid can't reconcile himself to being a cripple the rest of his life," says Leroy Hughes. "He still clings to the hope of one day playing pro football."

Mrs. Porras and her four children have moved to Whittier, California, where they live on Social Security benefits and on money provided by the Cal Poly fund. The committee has adopted a policy of paying fifty dollars a month for the support of each child of crash victims. Other money to survivors and next of kin of deceased is paid out on the basis of need, as determined by investigation by the Red Cross, churches, county welfare workers and friends of the families.

Not all survivors of the crash, or next of kin, have asked for help from the committee. Some boys, in fact, preferred to conceal minor injuries so they would not be forbidden to play football last year.

When eleven crash survivors reported for the team in 1961, Hughes postponed his resignation to coach Cal Poly one more year. The school played eight games and won half of them.

By the fall of 1961 the assets of the Cal Poly Memorial Fund Committee had dipped dangerously. The committee was rescued by the Helms Athletic Foundation of Los Angeles and by other public-spirited groups which staged a Mercy Bowl football game in the Los Angeles Coliseum. The event netted the Cal Poly fund $154,081.

Distribution of cash by the committee has created problems that weren't anticipated. For instance, a widowed mother of one victim, whose son contributed to her support, has complained that she should be given the same monthly benefits as the players' widows. She argues that a woman her age has even less chance to make her way than a younger widow.

Other survivors and next of kin have asked that whatever money comes into the Cal Poly fund be divided equally among all. Arbitrary disbursement of the cash, they claim, is unfair.

Complaints pile up in the office of the committee chairman, Dr. Clyde Fisher. He has had experience with criticism. Since the accident he has read thousands of angry letters that have been sent to the school from all over the world.

"It will take years," says Doctor Fisher grimly, "for our college to live down the tragedy. It has colored the academic excellence of our institution. We are merely known as the school that had the airplane crash."

The accident has resulted in changes in the travel procedure of the California Collegiate Athletic Association, of which Cal Poly is a member. Schools in the association today may play only in California or in states contiguous to California. The teams now travel mostly by bus, but on those occasions when air travel is needed, they are allowed to fly only with scheduled carriers. And there is now a bill in the California legislature that would make it mandatory for each state college to provide life-and-accident insurance for all students traveling on college business.

President Julian McPhee, who has borne a heavy emotional burden since the crash, views the new policy on sports brightly. "If your luck is bad," he says, "accidents can happen on buses too. But I feel better generally having pulled in the reins. I only wish I had done it sooner."

THE END

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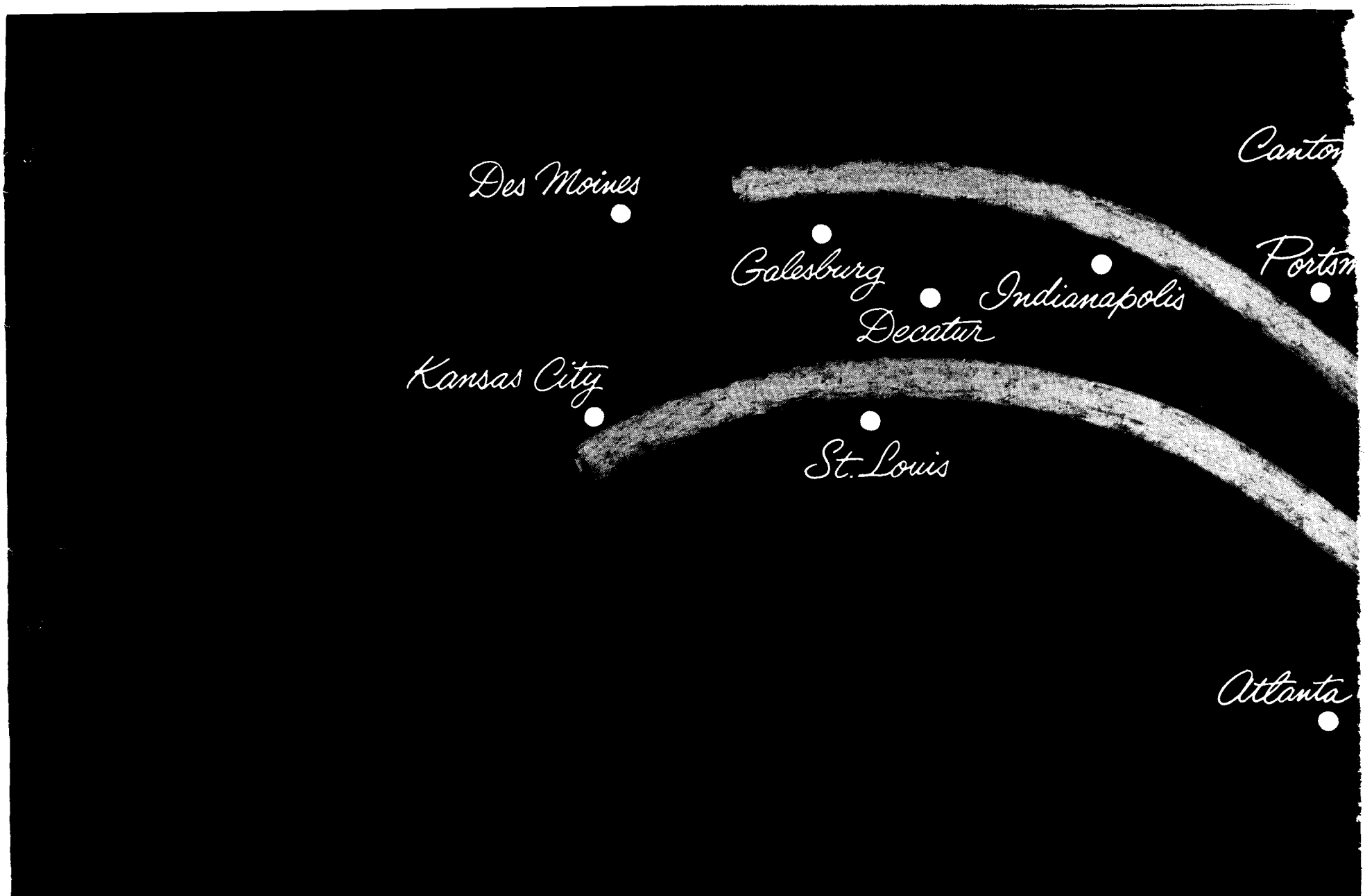

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FOOT POWDER

TRESPASSERS BEWARE!

continued from page 31

"What's it got to do with the light?" she said, and hurled at me a dark accusation. "Your eyes wander. I could hardly mistake a man for a cow, now could I?"

I kept silent; spectacles seemed to do little or nothing for her acute shortsightedness, and I refrained from reminding her that once, on a misty September evening, she had mistaken me for a wandering deer as I returned from a mushroom trip and had struck me a number of severe blows about the elbows before I could stop her.

"On a long visit?" she said, once again taking the tubby man by surprise with that fresh, alarming candor of hers. "Or just here today and gone tomorrow?"

Startled again, he began to explain that he was here for a week and then, looking hastily at his watch, said that he thought he ought to be going. It was rather later than he thought: His sister was inclined to be particular about mealtimes. He didn't want to upset her.

"Which one are you?" she said. "Charley? Oh, yes; now I come to think of it I think I've heard Old Broody talk of Charley."

"Oh, no, Charley's my elder brother. I'm Freddie."

"Oh, you're Freddie, are you?" she said, rather as if there were some awful mistake about his birthright. And then she suddenly turned on him a smile of such masterful charm, her big teeth positively glowing, that I could have sworn his face reddened a little further. "Oh, yes, of course. I think I've heard Broody talk of you too."

"Well, I must go. I must bid you good morning. It was awfully silly of me about—you know—and I ——"

"We were just having a glass of sherry and a piece of saffron cake," Aunt Leonora said in the sweetest of voices. "Would you care to join us before you go?"

It was another blatant lie; we had been doing no such thing; she was merely putting it on for the trespasser.

"I honestly think I ought to go ——"

"Oh, Broody and her lunch can wait. I suppose it's *risotto* anyway?"

"How do you know?" he said. "As a matter of fact, it is *risotto*."

"Oh, I gave her the recipe years ago. She always has it on Thursdays. She's no imagination."

Back in the house, I poured sherry into cut glasses at a sideboard and turned once or twice to see the tubby Mr. Elphinstone's eyes blinking and winking sharply in their effort to refocus themselves after the blinding outdoor light of noon. This gave him an air of fidgeting discomfort, or as if he were dying to ask a question that had been bothering him for some time. And presently the question came: "It rather made me smile, your calling her Broody. What makes you call her that?"

Aunt Leonora, looking up from cutting saffron cake, said, "It's the way she walks. I say she always seems to have a clutch of eggs in her pants."

Mr. Elphinstone actually chuckled. You could see that he thought it rather apt. Still chuckling, he accepted a portion of cake from Aunt Leonora, but the chuckle died when she said with pungent vehemence, "Your sister's an old flapdoodle. She's the sort of woman who you want to do things to. She seems to forget women are emancipated," she said, as if this had anything to do with it.

If Mr. Elphinstone had any thought of making a loyal and defensive protest about this accusative remark, it was utterly useless; Aunt Leonora gave him no time at all. "You know what I mean?" she said. "You must have met women you wanted to do things to."

A number of interpretations of this interesting theme sprang quickly to my mind, and I sensed that they might be springing to Mr. Elphinstone's too. He sipped at his sherry swiftly and must have been wondering what sort of house he had trespassed into when Aunt Leonora, almost as if in an attempt to save him from further embarrassment, said, "What I mean is, most of them should have been strangled at birth, shouldn't they? Or sterilized or something? I suppose your wives were different, weren't they?"

"Well ——"

"Is your wife staying with Old Broody too? How do they get on?"

Mr. Elphinstone, who had been pensively gazing for some moments at a remarkable but useless collection of hunting horns, silver cups, animal claws and such trophies that Aunt Leonora always kept on or over the mantelpiece, now fixed his eyes on a large brass pestle and mortar and said that, as a matter of fact, his wife was not with him. She had passed away, he explained, some four or five years before.

With nothing more than a brusquely consolatory cough Aunt Leonora said she was very sorry to hear it and then turned to me and said, "Give Mr. Elphinstone some more sherry," as if this would do something to sustain him in his loss.

"What do you feel about the sherry?" She shot the question at him point-blank, as always, in a sort of bark. "Like it?"

"Oh, excellent. Excellent."

"It's absolutely awful," she said. "It's plain muck. Don't drink it. We'd have done better to have the red-currant wine. . . . Get the red-currant wine," she said to me. "We don't want to poison Mr. Elphinstone, do we?"

I murmured that that would, perhaps, be rather drastic, but I don't think that she heard me.

"Bring the six-year-old," she called to me as I went out to the kitchen. "That was a very good year. I fortified it a bit that year—you can tell the difference."

When I came back with the bottle of wine, Mr. Elphinstone was just saying, as he gazed again at the hunting horns, "I see that you hunt."

"You don't see anything of the sort," she said. "I loathe it." She glared at him sternly; her teeth were bared like an open trap. "Do you?"

"Oh, no, no, no."

"I love animals. I adore birds. A pair of flycatchers arrived yesterday. Are you interested in birds?"

Mr. Elphinstone confessed that he wasn't, very, and she glared at him with increasing sternness again. Mr. Elphinstone, who must have felt that he couldn't seem to manage to say the right thing at all at any time, looked quite nervous, almost shaken, at these constant accusatory glares, and I tried to take the edge off things by offering him a glass of wine. He accepted this with eagerness and with an upward half-smile, the sort of smile that men often exchange when they feel that women are getting at them, and I half-winked in reply. At this he seemed, I thought, quite comforted.

"And don't wink," she said. "What there is to wink about I don't know." Another dark glare followed. "It's always your eyes that give you away."

"I was merely saying cheers to Mr. Elphinstone, only in another way."

"Well, then say cheers," she said, "without the appendices."

"Cheers," I said, and Aunt Leonora said "cheers" too, at the same time fixing Mr. Elphinstone with yet another severe glare through her flashing gold spectacles.

It couldn't possibly have occurred to Mr. Elphinstone at this time that these constant glares were the inevitable result of her chronic shortsightedness—she simply had to glare in order to see objects at all—or that the very brusqueness of her candor meant that she was very fond of men. Her drastic measures for the proposed extermination of her sex were not accidental; she had been figuratively killing off flapdoodles like Old Broody for years, just as she had been chasing all those imaginary hordes of cows and deer from her precious pastures of lupines.

Just as he must have begun to feel that the consistent barrage of glares was becoming too much to bear, she suddenly smiled at him with utter sweetness, the sort of sweetness that only bony, toothy women of her kind can muster, and said, "Well, what do you think of the wine?"

Mr. Elphinstone, who wasn't going to be caught out on the subject of wine a second time, hesitated a moment and then said, "It's most refreshing."

"It's damned good!" she barked at him. "You won't get better."

"I will say it's unusual."

"No idea where I got the recipe for this from? No? The Black Forest." She took a great gulp of wine. "I was on a walking tour there with a girl friend years ago. We came to this spa near the Rhine. Just a farmhouse, but we liked it so much we stayed there a month. We got sozzled on this stuff every day."

"Sozzled?" The word sprang from the lips of the surprised Mr. Elphinstone before he could stop it. Sherry and the first half glass of red-currant wine had made his face pinker than ever, so that he looked more and more like a round, sparkling radish that had been freshly washed.

"You don't need more than a couple of big glasses," she said. "It's more potent than any of your fancy hocks."

Two cuckoos, one chasing the other, both calling as they flew, went sailing over the garden a moment later, and Aunt Leonora jumped up and went over to the French windows on the chance of watching them. The midday light was glorious, and the lupines glowed like tremendous candles in the noonday sun.

"Just the day to drink this stuff," she told Mr. Elphinstone. "Good to be alive. You can taste the berries in it—it's got that cool sharpness."

I accepted this as a signal to fill up the glasses. She held out hers with alacrity, but Mr. Elphinstone professed a certain wariness, confessing that he didn't really drink at lunchtime.

"Good heavens, man, drink up," she said. "You've nowhere to go, have you?"

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Mr. Elphinstone was bound to say that he hadn't anywhere to go particularly, and I filled his glass.

"A zizz in the garden, I suppose?" she challenged him. Zizz was a favorite word of hers.

"Zizz?"

"Forty winks," she said.

She was still at the French windows, and suddenly she put her head outside, sniffing significantly. "Wondering if I could smell the *risotto*."

This remark was nothing less than a piece of low corruption. I knew that it was uttered solely as a means of undermining Mr. Elphinstone's morale. But much worse was to follow.

"I've got cold salmon today," she said. As if the remark were not enough, she gave another of those sweet, disarming smiles, her voice more airy than usual. "I suppose I ought to go and make the mayonnaise. Although the fresher it's made, I think, the better."

A confused Mr. Elphinstone took a long drink of wine and then stared into his glass, clearly torn between departure and a dream of mayonnaise.

"By the way," she said suddenly to me, "you promised to go and gather the strawberries for me, and you never did. Are you going to be a lamb and run down and get them?"

This was another blatant lie. No word whatever had passed between us about strawberries; I had no idea there were strawberries; but suddenly, on an unexpected and curious tangent of memory, Mr. Elphinstone's question about Aunt Leonora's hunting sprang across my mind and I said involuntarily, aloud, "By heaven, you do."

"You what?" she snapped. "What was that you said?"

"Nothing, aunt," I said. "I was just thinking aloud, that's all."

"Well then, don't," she said. "It's a bad habit." Yet another dark accusative glare followed. "It's even worse than thinking with your eyes."

After this I was determined, out of sheer obstinacy, not to hurry the strawberries, and I deliberately poured Aunt Leonora, Mr. Elphinstone and myself another glass of wine. As she received hers she said, "You'll find a dish in the kitchen. I think they'd look awfully nice in the green one—you'll see it, the one with the pattern of vine leaves."

"Strawberries?" Mr. Elphinstone said. "You actually have strawberries already? I say, that's very early, isn't it?"

"I grew them under cloches," she said. "You get them three or four weeks early."

"How wonderful." Pinker than ever, Mr. Elphinstone looked at her for the first time with uninhibited if slightly unsteady admiration. "I think that's absolutely marvelous."

"Hadn't you better go?" she said to me. "It'll take some little time and I——"

"I'm just about to go along now," I said. "Enough for how many?"

"Oh, don't be ungenerous," she called to me as I went through to the kitchen. "I mean—there are plenty."

When I came back from the kitchen garden, twenty minutes later, bearing the dish of remarkably fat, ripe strawberries, the sitting room was empty. But a peal of laughter of Aunt Leonora's from the kitchen, followed by a short chorus from Mr. Elphinstone, told me where to look.

In the kitchen Aunt Leonora was coaxing a basin of mayonnaise to its final smoothness, and Mr. Elphinstone, now in his shirt sleeves and wearing a kitchen apron with a pattern of large red prawns all over it, was cutting up hard-boiled eggs into neat slices with a wire cutter. Two glasses of red-currant wine stood on the kitchen table, and between them, on a rose-patterned dish, lay a very pleasant-looking portion of cold salmon, pink as Mr. Elphinstone himself, surrounded by sprigs of parsley and palest green circles of cucumber.

"Guess what?" Aunt Leonora said.

I guessed at once, and correctly. "Mr. Elphinstone's going to stay to lunch."

"Yes, I rang Broody," she said. "I asked her too, but she felt she couldn't waste the *risotto*."

This, I was sure, was yet another blatant and scandalous lie, and I looked her squarely in the eye about it. In reply she deliberately made her spectacles twitch and turned away in shameless and divine ignorance to her mayonnaise, dipping one little finger into it and then slowly licking it in bemused appreciation.

"If you've finished the eggs," she told Mr. Elphinstone, "you could sugar the strawberries." And then to me, "Give Mr. Elphinstone some more red-currant. He's earned another swig."

It was a good idea, I thought, for all of us to have another swig, but when I came back from the sitting room, Mr. Elphinstone had disappeared from the kitchen. I couldn't see him anywhere. Some moments later I observed a figure doing gymnastic exercises of a violent sort beyond the kitchen window. It was Mr. Elphinstone, energetic as any athlete, wildly hurling a clothful of wet lettuce leaves about his head like an Indian club, spraying drops of water everywhere.

He came back perspiring deeply, rosier, more radishy than ever.

"Good boy," she said sweetly. He beamed. He might actually have been a boy, praised suddenly for some good and sporting deed, and perhaps that was how she saw him, because a moment later she told me, "We're going to eat in the garden. It's just the day. Then afterward Mr. Elphinstone can lie in the hammock and have a zizz."

"I must be going," I said. "Is there something else I could do before I go? Will you want another bottle of wine?"

"What do we say?" she said. There was something devilishly and deliberately familiar about that "we" as she tossed it into the air. "Will we want another? I think we will, won't we?"

"Anything you say!" Mr. Elphinstone said, laughing with crackling merriment. Really rubicund now, he was tossing lettuce leaves into a dish with careless abandonment, rather as if they were useless lottery tickets. "Anything you say."

"I'll get another," I said.

"Magnificent stuff," Mr. Elphinstone said. "Absolute ambrosia."

"Don't forget the gooseberries and the eggs when you go," she called after me as I went into the cupboard under the kitchen to get the wine. "They're on the table just outside the French windows. I have heaps. Don't forget."

Having found the wine, I couldn't resist asking, for the last time, if there was anything else I could do. "What about the hammock?" I said.

"Oh, it's up. I used it yesterday. The night was so fine I just didn't bother to take it down."

"What about cushions?"

"You're awfully dutiful today." This was really another dark accusation, shot with suspicion. "Oh, Mr. Elphinstone will cope with the cushions. . . . Won't you, Mr. Elphinstone? . . . After all he's the one who's going to have the zizz."

I took a last look from Aunt Leonora to Mr. Elphinstone. He seemed, I thought, to be having a sort of zizz already. His eyes, now rolling, now dancing, seemed to be like two excited valves bubbling pinkish water. He was actually chewing with rabbity pleasure on the crisp heart of a lettuce, as on a pale-green cigar, and his forehead was so covered in perspiration that I fully expected to see it steam.

"Well, I'm on my way," I said. "Don't go overeating the strawberries. Have a lovely zizz."

"Bless you, my boy!" Mr. Elphinstone called, the lettuce heart dropping suddenly out of his mouth. "Hope to see you many times again."

I said I hoped so too, and went away in rumination across the lawn, past the gold-and-purple spires of lupines, the ancient Blenheim apple tree where Aunt Leonora's hammock hung in shade and finally out through the wicket gate in the hedge over which so many imaginary cows, not to say deer, so often seemed to rear their trespassing horns—quite forgetting, as I did so, to pick up the gooseberries and the eggs.

coming next week:

Problems of A FAMILY WITH EIGHTEEN CHILDREN

By Post Editor
ART SEIDENBAUM

It was, in fact, three hours before I went back to pick them up. By that time, I reasoned, Mr. Elphinstone would long since have gone home to rejoin his sister; Aunt Leonora, if I were lucky, would be indoors, immersed in one of the numberless tasks the masterful energies of an emancipated woman so insatiably demanded—jamming gooseberries, preserving cherries, candying flowers—so that it might be possible for me to sneak in and out again without being mistaken, as Mr. Elphinstone had been, for some trespassing, marauding cow.

But greatly to my surprise the hammock was still swinging gently to and fro in the deep shade of the apple tree, with Mr. Elphinstone inside it, having his zizz. In the hot June silence Aunt Leonora was sitting beside him, a protective ashplant at the ready, her large, angular frame uncomfortably perched on a rather small red camp stool, rocking him gently to and fro like a child. The look of drowsy beatitude on her face gave her an air of such protective tenderness that she looked utterly remote from the woman who had so sternly chased him, a few hours before, as a trespasser.

I was silently escaping down an avenue of raspberry canes when a peremptory wagging of the ashplant called me back. I was still several yards from the hammock when she recognized me and, in the sternest of low whispers, greeted me with yet another dark accusation. "What are you prowling about at? Skulking like a tramp. I caught one stealing cabbages off the compost heap the other day."

"Mr. Elphinstone looks remarkably comfortable," I said.

"Don't disturb him," she whispered. "He's worn out. He insisted on helping wash up and then actually ran the sweeper over the sitting room." She showered on me the unexpected luxury of a toothy, angular smile. "He did love the strawberries. He had four helpings, and then finished up the cream with a biscuit." Mr. Elphinstone stirred suddenly with—I could have sworn—one eyelid very slightly open, and gave the most kittenish of snores before settling back into the luxurious depths of his zizz. "He's had such a good long sleep. Don't you think he looks just like a little child?"

I didn't; I thought he looked just like a fat red radish, as in fact he still does.

I suppose it was inevitable that Aunt Leonora should have married Freddie Elphinstone. I suppose it is inevitable, too, that she always thinks of herself as the masterful partner, tirelessly energetic in organization, up at six in the morning, hardly ever at rest, battling ceaselessly with chickens, eggs, the garden and its fruits, repelling idlers, cows and trespassers and still telling, when it suits her purpose, those blatant, innocent lies. I suppose, too, there is a great deal to be said for women of her kind, who feel themselves to be so strong that, out of a sort of powerful charity, they love to take the burden of things off the shoulders of weaker creatures.

I suppose, too, there is much, perhaps even more, to be said for pink, tubby little men like my Uncle Freddie, who always look like round, fat radishes. Uncle Freddie never gets up for breakfast; he takes it in bed, with *The Times* and two other newspapers, at ten o'clock. At twelve he dresses, takes a walking stick, strolls two hundred yards to The Duke of Marlborough, drinks two whiskies, chats about the weather and walks home for lunch at one o'clock. At two Aunt Leonora insists on his having a zizz. Very occasionally, when he wakes up, he plays golf or goes fishing, but not if it's too hot or too windy or too wet or too cold. While he rests, Aunt Leonora, who adores more than anything brisk, healthy exercise in the fresh air, bicycles to the library, changes his books for him and hurries back so that he shan't be unduly idle between tea, for which she always serves two kinds of bread and butter, three of cake and scones and four of homemade jam, and suppertime.

After supper she busies herself with various essential tasks like pickling eggs or drying flowers for winter while Uncle Freddie drops into a doze from which she finally wakes him with a glass of red-currant wine, mulled in winter, and a homemade ginger biscuit.

How nice it must be to be mistaken for a trespassing cow and thence to achieve, with neither mastery nor struggle, all your purposes—not the least of which must be the long, quiet zizz, under a shady apple tree, on warm summer afternoons.

THE END

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Mr. Murdock was a marriage counselor. He had white hair, a sympathetic manner and a benevolent look which he directed toward the fragile, blue-eyed, ash-blond young woman who sat across from him. He waited for her to speak.

"I have an urge to kill my husband," Betty Clayton said. "I don't want to divorce him because I love him. I'm sort of desperate."

Mr. Murdock could see no visible bruises and concluded that if the young woman was being treated cruelly, the brutality was mental rather than physical.

"Begin at the beginning, Mrs. Clayton," he said.

"I met Dave at a resort," Betty said, "on the first day of my vacation. He's a chemist and also a very practical man, which I suppose is why he runs a department at Hastings Corporation. We were married three weeks after we met. He swept me off my feet. I never got in a word except to say 'I do.' I planned to be married in the little old church where I've always gone, but Dave said it wasn't big enough. He engaged a church and a minister clear across town. When I brought up the subject of our honeymoon, it turned out he already had the airplane tickets and hotel reservations."

"He seems to be a competent take-charge type," Mr. Murdock observed.

"You haven't heard anything," Betty said. "When he brought me here after the honeymoon, we had to find a place to live. Dave had investigated on his own, and he drove me to a house on Cedar Street. He said it was in excellent condition and a good buy, whisked me through it and then bought it."

"Has the house turned out badly?"

"I'm sure it's a very nice house," Betty said. "We had to furnish it, and Dave knew just where to go and talked things over with decorators, and the house was decorated in no time. Are you beginning to dig me, Mr. Murdock? I admit I'm a lousy cook. I've been a secretary. Dave does most of the cooking. He won't even let me make a Martini, because I might louse up the formula. You know what he did last week? I said I thought I needed a little house dress, and he went with me and picked it out. That was the night I woke up at three A.M. and found I was choking him."

"What did your husband think about that?" Mr. Murdock inquired.

"He thought I was being affectionate, the poor dear," Betty said. "He's terribly happy and hasn't the slightest realization that he's living with a homicidal maniac."

"Well, I think I should talk privately to your husband," Mr. Murdock said, "and then perhaps we can have a session together."

"I have a feeling it won't work," Betty said disconsolately and drove across town to the Hastings Corporation, where she was halted at the gate by a security guard.

"I'd like to see Doctor Clayton for just a minute," she said. "I didn't realize there'd be all this barbed wire. If you have to frisk me or anything, go right ahead."

At the plant entrance she was turned over to another man, and five minutes later she met Dave in a small anteroom. He strode briskly into her presence, tall, black-haired and commanding.

"Is something wrong?" he said.

"I hope the defense effort can spare two minutes," she said. "I want you to see a man named Murdock and talk to him."

"You mean he's been bothering you?" Dave said. "I'll do more than see him."

"No, no, he's a grandfatherly type," Betty said. "He saves marriages."

"Well," Dave said, "I believe in marriage."

"I want you to see him today," Betty said, "because we really don't understand each other very well and maybe if you had a talk with Mr. Murdock we'd get along better. Don't be shocked by anything he tells you."

"I don't see any need," Dave began, then looked hard at her and said, "All right, I'll see him."

"You're a darling," Betty said. "Kiss me good-by." He did so, and she looked anxiously at him. "Was it all right? I mean the way I kissed. Should I purse my lips more?"

"You've let this man upset you," Dave said, "and I'm not so sure I'll get along with him, but I'll see him; we'll talk about it tonight."

Betty went home and jittered around the house until 5:30, when Dave walked in.

"Nice fellow, Murdock," he said.

"I'll make a Martini, and we'll discuss it."

"Better let me make 'em," Dave said. "Why don't we go out to dinner? I have some news."

"I love to eat out," Betty said. "I passed a new place on the highway today. It looked lovely—little lamps in the windows ——"

"You wouldn't like it. We'll go to Dan's."

He went into the kitchen, and Betty said, "Did Mr. Murdock say anything—did he tell you—I mean do anything to horrify you?"

Dave poked his head around the door. "You mean that bit about choking me? We had quite a laugh about it. Put on that black number, and we'll go to Dan's."

"I have a new green dress," Betty said. "That place on the highway ——"

"The black dress and Dan's," Dave said firmly. "My news is that I have to fly out to the Coast in the morning. I may be gone ten days, and I'll miss you terribly."

She wore black and they went to Dan's. When they came home and went upstairs to bed, Betty said, "Perhaps I'd better sleep in the guest room. If I get these homicidal tendencies, it might be dangerous ——"

"If you sleep in the guest room, so do I," Dave said, and that ended that.

In the morning she drove him to the airport, kissed him a fond good-by and then went back home and sat at the kitchen table, neglecting her housework.

Something had to be done. But she couldn't call her folks. The moment he'd met them Dave had taken charge; they just sat there

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THE BRIDE LEFT HOME

BY WILLARD TEMPLE

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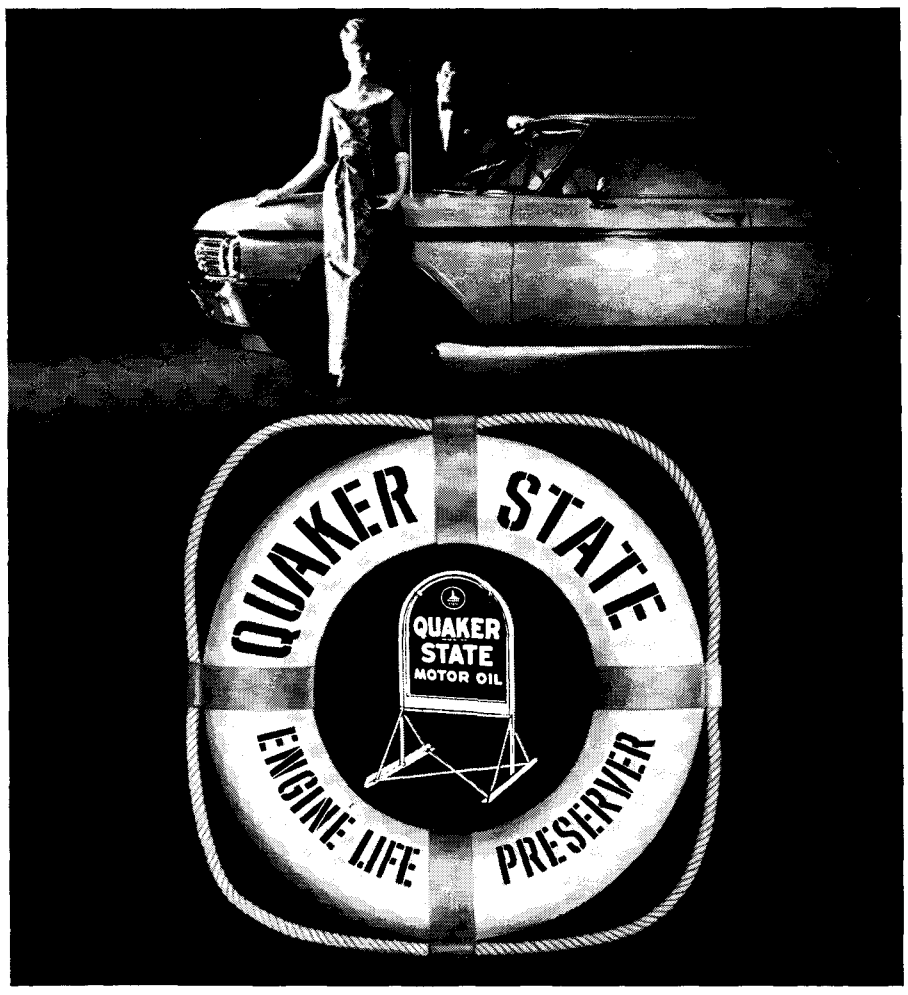

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BRIDE nodding their heads in agreement and admiration. Mr. Murdock had obviously done the same.

She poured a cup of coffee and sat there until the doorbell rang. When she opened the door, she was confronted by a pleasant-looking elderly man.

"Oh, dear," he said upon seeing her. "Are you the owner? I'm afraid you are."

"I am," said Betty. "Is that so terrible?"

"It's just that we—my wife and I—wanted to buy the house," the man said. He gestured toward the curb, and Betty saw the woman in the car.

"All my fault," the man said. "Well, I'm sorry to have troubled you."

He turned to leave, and Betty said impulsively, "Won't you and your wife join me in a cup of coffee. Let me show you what we did to the house."

"Very nice of you," the man said, going to the car and returning with his wife. Their name was Burton, and Betty showed them through the downstairs. When they ended the tour they sat around the kitchen table.

"If we can't have the house, I'm glad you have it," Mrs. Burton said.

"Dave can't do enough for me," Betty said. "He even gave me this house; it's in my name. I think he did it for estate-tax purposes or something. I'm not sure, but if I got mad at him I could just plain go ahead and sell it, he told me." Betty laughed gaily and then abruptly stopped laughing. She looked hard at the couple. "Did you really want this house?"

"We were on the verge of buying it," the man said. "Sarah wanted it. We were leaving the next morning to visit our married daughter, and I said, 'Sarah, let's not rush in. Let's think it over while we're at Susan's. The house has been for sale for three months, and it will still be for sale when we get back.' It's what I get for not taking my wife's advice."

Betty stared at him. "You always ask your wife's advice, Mr. Burton?"

"I wouldn't make a move without getting her opinion," he said. "Perhaps we'll go take another look at Shadyside."

"Shadyside?" Betty said.

"It's a new development in town," Mrs. Burton said. "The homes are lovely, but I happen to be at an age when I feel more comfortable in an older house and neighborhood. Shadyside is full of young people just starting out."

"Mr. and Mrs. Burton," Betty said excitedly, "would you mind terribly if I went to Shadyside with you?"

She followed them in her own car across the city to a new residential area. Trees had been planted everywhere.

The Burtons parked before a Cape Cod house with a painted white brick front.

"I love this house," Betty said, joining them at the walk.

"We rather liked it too," Mrs. Burton said. The front door was unlocked; the floors gleamed, and they walked carefully across protecting strips of paper. The kitchen was blue and yellow, the living-room walls were painted a very pale blue, and there was a white fireplace.

"It's the last house for sale on this block," Mr. Burton said. "If we want this one, Sarah, we'd better not wait." He went outside to try to find the salesman.

Betty and Mrs. Burton stood in the kitchen. "You'd rather have our house, wouldn't you?" Betty said.

"The price was the same, and I do prefer your house," Mrs. Burton said. "It's more what I'm used to. It's larger, and we don't need a large house. But we will have children and grandchildren visiting us, and it's nice to have the extra room when you need it. And our furniture would look fine in your house, but out of place here."

"Mrs. Burton," Betty said, "when you were first married, did your husband come into the kitchen a lot?"

"He was underfoot constantly," Mrs. Burton said. "I soon put a stop to it."

"You did? How?"

"How?" Mrs. Burton said. "I told him to get out. He got."

Betty looked out the window and saw Mr. Burton talking to another man. He was very nice, Betty thought, but Dave was a different type.

The two men started toward the house, and Betty said breathlessly, "Please don't buy this house today, Mrs. Burton. I want to see you tomorrow morning downtown. I'll give you the address."

The men came in, and Mr. Burton said, "I've told this man we want his house."

"I want to sleep on it," Mrs. Burton said, "and I ——"

"But Sarah ——"

"Perhaps in the morning," she said. "I want to think about it."

"Very well," Mr. Burton said, and Betty went out to her car. She drove directly downtown and at eleven entered the offices of Crutcher, Mayfield, and Crutcher, attorneys.

Mr. Mayfield stood up behind his desk. "I haven't had the pleasure of seeing you since the closing on your house."

"I want to sell it, Mr. Mayfield."

"You just bought it," he said.

"Am I right in thinking I can sell it?" Betty said. "It is my house to sell, is it not? I don't require anyone's permission?"

"That's true," Mr. Mayfield said. "Don't you and Dave like the house? Is Dave meeting us here?"

"Dave is in San Diego," Betty said.

"Young lady," Mr. Mayfield said sternly, "we'd better have a talk. I thought you were a fine young couple and, if you're thinking of divorce, I hope you can be persuaded against it."

"Then draw up the house papers," Betty said, "and maybe there won't be a divorce case. I'm hoping to sell the house to a Mr. and Mrs. Burton, and they're coming here tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. I want to buy a house in Shadyside—the number is 17 Butternut Lane—and I want you to contact the owner for me. The only thing is, I can't spend a nickel of Dave's money."

"I simply don't understand a word you're saying."

"You don't have to understand," Betty said, "you just have to be the legal beagle and draw up the papers. I have eight hundred and sixty-three dollars and twenty-seven cents in the bank in my own private account, money I saved being a secretary. I know there are expenses involved—the moving and title fees and your fee and maybe others I don't know about. I just have to get it all accomplished with my own money and not a penny of the joint bank account, which is Dave's money. I'll see you at ten o'clock tomorrow morning."

She walked out before Mr. Mayfield could utter a word but, as he sat there slack-jawed, it appeared unlikely that he had any comment to make. Betty went home and took two aspirins and went to bed. She got up later and made herself a cup of tea and went back to bed and, at eight P.M. when the telephone rang, she screamed and leaped to the floor.

Dave was on the telephone. "San Diego is fine," he said, "but I miss you. How are you? How's the house?"

"What house?" Betty blurted.

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"What house do you think I'm talking about?" Dave said. "Are you nervous, being alone? You sound mysterious. What have you been doing?"

"Oh, this and that," Betty said. He hung up a moment later, and Betty took two more aspirins and returned to bed.

At ten in the morning she was in Mr. Mayfield's office. Mr. Mayfield looked confused. So did the big, friendly Shadyside contractor and Mr. and Mrs. Burton.

"I've worked out some figures, Mrs. Clayton," Mr. Mayfield said. "Your house is being offered to the Burtons for $350 above your purchase price. That covers your redecorating. I also have the papers for the Shadyside house, and the figures include the title-search fees. There's also an estimate of moving expenses and other incidentals."

Betty went over them carefully, then looked up with a smile. "I can do it," she said. "Then everything's all set, if Mr. and Mrs. Burton want my house."

The Burtons were perplexed, but they wanted the house. There were a general signing of names, handshakes, and finally a befuddled Mr. Mayfield was left alone.

Two mornings later the movers arrived. Betty had already made countless trips with her own car loaded with glassware, china, lamps, books and everything she could manage on her own. The movers laid the carpet, arranged the furniture and, at four in the afternoon, she was alone in her new house, but not for long.

A tall attractive girl in slacks appeared in the open doorway. "I don't want to be the neighborhood buttinski," she said, "but I just moved in a month ago myself. I know you're pooped. I brought coffee and a cake."

They sat in the kitchen. "Are you from out of town?" the neighbor asked.

"We lived on the other side of the city," Betty said. "A very nice older house, but I never met any of the neighbors, and I didn't know a soul in town except for a few of my husband's business associates."

"You'll like it here," the girl said. "We think it's great. Two weeks from now you'll know everyone by their first names if you want to. And probably even if you don't. I can't stay—I have a baby about to wake up, but do come over."

"Oh, I will," Betty said and went with her to the door.

She closed it and went through her house, and there were items she had apparently forgotten. The faucets were bright and shiny, but no water came out of them. The stove was full of gadgets, but nothing happened when she turned them. At seven o'clock she ate a can of cold beans by candlelight.

The next day she got things in working order, and a few days later she had been to a morning coffee and an afternoon bridge. She had two days to wait until Dave returned, and she was living in a state of suspended terror.

"Don't you like it here, Betty?" her neighbor said, returning with her from a shopping trip.

"I love it," Betty said truthfully.

"Well, everyone thinks you're wonderful," the girl said, "but you're so nervous. When you left the bridge game, we talked about you. We decided you're nervous because your husband's away, and we all agreed that you'd be a different person when your husband comes home. He looks wonderful in that picture."

She would be different when Dave came home, Betty thought. Possibly a divorcée. Possibly dead. She could see the headline, SHADYSIDE HUSBAND GOES BERSERK. Shadyside might never be the same after Dave came home.

Two days to wait, she thought. She'd been gone all day, too nervous to stay in the house she loved. She carried in the groceries, then went to the front door to get the mail. There was no mail, but a telegram had been pushed under the door, and she ripped it open. It was from Dave. He was returning early. His plane would arrive at 3:30 that afternoon.

It was five o'clock. Her blood turned to ice. She made a lunge for the phone and called the Burtons. "Mrs. Burton," she said breathlessly, "have you seen a strange man ——"

"Did you get the telegram?" Mrs. Burton said. "The messenger brought it here, and I gave him your address."

"Thank you," Betty said. "But you haven't seen anyone ——"

"You mean you heard the news?" Mrs. Burton said. "About our prowler?"

"Wh-what?" said Betty.

"A burglar, imagine," Mrs. Burton said. "Forty years, and we never had a burglar. Herbert and I were out, and we came home and saw this man. We saw him in the upstairs bedroom through the window. Herbert just drove on to the corner and called the police, and they came and took him away. He didn't get a thing. It only happened an hour ago. How did you find out?"

Most TV comedians can take a joke. If they couldn't, they'd have to make up their own.

Maurice Seitter

"Excuse me, Mrs. Burton," Betty said and hung up. She took a long breath, then picked up the phone again.

"Gimme the cops," she said. "This is an emergency."

She waited until she heard a calm masculine voice. "This is Betty Clayton," she said, "and if you beat up my husband, I'll sue, I'll ——"

"Take it easy, lady," the man said. "Give me a chance. What's your name?"

She gave it again. "Hold on," he said, and she waited, and the seconds went dragging by. Finally Dave came on and said dully, "Hello."

"This is Betty," she said brightly.

There was a long pause. "I didn't think it was Marilyn Monroe," he said.

"Did you have a nice trip?"

"Come down and get me out of this damn jail," he shouted.

She raced for the car. Twenty minutes later they were reunited. She wanted to kiss him, but decided she had better not. He made no attempt to kiss her, and silently they went out to the car.

"Tell me what happened," Betty said.

"You expect me to tell you?" Dave said. "All right, damn it, I will. I came home, expecting my wife to meet me at the airport. She's not there. Well, maybe she didn't get my telegram. I took a cab to the house. You didn't answer the door, so I used my own key to unlock it."

"Oh, dear," Betty said. "I forgot you'd have your own key."

"Why wouldn't I?" Dave said. "When a man buys a house, he usually has a key. I unlocked the door, went inside, tripped over some damn hat rack or something and almost broke a leg. There wasn't a piece of furniture I recognized in the house. I went upstairs, and my clothes were gone. I was going crazy, and then suddenly the house was full of cops, and I was in jail."

"That's interesting," Betty said.

"Not half as interesting as yours is going to be," Dave said. "Start talking."

"Not right now," Betty said.

They rode in silence. "I've never even been in this part of the city," Dave said. "Damn it, I'm lost."

"Try and be patient," Betty said. They reached Shadyside, and she turned in Butternut Lane and drove into the garage of number 17, got out of the car and opened the door to the kitchen.

"Take a look around before you say anything," she said.

He went through the house wordlessly and came back into the kitchen. "Talk," he said, his face pale.

"Oh, it's not such a big deal," Betty said. "I liked this house better, so I sold the other and bought this. A woman has to do something like that once in a while when she gets depressed. Buy a new hat or something."

"Buying a hat is not the same as buying a house," Dave said. "Now what the hell is going on?"

"You didn't let me have one word to say about anything," Betty said. The words emerged in a torrent. "Even the church we were married in, the honeymoon and the house. I can't cook, because you won't give me a chance to learn, and you even want to choose everything I wear and, since the day I agreed to marry you, I've become a cipher. I can't stand being a cipher. I'd live in a tent with you, but I'd have to help pick out the tent. That's how I am."

Dave stared at her. "I'll make a Martini, and we'll talk ——"

"This is my kitchen. You get out of it, and I'll make the Martinis."

"All right," said Dave, and he went out, and she got out the ingredients. She was very careful, because she knew how scientific he was about measurements, being a chemist, and she made the Martinis very carefully, using exactly four parts of vermouth to one part gin. Then she carried the pitcher into the living room and looked expectantly at Dave, who took a sip and whose face remained perfectly expressionless.

"Is it good?" she said.

"It's the best Martini I ever tasted," he said thickly.

She sipped her own and burst into tears. "It's dreadful," she said. "You made me a cipher because that's what I am—hopeless."

He came across the room and took her in his arms. "Betty," he said, "I'd be happy with you in an igloo, but it's a wonderful house. I love the house. It's more suited to us than the one I bought. You made a wonderful deal for us, and I didn't realize I was throwing my weight around so much. Believe me, from now on you can make all the decisions, but can I do one thing, please? Please can I make the Martinis?"

He returned in a few minutes with a new pitcher, and they stood arm in arm, looking out the window.

"It's a nice neighborhood for children," Dave said. "We'll be coming around to that before long, I suppose. I thought in about a year it might be time ——" He broke off suddenly and blushed. "You'll make the decision, of course," he said. "It'll be entirely your decision, darling."

Betty kissed him. "It will be a cooperative enterprise," she assured him.

THE END

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post scripts

"How nice to see you again, and so soon, too."

"Any other symptoms?"

"A word with you, Mr. Huneker. . . ."

"The nerve of that woman! When I said I was collecting for a foundation, she said I could certainly use one."

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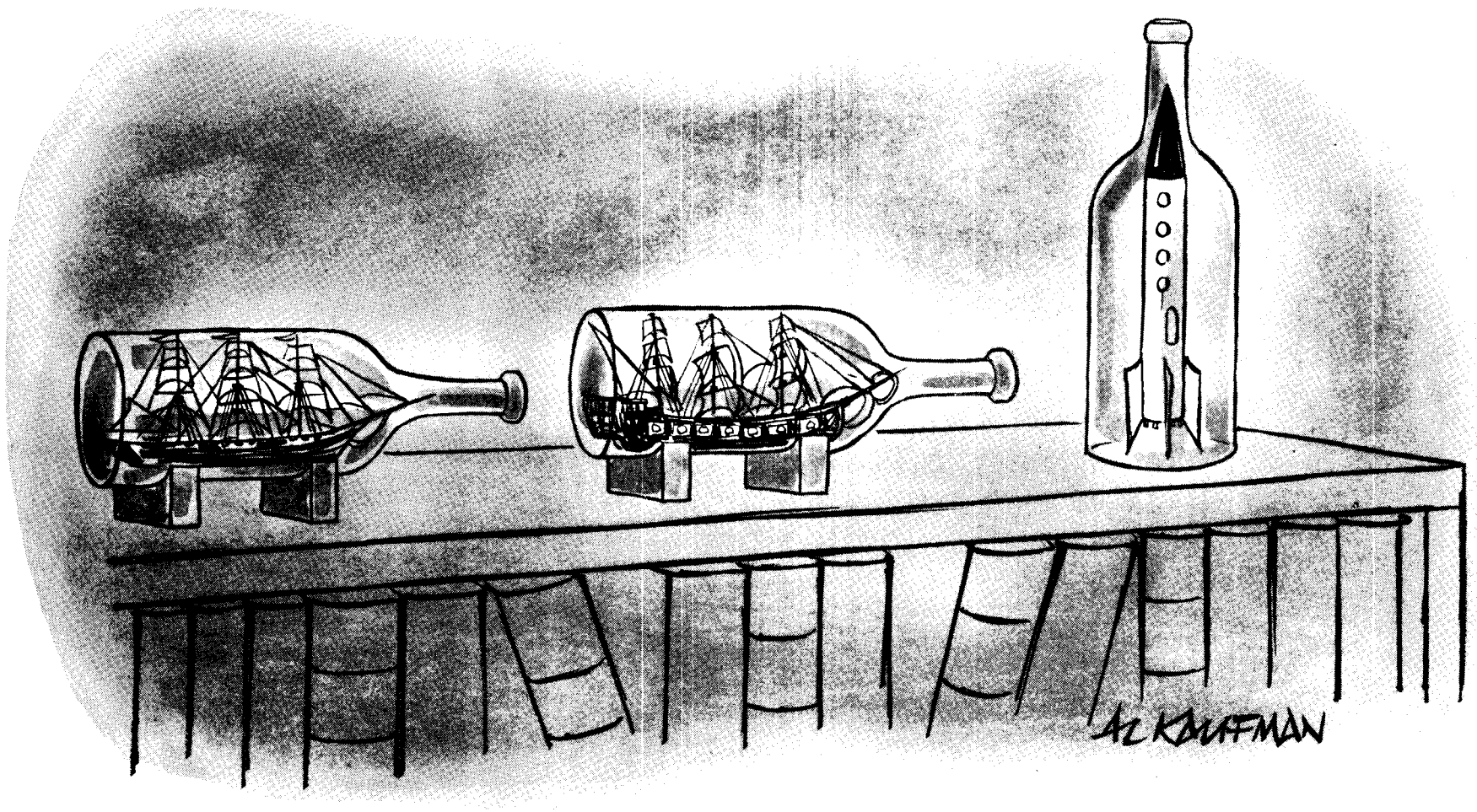

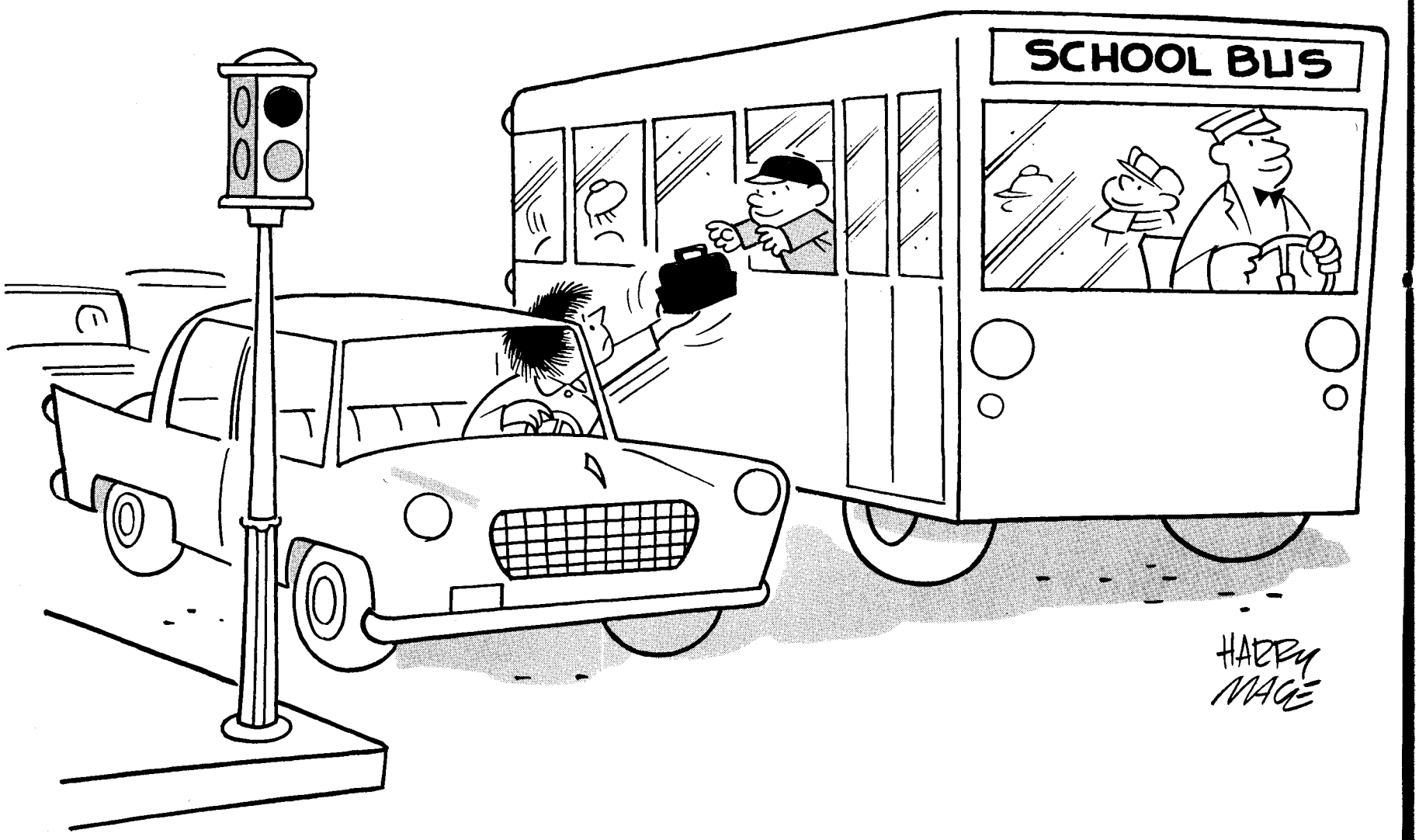

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AUBADE

Between the alarm clock's clamor
And the moment when I arise
Falls a sweet hiatus of glamour.
I wish I were great and wise.
I wish I were fair Selene,
Or maybe Betty Coed.
I wish that a friendly genie
Would bring my coffee in bed.

I wish I were Cleopatra
Dissolving my pearls in wine.
I wish I were in Sumatra,
Or owned a uranium mine;
And always the wish of wishes,
The one that would fill my cup
With honey the most delicious:
That I didn't have to get up!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

We're Never on the Same Wave Length

"This book here I'm reading tells all about the Scriblerus Club, a literary group formed by Jonathan Swift in 1714. Its purpose was to ridicule pedantic writing, and it boasted such members as Pope, Bolingbroke, Parnell, Arbuthnot ——"

"Wow! Is the wind ever whipping the snow off that roof across the street!"

"Remember Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice*? 'The quality of mercy is not strain'd; It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven, Upon the place beneath; it is ——'"

"I'm trying to think of the name of the orchestra that played for the senior prom when I was in high school. I think it was Solly Dunlap and His Musical Glad Lads."

"One of the most amazing things about the solar system is the fact it's so flat. If a precise scale model were fitted to a round box four feet in diameter, the box would be just five inches high."

"What was the name of that guy who used to always play Dracula in the movies?"

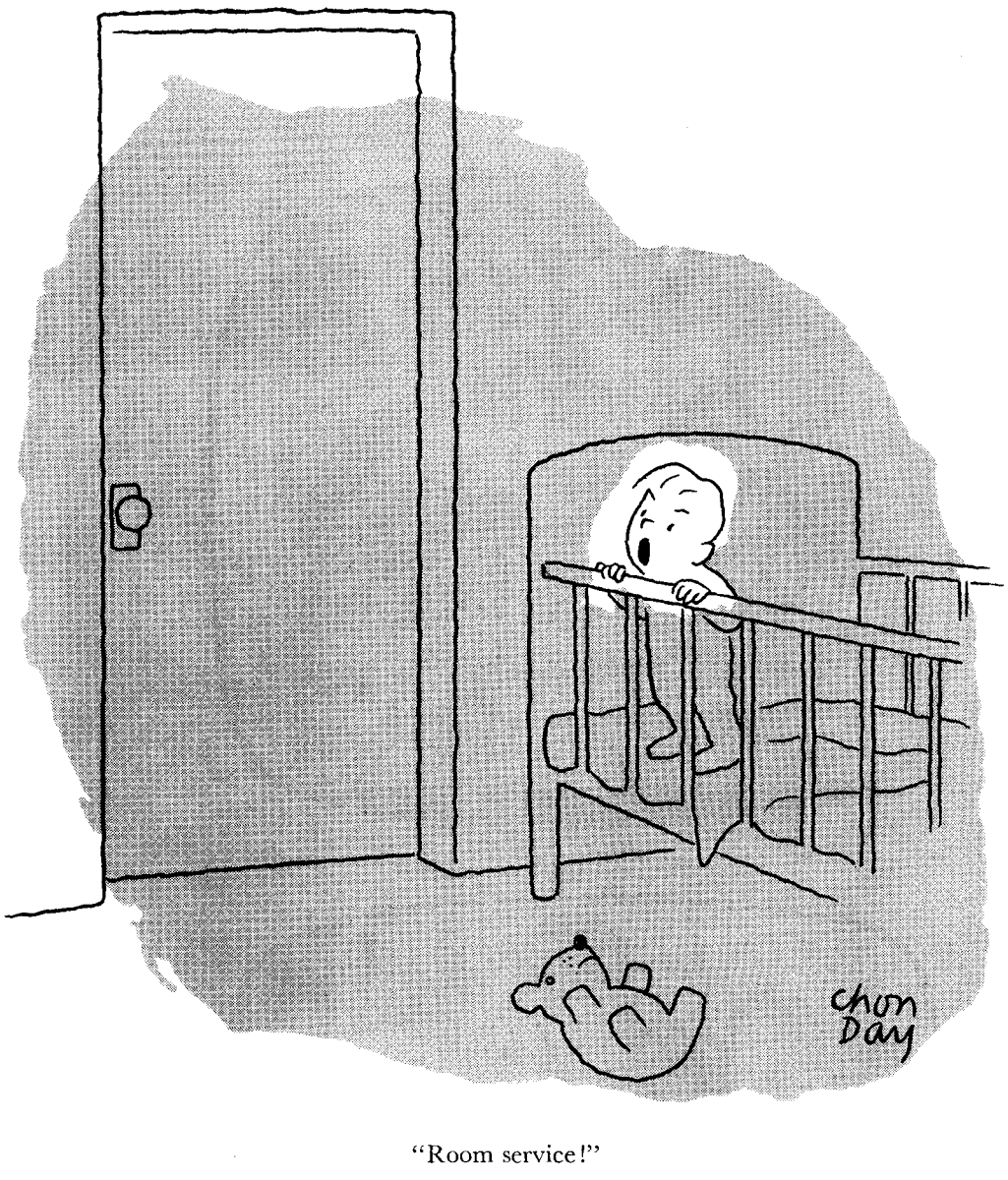
"I learned something interesting the other day. The redwood tree—*Sequoia sempervirens*—is a cousin of the giant sequoia—*Sequoia gigantea*."

"The ashes are just about to drop off your cigarette."

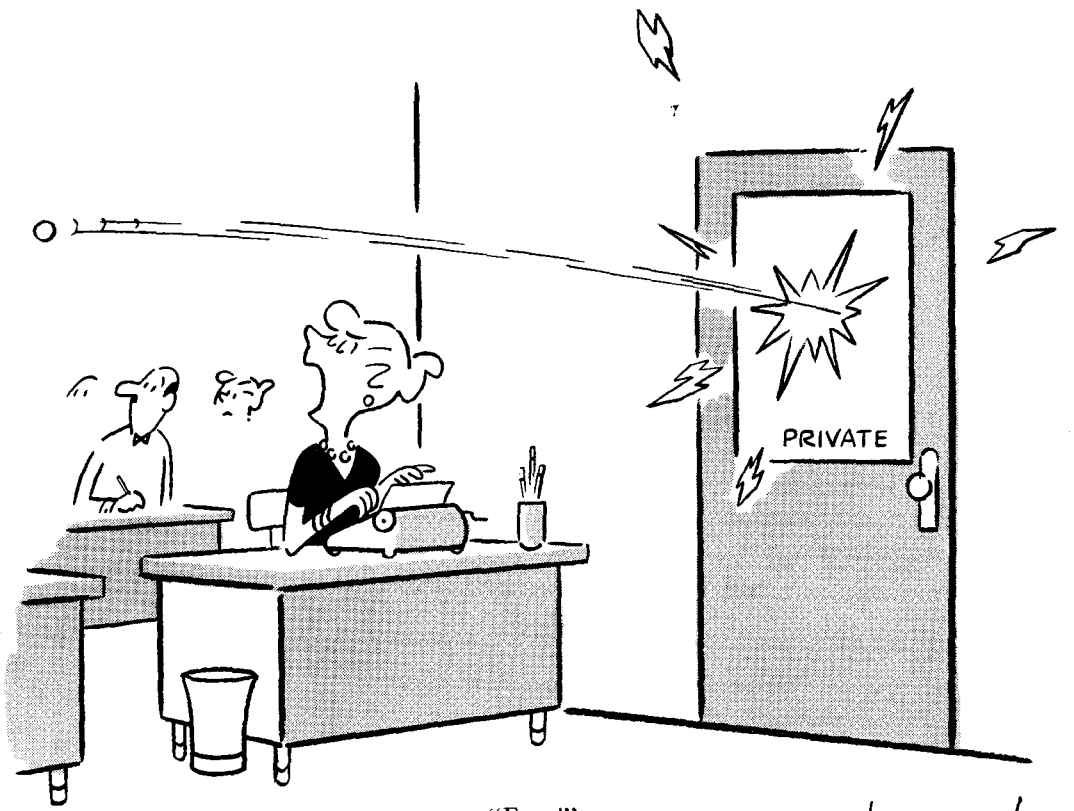
"I've always liked Edgar Allan Poe's poem *To Helen*. 'Helen, thy beauty is to me, Like those Nicaean barks of yore, That gently, o'er a perfumed sea, The weary, wayworn wanderer bore, To his own ——'"

"You know, when you stop to think about it, the hoop craze sure died out, didn't it?"

VERNON H. KURTZ



"Room service!"



"Fore!"

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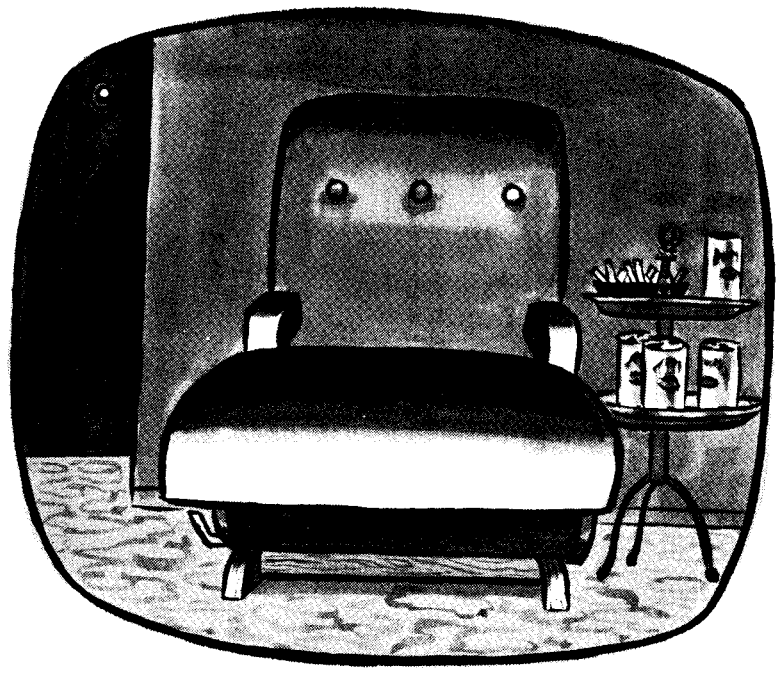
THE VAST WASTELAND LOOKS BACK

BY JOHN DEMPSEY



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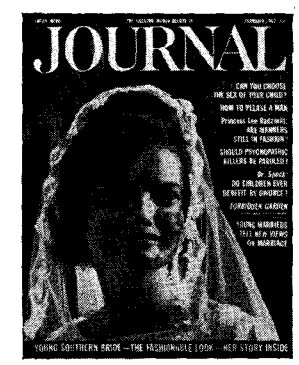

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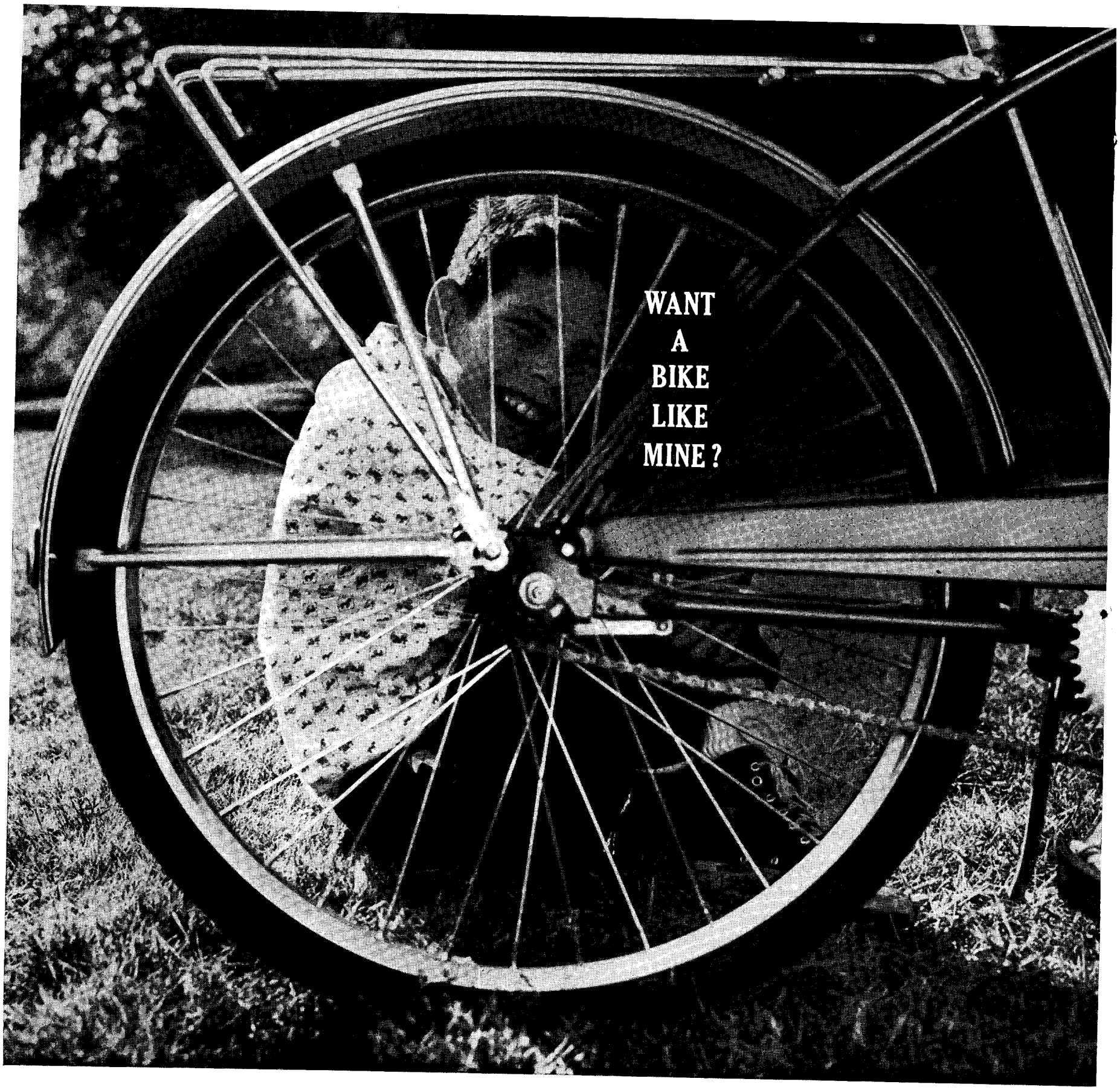

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"The attack on this girl was wickedly and carefully planned and plotted in the mind of a fiend. The state asks the death penalty." The prosecuting attorney, Alec Dobson, opened the state's case against Alvin Tibble for the criminal assault of Mary Melissa Seaton. Tibble's lawyer, Enoch Chew, countered for the defense by shifting suspicion to Nat Ryan, a friend of Archie Chalmers, the girl's fiancé. Mary Melissa interrupted the proceedings to protest Chew's charges: "It's not true! You ought to be ashamed, Mr. Chew!" With the trial in an uproar, Judge Hartigan recessed the court until the next morning. As the spectators started to file out, Detective Sgt. Dave Trumper, the man who had tracked Tibble down, and John Isham, a police reporter, stayed behind, startled by this disturbing development in what had appeared to be an airtight case against the defendant.

Nat Ryan went out, people waiting silently for him to go past them. Behind him Archie sat rigid where he was.

of the eighth day of the State vs. Tibble he thought nothing of it, and it was with a feeling of pleasure only that he noticed ex-Detective Klingan with a strip of adhesive tape on a swollen right cheek. What concerned him was Nat. He'd come in alone, looking as if he'd spent the night pacing some lower circle of hell. There was the note in his pocket from Mary Melissa that had started him packing his gear when a colored boy brought it around last night.

Nat, I'm so sorry, and so terribly ashamed. Don't come tomorrow; I couldn't bear it. I know you were never in love with me and it's just horrible that I've got you into all this mess. I just can't face you, not now. Please understand. Someday I'll see you.—M. M.

He was writing a note to leave for Archie when some spark of sanity made him see what Chew would make of his not showing up. So he stayed, and this morning he'd called her father. "Tell her I do understand, and I'll be leaving as soon as I can."

He sat now watching Mrs. Meade come in with Chew, pale still but not crushed as she'd

PART 6/BY LESLIE FORD/NOW EVERYONE KNEW THE MAN WHO HAD MADE HER LIFE A NIGHTMARE...

Dave Trumper turned to see Isham beside him. "Jimmy," he said. "She knocked him to hell. What can he do now?"

"Go ask Tibble's sister." Trumper didn't mean it. He was just grunting an answer, watching Chew and Sam Riggin follow Tibble out, the back of Chew's neck flushed a purplish-red.

Isham's face lighted. "Yeah," he said. He smiled happily. "Leave it to me, chief. I'll give you a call."

The officers in the Northeastern cruise car who found him in an alley that night around eleven would have known who he was if his wallet had been in his pocket. But his pockets were empty. They put him down as John Doe, assault and robbery, and called the ambulance. At the hospital he was given a shot to quiet him down and sent to a ward. Sometime the next day when he tried to get up he was so groggy he was given further sedation. He could have been dead and buried so far as the State of Maryland vs. Alvin Tibble was concerned when Mary Melissa Seaton was called to the stand.

When Dave Trumper noticed Isham was missing from the press table on the morning been the morning before. Chew was himself again, smiling and assured. Trumper, already seated, turned at the flurry in the benches as Mary Melissa came in.

Eyes straight ahead, she went quickly to the chair she'd knocked over, not stopping to speak to Nat, and sat stiffly erect. As Tibble came in with his guard, Trumper relaxed, realizing suddenly how tensed his insides had been till then and wondering why. *Just what was I scared of?* He hadn't known, only that he knew Chew. It turned out to be Dobson who had the surprise.

"Do you wish Mr. Ryan to return to the stand, Mr. Chew?" Judge Hartigan asked. Trumper thought there was a tinge of dryness in the tone of his voice.

"No, your honor, thank you," Chew said.

"Mr. Dobson?"

"Archibald Chalmers."

The heads of Ryan, Talbot Seaton and Trumper moved simultaneously as Archie came forward from the back of the courtroom. Ryan saw for an instant the expression on Seaton's face. But Archie was sober.

"Mr. Chalmers, you requested to be put on the stand. Why?"

"Because in trying to save me, Mr. Ryan let Mr. Chew draw conclusions that are not true." Mary Melissa raised her head then, her eyes shining softly.

"Point out those—uh, errors, if you will, Mr. Chalmers."

"The vodka bottles in the first place. The ones hidden in my rooms were mine, and the one in the car in front of the Seatons'. I had just asked Mr. Ryan to help me find the man who'd attacked Miss Seaton, so I could kill him. He hasn't told me, but I expect he thought the bottle I gave him was half water. He wanted to find out if it was me or the vodka doing the talking."

"It has been said you were a dupe, Mr. Chalmers," Dobson said.

"I was not a dupe. I recognized Tibble in the line-up as the person who'd followed me from Headquarters out to my mother's house Saturday noon. It was I who got the revolver that Ryan had in Tibble's front hall after we'd got the key from Ritter Meade. Ryan had taken the gun so I wouldn't shoot till we'd given him a chance to clear himself. It's a good thing he did. I'd have shot when I first saw Tibble come in and probably killed Sergeant Trumper when he jumped in front of him."

"Now, Mr. Chalmers, a number of references have been made to your wealth. There seems to be an implication that Mr. Ryan has a financial interest in you."

"On the contrary, I have one in him. I want somebody I can trust to help me work out a legal-and-medical plan. Not mine, but Ryan's father's. He's a doctor, and this was a dream of his. I hope it'll let this money Mr. Chew talks about do more people good than it's done the Chalmers family. I'm trying to get Mr. Ryan to stay here and help me."

"Mr. Chalmers, were you in your car, Thursday night at the Paddock Club?"

"I was stone drunk, sir. But if Miss Seaton and Ryan say I was in it, there's no question about it. I had on a dark dinner coat and I'd have been hard to see with the car going as fast as everybody says it was. Ryan's white coat is all my mother would see looking down from her window. I'm not being disrespectful when I say my mother has strong opinions, but occasionally she's mistaken."

"The suggestion, Mr. Chalmers, that Mr. Ryan, or the old Adam in him ——"

"Is contemptible, sir."

"Thank you, Mr. Chalmers."

As Dobson moved back, Enoch Chew rose.

"You were drunk as a skunk that night."

"Yes, Mr. Chew."

"Are you still planning to marry this girl?"

Archie turned toward the state's table, his face softening as he smiled at her. Mary Melissa blinked quickly, for the first time since she'd sat there a smile touching her lips.

"That's up to her, I'm afraid, Mr. Chew."

"That's all."

Then Archie was beside Nat, and neither of them was thinking about himself.

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SCREAM

"Mary Melissa Seaton," Alec Dobson was saying.

Dave Trumper watched her go quickly to the stand, his lips tightening as he saw her hands grip in a knot in her lap and the muscles of her throat quivering.

I mustn't be sick. I mustn't faint. She could see the clerk putting a bottle of smelling salts out on the table. *It's nothing but words. I've got to say them.*

"Miss Seaton." Dobson said. "Will you look at the ladies and gentlemen of the jury and tell us? . . ."

It wasn't so bad then, as long as she could keep from seeing the man with the moist eyes like peeled grapes and the tightly shut mouth. She didn't falter until she came to where Nat had stopped the car in front of the Seatons' gate.

"I wouldn't let Mr. Ryan take me inside. I didn't want my father to know Mr. Chalmers was drinking again. It was entirely my fault that Mr. Ryan didn't stay. I told him I'd call to him from the porch, and I didn't."

"You called instead from a short distance inside the gate?"

"Yes, sir."

She managed to get through the sound in the camellias, the hand over her mouth, the voice in her ear. "Scream and I'll kill you. This is a knife." She described the great fork of lightning.

"Is the man you saw in the lightning in this room now?"

"Yes. He is."

"Point him out for us."

"He's sitting there." She pointed at Tibble huddled at the defense table.

"Miss Seaton, I know it is very difficult. But it is necessary for you to tell the ladies and gentlemen of the jury the words he said to you and ——"

Enoch Chew's voice was deep with compassion as he rose. "The medical evidence was explicit. The jury are adults. Why must this child be stripped naked here, to tell us something we know? The question before this honorable court is not: Was she raped? It is simply and solely: Is this the man?"

"The court concurs fully." Judge Hartigan snapped the words out. "To you, Mr. Dobson."

It's to him and it kills him. Dave Trumper saw the flush above Dobson's collar. If he agreed, he was letting the defense gloss over the horror. If he did not agree, he was callously crucifying his own witness. *He hasn't got any choice.* On the stand was a girl dazed with relief, looking at Enoch Chew with gratitude. *That's what he wanted, to soften her up.*

It didn't matter if she was dazed then. It was a dazed girl she was describing next, sitting in the rain against the brick wall, waiting for her parents to go to bed.

"I didn't want them to know. I was going to call Nat—Mr. Ryan—and get him to come take me to a doctor. I didn't know he was going to Washington. That's why I said there was a—a prowler. I just couldn't bear to hurt them."

Nat Ryan sat with his head down, Chalmers white-faced, her father gray as old granite. The three of them stood out in a courtroom that was silent, people no longer avid but human.

"Now, Miss Seaton. When you went to the line-up, at Police Headquarters on Monday morning, you said the man was not there. You ——"

"Yes, I shouldn't have said it—because he was there and I knew it. I—just didn't expect—to see him, is all."

"Miss Seaton." Dave Trumper saw Dobson moving in patiently, to try to do what so far they had all failed in. "The police and Mr. Ryan here all said you were frightened—'just like a zombi,' is what one of them said—the morning of that line-up. But you have insisted that nothing had happened. Something had happened. What was it, Miss Seaton?"

She had drawn herself tautly together, her eyes moving toward Tibble. "He called me up." Her small jaw was set firmly, her eyes darkening. "At half past two that morning. My phone isn't listed, so I thought it was some friend when this sort of English voice said, 'What was old Archie doing at Headquarters Saturday noon?' I said without thinking he was down there with me and asked who was calling." Her eyes were still fastened steadily on Tibble.

"He said if I didn't remember him he'd—he'd come back again and I wouldn't forget him. He was cursing, and saying horrible things.

"That was why you were like a zombi?"

"No!" She said it sharply. "He said he was—*in*, down at Headquarters. He'd only asked about Archie to see if I was telling the truth. People are always—well, saying the police are crooks. I didn't know ——"

"So you were afraid ——"

"No! That wasn't it!" Her voice was like parachute silk being ripped. "It was—my mother. That's why I didn't tell it. That's why I was so frightened. He—said he'd *get her!* That's what he said! That man over there!"

If a fool and his money are soon parted, you can guess what the Government thinks of all of us.

Myram Tunnicliff

Judge Hartigan's gavel came down sharply. She turned to him. "I'm sorry, sir. I didn't mean ——"

"It is not you the court was rebuking, my child."

As the judge's eyes swept the benches sternly, Dave Trumper's rested on Mary Melissa Seaton. There was a grim smile on his lips, and his heart was beating a little faster. *Maybe Mr. Enoch Chew is wishing he hadn't taken this case.*

"Continue, Miss Seaton," Judge Hartigan said evenly.

"It was just that I—I couldn't think. He hung up, and then he called back and said, 'Get rid of the police,' and I told him I'd promised to go to a line-up Monday. He started laughing, like he was crazy, and said to go ahead; he'd be there to watch me. That's why, when I saw him, right there in the line-up, I just didn't know—what to do. All I could think of was my mother, what he'd said he'd do to her, and all that night he kept on calling, just—just breathing, or whispering, 'You'll wish she was dead.' I was just crazy."

She turned then for the first time toward Talbot Seaton, sitting there with tears running down his cheeks.

"I couldn't tell anybody. It just wasn't *decent*. I didn't want anybody looking at my mother—the way they look at me."

"Is she here in this courtroom?"

"No! She is not!" She flared up, not so hotly but in the same way she had flared up at Chew. "This sort of thing isn't fit for my mother to sit through!"

"Of course the ladies of the jury are forced to be here," Dobson said quietly. One of them had flushed deeply. "And Mrs. Meade is here out of loyalty to her brother. Now, Miss Seaton, the suggestion has been made that you are attempting to protect Mr. Ryan."

"That's false, Mr. Dobson."

"Of course it's false. But it has been suggested, and it's suggested that that pressure is what brings you here, and that you tried to avoid coming. Was pressure of any kind or description brought to bear on you, Miss Seaton?"

As she hesitated a bare instant Trumper, watching intently, saw the expression on Dobson's face change.

"Yes. There was pressure. But not from Mr. Ryan. It was from my mother. My mother and a reporter, John Isham."

This was new to Trumper. He'd suspected the phone call Sunday night—the only possibility. Until this moment he'd believed Ryan and Chalmers's attempt at murder was the thing that had pushed her into it. But Isham wouldn't figure in that.

"He came out to our house right after the line-up on Monday and wanted me to go someplace with him. But I ——"

"To what place, Miss Seaton?"

As Dobson said it, Enoch Chew started to rise. Trumper knew what it was now, and knew there wasn't a chance. Then he held his breath. The girl was turning to Judge Hartigan.

"Sir, Mr. Isham said you wouldn't let me say where I'd gone to. But how can I say what kind of pressure it was if I can't?"

Chew was motionless. He was smelling not only danger, he was smelling the fear emanating from Alvin Tibble, and he had smelled it since the instant the girl said, "John Isham." He hesitated an instant, thinking quickly, and got to his feet.

"Objection, your honor," he said.

"Overruled, Mr. Chew. The witness may continue."

"Thank you, sir." Mary Melissa turned back to Dobson.

"I wouldn't go at first. But my mother said she would, and I knew I couldn't stop her. I didn't know he'd been arrested. So we went to ——"

"Objection, your honor."

"Overruled, Mr. Chew. It was you who suggested the pressure. The witness may answer for the limited purpose of so stating."

"Exception, if I may."

"Certainly, Mr. Chew. . . . Continue, Miss Seaton."

"We went to Mount Vale Sanatorium. There was this girl."

As Chew started to rise again she turned quickly to him. "Mr. Chew! I'm not saying *he* was the one who attacked her! I'm just saying that what I saw there was the pressure!"

"Be seated, Mr. Chew. You opened this matter. . . . Continue, Miss Seaton."

"There was this girl who was going to get married, the same way I was, in just a few days. Somebody met her coming home from a party—only she didn't go into the yard by herself. She and the boy were still in the car, and they were taken somewhere, and the boy was tied up and he had to—to watch what happened to her. He killed himself. And this girl just sits in a corner staring at a wall, and she starts screaming if a man comes anywhere near her, even the doctor. It's horrible. John Isham—and my mother—wanted me to see what rape can do, and how just pusillanimous I'd be if I let the person who attacked me go free."

"Objection, your honor! This ——"

"The court agrees, Mr. Chew, that the witness has made the nature of the pressure she was under sufficiently clear." Judge Hartigan's tone was dry. "She has stated explicitly that she is not attempting to connect the defendant with the young woman she saw at Mount Vale. The jury will note it."

It was just then—ironically, just when it looked at its best for the state—that Trumper became aware of the first definite twinge of apprehension. He had glanced over at Mrs. Ritter Meade, expecting to see her in a state of collapse. She was tense but with a difference—indignation, not fear—on her face, unshaken and confident, not only believing her brother was innocent but sure the jury would find him so.

At noon recess Trumper stopped a reporter from Isham's paper. "Where is he today?"

"Back at work, I guess. You looked at Headquarters?"

On his way up to the corner room on the third floor Trumper did look, but the Press room was empty. That ended the search for Judas Iscariot until his editor called the commissioner.

At the afternoon session Mary Melissa came in quickly, went past Nat and Archie again without speaking to them and took her place on the stand.

"You are still under oath, Miss Seaton," Dobson said quietly. "I have only one question. Is there any doubt in your mind, any shadow of doubt in your mind or your heart, that the man sitting there at that table, the defendant Alvin Tibble, is the man who attacked you?"

"No, sir. There isn't. He is the man."

"Thank you, Miss Seaton. . . . Mr. Chew?"

As Enoch Chew rose he was thinking, *As of this moment my abominable client is in the gas chamber. I've underestimated this girl twice. I must not do it again.*

"Miss Seaton," he said gravely, "don't be alarmed. Like you, I'm here to perform a duty. You are the person whom I must ask certain questions. I do not ask them to offend you. I'm sure you understand that."

"Yes."

"And we know you would not wish any possible injustice ——"

"You were unjust, Mr. Chew, when you accused Mr. Ryan."

"Let me point out something to you, Miss Seaton. Something that perhaps you have not realized. If you were now at Mount Vale, staring at a wall, or if you *had* screamed and that knife had killed you, don't you see that Mr. Ryan would not now be sitting where he is but would be at that table on trial for his life, and helpless in a net of circumstantial evidence far stronger than that which has in the same way been drawn around Alvin Tibble?"

"That's horrible to say, it's ——"

"It *is* horrible, Miss Seaton, but it's *true*. If you were not here, who but himself could say that he did not forcibly abduct you, or that Mr. Chalmers was indeed with you? These witnesses against you are not lying, Miss Seaton. Twenty or more people, all of them reputable, most of them hostile witnesses, would have come here, and any jury in this land would have believed what they said. The limping footprint would have pointed to Ryan absolutely; Mr. Chalmers could not have helped him. You do see that, do you not?"

Mary Melissa nodded.

"What would any jury have thought of his changing his clothes and fleeing to Washington, arriving there after four o'clock in the morning? There would have been no one to say he left you at

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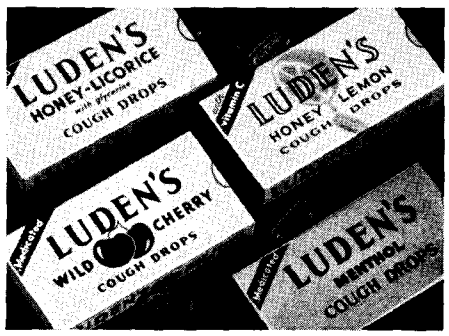

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SCREAM one-forty o'clock. Miss Seaton, it has been my duty to make you see vividly, how tragically mistaken witnesses can be, and how tragically the physical facts that support them can be misread."

He swept his hand back toward the defense witnesses behind him. "You do not believe any of these people. Yet you do not believe they will be lying?"

"No. They are mistaken."

"They are mistaken. But they are eyewitnesses. That dinner suit is a fact."

"But they're wrong. So is it."

"'So is it.' Miss Seaton, if that fact could be wrong, isn't it possible that the list of Ritter Meade's customers, for instance, that this man tried to destroy, could also be wrong? Now please, my child. Wait just a moment. If Mr. Ryan were here alone, without you, who would believe him about that suit—any more than the state believes Alvin Tibble now? These eyewitnesses. You say they are all wrong. But are you infallible?"

Mary Melissa flushed. "I've never said that."

"And you have contempt for people who believe they are, do you not?"

"I didn't say that."

"We saw your face when Mr. Chalmers was on the stand. You resent intensely his mother ——"

"I don't resent anybody."

"My dear child, you do, and quite naturally do, when you know that Mr. Ryan has been the victim of well-meaning but mistaken observers."

"It wasn't the truth, and it was offensive."

"It *was* offensive, and it's frightening, and we can all of us see that you realize it is. It's a terrible thing, how inexorable a net can be woven, with honest eyewitnesses and a chain of circumstances that without you here would ruthlessly have supported what they were saying."

As he went to his table then, Dave Trumper, back in the side section of the benches, sat very still. *What's he doing? Have they got it loaded, somehow or other?* When Chew moved to his table, Trumper slipped to the back of the room and stood between the two doors against the wall. Catching Klingan's snake eyes following him for a fraction of an instant, he saw a light in them that was triumphant malice if he'd ever seen any.

"These photographs, Miss Seaton." Chew was back from his table, handing them to her. "Ritter Meade took them. What are they, please?"

"They're photographs of luncheons and ——"

"And you are in each of them, are you not? There are five of them, Miss Seaton, taken on five different occasions. And here are the work records that show Alvin Tibble was the helper each time. You saw him, did you not, on these five separate occasions?"

"No. I didn't see him. Not consciously, at least."

"Thank you, Miss Seaton. The records show he was there. You were not conscious of seeing him. These were happy occasions."

"I wasn't happy at all. I was—very upset. Mr. Chalmers had been drinking. I knew there'd be trouble."

"You knew your father would postpone the wedding. You've told us, my child. And then at the dance when you found Mr. Chalmers in the car, you were deeply shocked, weren't you?"

"I'd never seen him—that way before."

"So that when your friends thought Mr. Ryan was forcibly abducting you, all you were doing was imploring him to hurry?"

She nodded.

"And when you and Ryan got to your gate ——"

"I didn't want my father to see us."

"And then, when the car left, and left you in the dark, you were not only upset. With this horrible figure leaping out of the camellias, you were in terror. Forgive me, I don't want to remind you of the agony that upsets you even now. And your love for your parents kept you outside with the storm raging, and when you stumbled through the mud into the house, you said there was a prowler. That's all you remember. The officer has told us how you collapsed and were taken to the hospital. The next day, when the police came, the description you gave them ——"

"It was the truth, Mr. Chew. I saw him *plainly* in the lightning."

in the February 17 Post:

Cop killer

the story of a manhunt

"I'm not doubting it. You saw the man. You described him to the police."

"But I knew ——"

"With the shadow of the gas chamber over a fellow human being in this room, won't you listen a moment, my child? You didn't expect to see anyone in that line-up whom you'd previously seen. But there was a man there whom you'd seen only three days before. You were terribly shocked and upset, and unconsciously when you saw him again, your mind telescoped that image—and it was that face that you placed in another setting."

"No, sir. I did not."

"My child, you must know the human mind is a complex and unpredictable thing. Haven't you yourself been affectionately amused when, for example, your mother has come in from the garden and put her trowel in water and left the flowers in the tool basket?"

That old witch Mrs. Chalmers has fed him this stuff. Trumper could see the girl's eyes dilated, her lips pale.

"On Friday, you described the man who attacked you. On Saturday morning you saw photographs of possible suspects. Did they dull the vivid image in your mind?"

"No, sir. They didn't."

"A police artist had drawn a sketch. Was his sketch a good one?"

"Not very, sir. I made a new one."

"You could draw him better than you could describe him, is that true?"

"Yes, sir. I think so."

Over against the wall Dave Trumper's palms were suddenly clammy wet. He knew now what it was he'd been trying to pin down, something about Klingan. *You lying skunk. You lousy skunk. You told me you'd burned it.*

Chew had moved to his table and picked up a Manila envelope. He took out a sheaf of pictures, kept three and handed the rest to Riggin before he went over and gave one to Dobson.

"Miss Seaton, I'm sure, will identify these, so may they be placed in evidence and the jury be permitted to have copies now?"

He watched silently an instant as Riggin gave one to the bailiff to hand to the judge and gave the rest to the jury.

"Now, Miss Seaton, if you'll please look at these." He gave her the two in his hands. "The top one, Miss Seaton, is the reproduction of your sketch. Is it a true copy, and is the other one in your hand an accurate photostat of it?"

Trumper's eyes were fixed on the State's table, but Dobson and his assistants were intently watching Chew and Mary Melissa.

"Yes, sir." She was seeing it vividly as she'd first drawn it Saturday morning at Headquarters—the eyes glaring, the snarl on the lips—the way it had been before she retouched it. Then as she looked from it to Alvin Tibble her eyes widened again, her face paling slowly.

"Miss Seaton, did you ever look at your sketch *after* you saw Alvin Tibble in the line-up? Or *after* he was arrested?"

She was shaking her head.

"But looking at it now, and looking at him, don't you see that your mind was betrayed at the line-up that Monday morning? Possibly the flashes of the photographer's bulbs—not, in effect, unlike the flashes of lightning—may have heightened and helped make some vaguely superficial resemblance he has to this drawing, and confuse your shocked mind that morning. What you have drawn here is a type of person, Miss Seaton. It isn't uncommon. Haven't you seen others? Perhaps you wouldn't mind looking around this room to see if even here there isn't someone of the type?"

With his massive figure off to her right blocking her view of her father, Ryan and Chalmers, he raised his hand to direct her attention beyond Tibble to the benches where his witnesses were. Trumper saw Mrs. Meade there, rigid, hardly breathing, her eyes straight ahead. Chew's hand was moving on, leading Mary Melissa's eyes until she was staring at Nat and Archie Chalmers. Or it would have seemed so to the jury until they saw, as she saw, the man who had been sitting behind Ryan shift over so that he loomed up directly between him and Chalmers, his head raised, his eyes staring up and on beyond the girl on the stand.

Trumper saw the jury tense sharply, their eyes going down to the photostat in their hands and back to the face that Trumper could not see then, but had seen in June, the clerk in the tea store whom Officer Sykes had so proudly spotted as the rapist, the dead ringer for Mary Melissa's sketch and a dead ringer for Alvin Tibble before he had cut his dyed hair and starved himself in the jail.

Trial from ambush. Trumper had heard of it. Now he was seeing it.

The eyes of the jury moved slowly from the clerk Kurtis Smith to Mary Melissa, the color drained from her lips as she stared numbly at a ghost in the flesh, the copies of the sketch slipping from her hands onto the floor. The clerk

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of the court sprang forward crying, "Stand back!" and caught her as she fainted.

Chew's voice rang clearly as the gong sounded through the stunned silence.

"I move this court acquit Alvin Tibble."

The last day of the State of Maryland vs. Alvin Tibble opened with Judge Hartigan denying Chew's motion for acquittal as a prelude to Mary Melissa's return to the stand and to a bitterly fought, anger-filled day with Dobson alleging indecent trickery, fraud and chicanery, and Enoch Chew rising, coolly and almost contemptuously, to rest his case for the defendant without calling a witness.

"This sketch of the man this girl herself made, of the image so vividly burned and seared into her mind, as she has told us, is the only witness the members of this jury need in support of the evidence of their own intelligent senses. They would not and *could not* send a man to his death if only a reasonable doubt were to exist in their minds. Here there is room for no doubt whatsoever. This sketch is *not* the man who sits here, the defendant Alvin Tibble. We have not said and do not in any sense say that the clerk Kurtis Smith was the man who attacked her. The police have themselves proved he was not. But when this girl saw him and when she fainted here on the stand, she—who accused Tibble—by actions cried out, as she had cried out before the morning of the line-up, 'The man is not there. The man is not Tibble.' This girl, with her shocked mind, cannot be accepted as a competent witness against Alvin Tibble when his life is at stake. Your honor, we rest in the hands of this jury."

Dave Trumper, not waiting out the thirty-five minutes it took the jury to agree with Chew, heard the verdict of acquittal in the third-floor room at Headquarters. Trumper went on to the hospital where the doctors had held Isham for possible internal injuries. After his editor had called the commissioner, they'd traced him via Northeastern and the assault in the alley back of the tea store.

What could be done with Klingan remained to be seen.

"He could claim self-defense," Isham said moodily. He was sick about the verdict. "I saw the sister and Klingan leaving and followed them. They went to Gogan's store. Gogan and this Kurtis Smith were there in his office. It's got a barred window off the alley. Pretty soon Chew comes in. He takes out a real wad of dough and gives it to Gogan. He counts it and puts it in the safe. They must have seen me, because Klingan gets up and goes out. He offers me two hundred bucks to forget about it and I socked him. Me socking Klingan."

"He looks worse than you. O.K.?"

"They say so."

Trumper went on to the tea store. The ex-Marine Gogan looked at him unhappily. "O.K., it was dirty. I told the fellow's sister first time she came nothing doing. She's crying her head off. Then the next time she comes with this fat ex-bull and says there's two thousand five hundred bucks for him if I'll produce him. Two and a half grand for a guy ain't got a dime, he's in debt and got a sick kid needs care? I said, let me see the dough. What would you do?"

Trumper shook his head. "I got problems of my own. Did Tibble figure it out? Had he known Smith?"

"Don't make me laugh; they went to school together. Always being taken for each other. Smith hated his guts."

Trumper went back to Headquarters. Coming up out of the iron stairway he heard the Homicide phone ringing and Justice's voice answering.

"One for what book?" he was saying, nodding for Trumper to come in. "Yeah? Yeah?" He kept saying it like punctuation, his face settling in more heavily sardonic lines. "Thanks. Yeah, I'll sure tell him. I got him right here now."

He put the phone down, looking silently at Trumper for an instant. "So I'm a captain. That was Tabb at Northeastern. One for the book, he says."

"I heard you," Trumper said. "What one, for what book?"

"This hillbilly gospel band plays on the corner out there on Tibble's alley. One of 'em tips Captain Tabb off this fellow Cobbett, got the tavern there, writes numbers. Tabb keeps an eye on the place himself off and on. Cobbett's got this old mother got a farm down in Anne Arundel, raises muskmelons and rents her barn to a bingo outfit. Cobbett goes down there Sundays. So Tabb gets the county police to watch it. Here about an hour ago they call and tell Tabb there's a colored boy with a panel truck loading a bunch of stuff, big parcels wrapped up in brown paper, out of the barn loft. Then they call and tell him it's set out back this way. So Tabb's waiting at the tavern, and sure enough, here it comes in the alley. Only it don't stop, not at the tavern. It goes on up the alley."

Trumper looked at him a moment in speechless disgust. "The gold bed."

"The gold bed and the big heavy mirror fits on the top. Tabb watches Tibble unpack the stuff, cocky as the devil."

"Cobbett swore he hardly knew him."

"Yeah. Well, the sister's out in the kitchen right now, cooking a big dinner—fried chicken, the works."

"That's great." Trumper felt sicker than Isham had been. "Well, with his pretty bed and his stomach full he's not likely to go out tonight. And I guess Ryan and Chalmers aren't likely to try anything—not before the Seatons go."

Justice nodded. "The K-Nines'll be there till they've sailed. I've had them change the girl's unlisted number."

When the Seatons' phone rang that evening, Mary Melissa had taken a sedative and gone to bed, fear keeping her from sleeping soundly. When she heard the ringing, she sat up abruptly, thinking first it was her own phone and then realizing it was in her parents' room. Her father was at a directors' meeting. She got out of bed and went quickly across the hall. Her mother was sitting up in bed, her hand still on the phone.

"Mother, who was it?"

Mrs. Seaton turned slowly. "Nobody, dear," she said softly. "Go back to bed, darling. The officer with the dog's outside; daddy'll be home shortly. Let's get some sleep, love. Close my door, please."

Mary Melissa went back to her room. It was only when she heard the phone ringing again that she woke and ran back across the hall. The ringing stopped. The bed was empty and her mother's nightdress was on the floor in front of the open door of her closet. She stood motionless at the door, and then ran between the beds, seized the phone book and found Tibble's number.

The voice answering was cautious.

"Did you call my mother?"

She heard his breath sharply drawn.

"Where is she? What have you done?"

"Why, Mary Melissa, how nice of you to call me. She's coming to see me."

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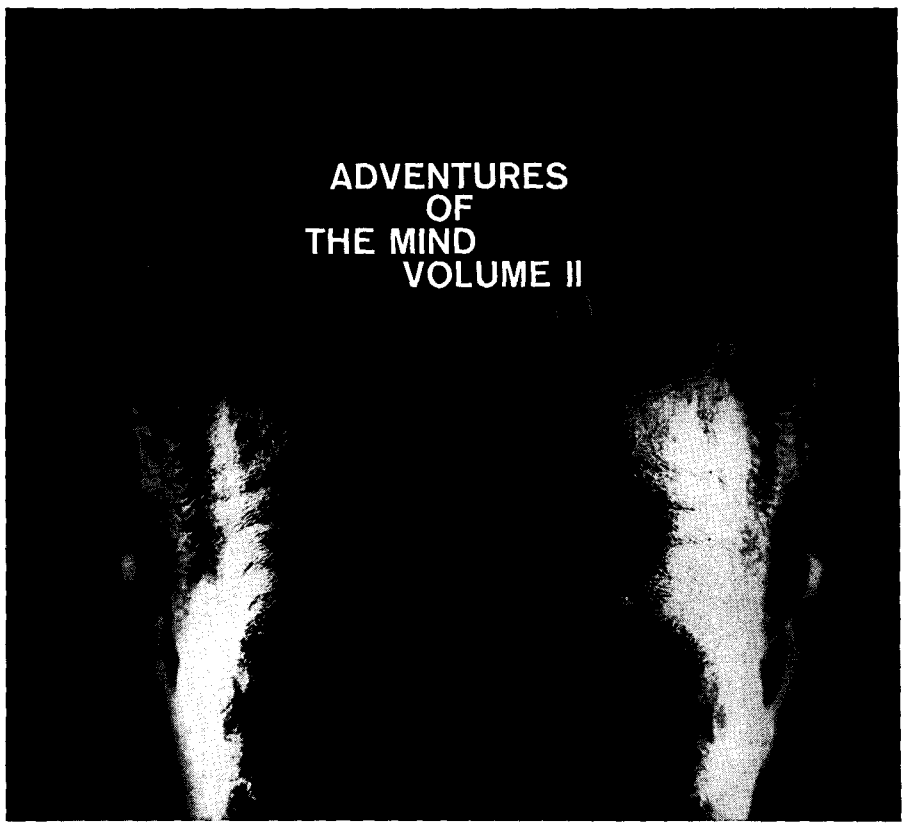

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SCREAM She dashed the phone down, started back to her room, ran back to the phone then and dialed her father. There was no answer. She ran back to her room, tore on her clothes and ran down the back stairs through the kitchen to the carriage house for her car, missing the square of note paper her mother had left on the front hall floor for Talbot Seaton. All she saw outside was that her mother's car was gone, and she'd started her own before the officer with the dog on a leash came from the edge of the woods.

She knew where Tibble's house was from seeing the pictures of it in the paper. When she had found a place for her car, the dark seemed frightening as she hurried past the mouth of the dimly lighted alley by the tavern. *I should have brought the officer and the dog.*

It was too late, and the policeman she'd glimpsed on the corner by the gospel band was out of sight now. Her hands and her heart were both frozen cold in the murky heat as she went up the white marble steps to the door of the house where Alvin in his gold bed on the third floor was waiting, his eyes bright, waiting for her to ring the bell so he could go to the front window and tell her to come along in.

As he looked up to the mirror, the lust he could feel crawling inside his mind was the lust to kill. The heavy butcher knife in his hand was like a live thing whispering. *Kill her. It's your chance. People'll see her coming. You can say she came here to try to kill you.* His hands on the knife were like velvet caressing it as he listened to the velvet red silence of the house, waiting.

No thought wave took Trumper to Farthingale Alley that night. When he answered the phone at his house, it was Mrs. Seaton asking him to go.

"It's quite terrible, really." She added that after she'd told him where she was and why she was there. "I couldn't call till I got here; I was afraid Mary Melissa would wake and hear me. I haven't dared call Archie and Nat, so will you go and see they don't do anything foolish?"

The lights of the tiny house were on when he got there, the hi-fi playing and both of their cars were in the side yard. But there was no answer when he knocked. He went to the side window, peering in through the slats of the blind. A small table with an ash tray and a glass on it had been tipped over and left lying in the middle of the floor. Two other glasses, one full, one half full, were by other chairs, and the checked jacket hanging on the back of one of the chairs he knew was John Isham's. It was a clear picture of a room that three men had bolted out of. Isham's car, standing in front, would have been the nearest.

Seven minutes later he saw it again jammed into the curb in a no-parking zone four dingy doors up from the Tibble-Meade house. He pulled in ahead of it and ran back and up the marble steps. He pressed the bell and reached for the door knob, surprised when the door opened.

"Be quiet. He's dead."

He knew it was a real voice and that it was Nat Ryan's, but his mouth was dry as he heard a step in the parlor and saw the door open, Ryan's face bone white.

"Be quiet," he said again. "Mary Melissa's in here, asleep. Just worn out."

He stepped aside as Trumper moved over, the sweat breaking out cold on his palms as he saw her. She was huddled asleep on the green velvet sofa, in her white slip, her dress lying across the arm of a chair. Scarlet splotches gleamed in the blue cotton, and a man's bloody handkerchief was on the floor by it.

"She didn't kill him?" His voice grated flat in the stillness of the hall.

"No. You can see. Upstairs, third floor. Archie's up there. I'm going to stay with her. If she should wake ——"

"You'll keep her right here." He turned and went slowly up the stairs. *You're a cop and don't you forget it.* The hollow tread of his feet on the linoleum kept saying it. He saw Isham's long legs then through the balusters and saw his face, olive-green above his white shirt. Chalmers was there, by the closed door into the front bedroom.

"Go easy," he said. "It's pretty rough." Trumper saw him draw a deep jerky breath. He went to the door and opened it.

Trumper went along the hall, started in and stopped, frozen. He said softly, "Good Lord." He stood an instant and went on in, turning slowly as the voice came from his left.

"I killed him."

Tibble's sister was sitting by the front windows, her face like death, a death in life more terrible than the face of her brother, stark white on the dyed scarlet of his bed pillow. It was all that could be seen of him under the monstrous quilt that covered him, the end of it at his throat jagged and blood-drenched.

"I killed him. This is the knife the girl took from his throat."

Her hand moved slowly to the long blood-covered blade of silvered glass that had broken off at the end of the strange quilt.

Trumper looked up at the wooden frame at the top of the bed that had held the mirror. Mrs. Meade's eyes were blind black caverns, great charcoal rings spreading under them.

"The girl called him up. He told me she was sorry she'd accused him, and she wanted to see him and arrange about—getting him a job at the bank. I believed him. He told me to go to Cobby's. But when I got there I was worried. I thought she might have come to hurt him. I hurried back, and just as I got in the back door, she came in. He'd told me to leave the front door unlocked. She said he'd called down from the window for her to come in, and that her mother was here with him. I thought she was mad. I told her to wait, I'd see. When I went up, he thought it was her coming. He had on his silk robe, lying on his bed, and he—he had the knife in his hand. When he saw me, he was—terrible."

She sat blindly staring for a moment.

"Then he told me. The horrible truth. The girls, our customers. The list. The shoes—the girl at Mount Vale—and the boy. Oh, my God—oh, God, be gentle, help him, my poor, poor mad brother. Oh, God, forgive me."

She bent her head till it touched the desk, then raised it slowly. "I knew he was going to kill me, but I had to live, to get that girl out of this terrible house. I was holding on to the bedpost."

Trumper looked at it, canted out, the gold carving still holding the wooden frame up.

"Then I turned to call to her to go, and I thought I was going to fall and caught at it. He only had time to throw his hand up in front of his face, and he struck the end of the mirror with the knife. I heard it shatter and he made a—a strange sound, and it was still all of a sudden. Just the girl, running upstairs, calling her mother."

She pulled herself to her feet, looking down at the blood-stained dagger of glass. "I didn't even see this in his throat till she ran over and—grabbed it and the blood came out like a fountain. She cried, 'Get a doctor.' Blood was all over her, and she asked what our doctor's name was, his phone number. She wanted to save him."

She turned to look into Trumper's eyes. "She wanted to save him," she whispered. "I wouldn't let her. It's best that he's dead. I—killed him."

Trumper moved slowly to the bed and looked down at the waxen face on the bright pillow. He turned back. "You couldn't have saved him. It was too late for a doctor."

"I wouldn't have tried. It was God's hand, working through mine. I'm willing to pay—for his sins and mine. I wouldn't let the girl lift the mirror. Then the bell rang, and it was these people. She let them in. I told them to call you, so you could see, so nobody could say it was Miss Seaton."

She took a wavering step toward the door. "Before you arrest me, may I call my husband? I'd like him to know. I'd like him to come back."

Dave Trumper took a deep breath. "Go ahead, ma'am." He hesitated an instant and said, "Nobody's going to charge you." He signed to Isham to help her downstairs. In the doorway he turned to look back into the strange room.

"You didn't get our message?" Archie asked.

"I was hunting for you. I've got some bad news. Your mother's had a stroke. It isn't a bad one."

Archie stared at him. "Where is she?"

"At home. Mrs. Seaton's there with her."

"Mrs. Seaton? How did she ——"

"Your mother had the maid call her. She had a bad shock. Tibble telephoned her. He told her what he thought of her getting Chew, and I guess the rest of it too. So she's had it rough."

Archie's face twisted. "That's irony for you. The whole bloody thing. Mary Melissa thought it was him calling her mother. She called him and he said he did—her mother was coming here. She got here and got scared. She went down to the Mecca and called me, said she'd wait out in front. But when we came she wasn't there, and when we came in she was just running down the stairs all covered with blood. It was right rugged for a second. We didn't know ——"

His face changed then. "One thing's O.K. She's forgotten the business about being afraid of men. Or Nat, anyway. She didn't see either Isham or me; she was in Nat's arms right off. So that's as it should be. I guess you saw all the time it was him she was in love with."

With death waiting silently with an eternity to wait in, Trumper took time to reply. "I didn't know you did."

Archie smiled. "Maybe a lot longer than I admitted—when I was sober anyway. That's why I was trying to find them out on the golf course."

He started down and turned back. "So long, Sergeant Trumper—we're very grateful to you." He grinned again. "I guess I can't say I hope we'll see you again soon."

"No, I guess not," Trumper said.

They heard Judas Iscariot's voice from the second floor. "My story, chief! O.K. to call it in?"

"No," Trumper said automatically. Then he said bleakly, "Sure, go ahead. Only do it from the Mecca. And tell Ryan to get his girl out of here, will you?"

He waited till he heard them go out the front door and the silence of the grave seep back through the house. He didn't go back into the room where the high court had heard the confession and reversed the verdict, death the swift judgment, death from its own ambush. He went to the phone in Ritter Meade's workroom and made his calls there. First the morgue. Then Homicide. Then his doll. Each in its proper order. He was a cop.

THE END

SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT

"You called?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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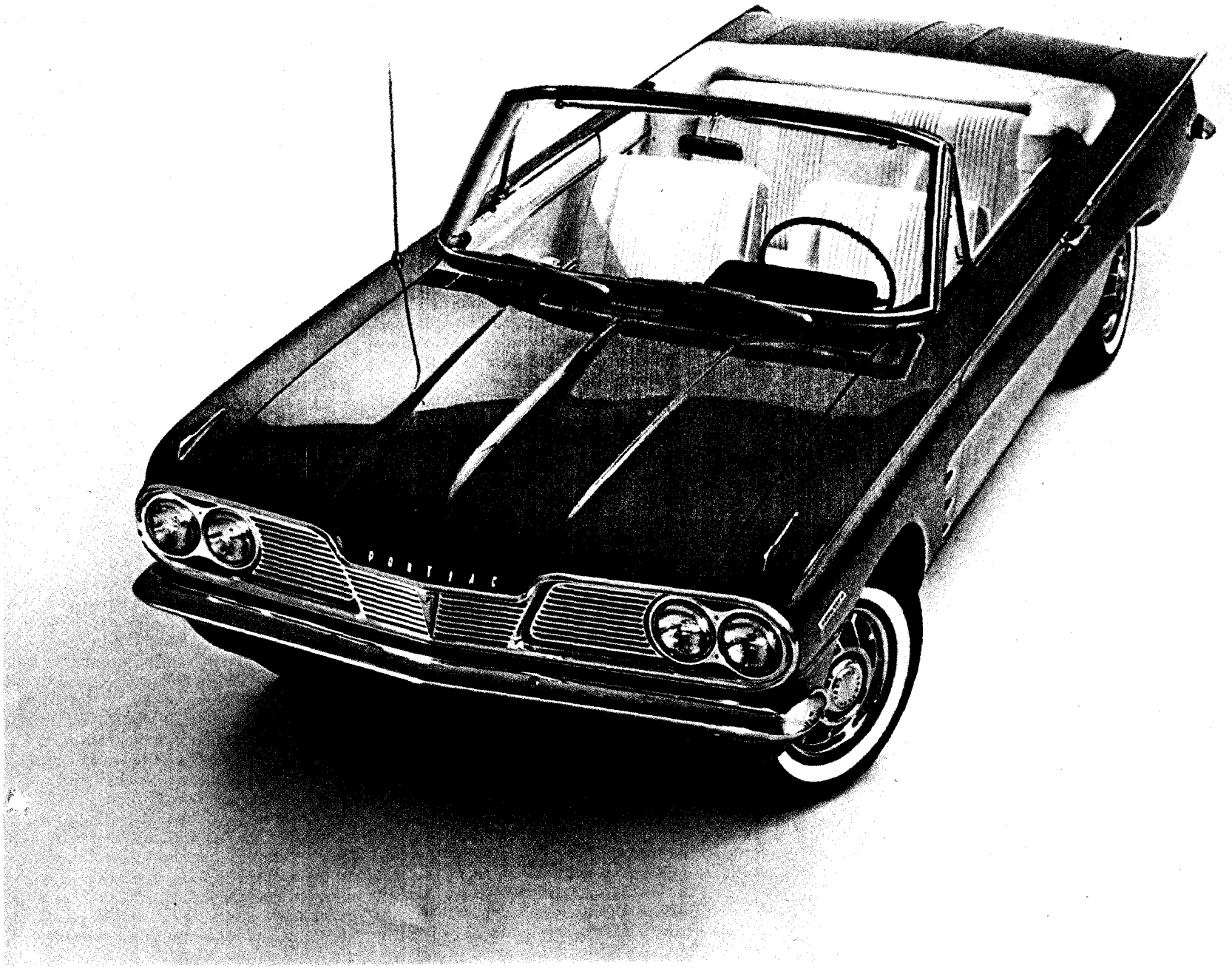

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Tempest LeMans: snappy mover—but opulent

Know the story of the Tempest? Here it is in a nutshell. It's a cocky little dust-kicker with the sweetest handling characteristics this side of LeMans. That's because it has a fired-up, gas-saving 4-cylinder engine in front, balanced by a rear transmission. (Tempest, you know, is the 4 that goes around acting like a V-8!) And get that interior! Buckets . . . full carpeting . . . special trim and hardware. Four-speed stick-shift optional at extra cost. Don't skip seeing the Tempest LeMans or taking it out for a run. Your Pontiac dealer will start you on your way to being the most elegant sport on the block. **Pontiac Tempest** LE MANS

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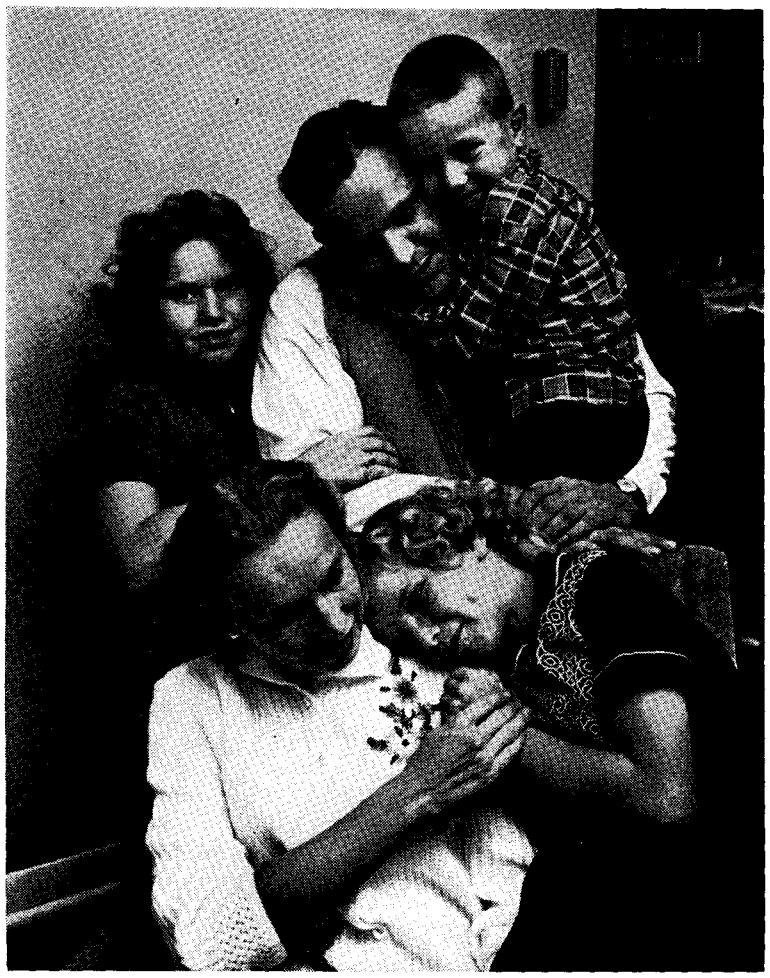
Confessions of a Denver cop who, with some of his fellow cops, used his uniform to cloak a crime wave.

I WAS A BURGLAR WITH A BADGE

By BOBBIE G. WHALEY
as told to Robert L. Whearley



Family-man Whaley: His wife Helen thought their extra money—one of his safebreaking jobs netted him and his partners $35,000—came from legitimate off-duty work. He admits to 43 burglaries.

It was a good half mile from the Police Building to City Hall, and they marched us there single file, our arms loaded with books and billy clubs and boxes of equipment. The day was cool and overcast, with a hint of rain in the air. I didn't mind the walk, or the day, or anything else. I was too excited, too pleased with myself. I was about to become a policeman.

There were thirty-five of us in that class of rookies. We piled our gear in the mayor's office, and District Judge Neil Horan came in and told us to raise our right hands and repeat after him: "I swear to uphold the laws and constitutions of the State of Colorado and the United States of America and the laws and ordinances of the City and County of Denver to the best of my ability."

That oath wasn't just words as I repeated it on that day in October, 1953. It was a promise I intended to keep.

Eight years later, almost to the day, I made the same trip again—under different circumstances. This time I stood before another judge, not in the mayor's office but in a courtroom, and heard myself sentenced to six to twenty years in the Colorado State Penitentiary.

The judge in this case was George McNamara, a usually genial Irishman who had once been a patrolman himself. He didn't say much, but from the dark frown on his face I could tell what he was thinking as he read these lines from the probation-department report:

"The applicant is one of the local policemen involved in a series of forty-three burglaries in Denver as well as surrounding counties. All of the burglaries involved were of a professional nature. They either were safe jobs or safe-cracking attempts. The applicant was one of the principal burglars. . . ."

Judge McNamara's frown told me, just as clearly and just as unmistakably as any words could have: *Whaley, you're an insult to every decent man who ever wore a badge. How could you have done it?*

How? I know firsthand *how* almost 6 percent of Denver's 775-man police force teamed up in what Gov. Steve McNichols called an "incredible criminal incest"; *how* we used police radio cars to protect us; *how* we phonied up crime reports to cover our burglaries, and *how* in my eight years in the department, policemen stole at least $500,000.

But *why?* A lot of high-priced experts all over the country are trying to figure that one out. I lived it, so maybe that makes me an expert too. I saw what went wrong in Denver—and don't let them kid you, it wasn't just a matter of "a few bad apples." A lot of things entered into it: A breakdown in discipline, lack of leadership, complacency and stupidity on the part of the brass, low pay, some detectives who couldn't find their own shoes if they took them off.

I'm not trying to alibi for myself. No one stuck a gun in my back and told me I had to be a burglar. But I am what I am. Maybe I was too quick to yield to the lure of easy money. Maybe I thought I was too smart ever to be caught. In any case the Denver Police Department made it easy for me to go sour—too easy.

When I joined the force I was a strapping, self-confident guy of twenty-three who was looking forward to a career in police work. My dad had been a Denver park policeman from 1932 until his death in 1945 and, when I quit school in the tenth grade, I went to work as a guard at County Jail. I put in three years in the Army as a military policeman and, when I got home, I applied for a job with the Denver police force. Starting pay of a rookie in 1953 was just under $300 a month, about $100 less than it is now. My wife Helen and I had one child (two more came later), and we had talked it over and decided we could scrape by until I became a first-grade patrolman.

I didn't learn much in my four weeks at Police Academy—an impressive-sounding title for one section of a shabby old municipal recreation center. None of the instructors tried to get across to our class just what it meant to be a policeman. They taught us how to fire a pistol and how to make out crime reports, and bored assistant city attorneys would come down to drone us to sleep with long-winded explanations of Denver ordinances.

The only time the possibility of internal corruption was mentioned was when the police chief shouted at the top of his lungs: "Remember this, men—don't take graft! You'll see some of the older men taking handouts, but *don't take graft!*"

Our real indoctrination into police work came on Friday and Saturday nights of our first weeks in the academy. Rookies were assigned on Friday and Saturday nights as observers and rode along in the regular patrol cars. My first time out, one of the men I was riding with ducked into every bar on Larimer Street; and every time he'd come out with two packs of cigarettes—gifts from the barkeeps. I found out later he was selling the cigarettes at a dollar a carton.

At our next academy class one of the sergeants said, "Men, experience is the best teacher. When you get out on the street, be sure you do everything your senior officer does. Understand?"

I soon began to understand. Early in the game I had a partner who was quite a drinker. I complained to the captain that he wouldn't leave a bar to answer a hot Code 13-14—a drunk-and-disturbance call that was just down the street. I was pulled out of the car and ordered to walk a beat the rest of the night.

Another time, while I was still on the six-month probation which every rookie serves, I was filling in temporarily in a downtown-district car when my partner ordered me to pull into a parking lot. The lot was dark, and the attendants had gone home. My partner took his night stick and smashed in the wing window of one of the cars. He opened the door and took a portable sewing machine from the back seat; it was a salesman's sample, I suppose. He loaded the sewing machine into the trunk of the police car, then matter-of-factly explained, "The old lady's been wanting one of these."

I know now, and I knew then, what I should have done. I should have turned him in. I didn't. I didn't want to be an informer—especially after I got my ears pinned back on that drinking incident. I found myself accepting the unwritten law of the department: A cop's first loyalty is to other cops, and the public be damned. A rookie just about has to accept that law. A couple of bad reports on him during probation, no matter how phony they might be, and he'd be dropped without even being told why.

Just before my probation was over, I went to see my former boss at the jail; he was a white-haired police captain, and I have a lot of respect for him. I didn't

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mention any names, but I said I didn't like certain things and I wanted to quit the Police Department. "Stick it out," he advised. "You can make them leave you alone after your probation's over."

A few weeks later I was working relief with another man when we found an open door at a florist shop just up Broadway from the Civic Center. We radioed the dispatcher about our discovery, then went inside the shop with our pistols drawn, to look for burglars. The shop was deserted. My partner walked over to the safe. He started turning the dial very slowly.

"What are you doing?" I demanded.

"Checking," he grunted. He stopped turning the dial and pulled the door open. "I thought so," he went on. "They left it on daylock. All you have to do is turn the dial to one number, and she pops right open." He reached inside the safe and pulled out a stack of greenbacks. "You know, Bobbie, the owner's going to claim this on his insurance anyway." Then he stood up and started to stuff the money into the pocket of his overcoat.

Crazy thoughts raced through my mind as I stood there with my revolver still in my hand. Car prowling was bad enough, but safecracking —— If I arrested him, all he had to do was throw the money on the floor between us, and it would have been his word against mine. He was a first-grade patrolman; I was a rookie. Who'd believe me?

Just then the sergeant and his driver came in. They had heard our call to the dispatcher, and they were covering us. The sergeant glanced at my partner, who still had the money in his right hand, and he looked down at the open safe. "I guess they got away clean, huh?" he said, grinning. "Why don't we all meet a little later at Greene's for coffee?"

We met, all right, and my partner split the money four ways—fifty dollars apiece. I hesitated.

"Go on," said the sergeant. "Easter's coming up. Buy your wife a new hat."

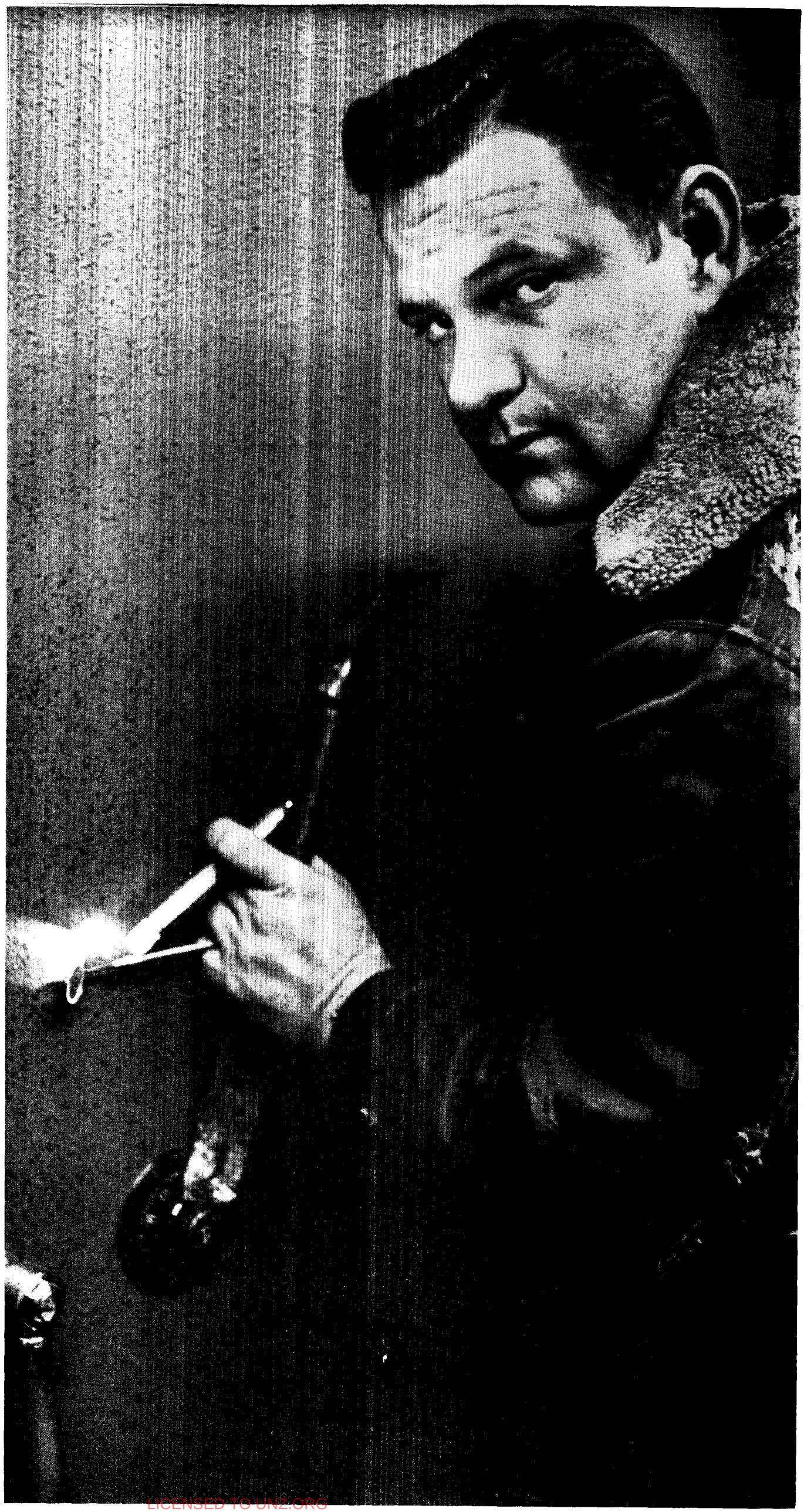
I should have walked out and never have shown up for work again. That would have been it. There wouldn't have been any six-to-twenty-year sentence. The sergeant shoved the money across the table to me. "Go on—take it."

I looked down at the green bills. Maybe my partner was right; maybe the store owner would claim it on his insurance. I took the money and shoved it into my breast pocket, just under my badge.

Soon after my probation ended, I was assigned as regular partner to a first-rate policeman. We did some good work in the year we were together. We made fourteen major felony arrests, and for the first time I was proud of being an officer. One pinch we made helped break up one of the biggest pornography rackets in the country, a racket the Kefauver Committee had been investigating.

But even then I saw a lot of wrong things going on. One time we spotted a broken plate-glass window in a clothing store across the street from the old Tabor Theater. It was about 3:10 in the morning, and we were due off at 3:30. After we checked the store for burglars, we telephoned the dispatcher and told him to send our relief to the store—that it would take an hour or so for the owner to come.

I had no sooner hung up the telephone and walked downstairs from the office to the main part of the store when at least seven police cars lined up out front. Guys



Safecracking cop with the tools of his trade: "It was a real challenge to prove I was smarter than the designer of the safe."

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were running in and out, loading their cars with merchandise. One policeman went through the racks and took all the Size 14 dresses in sight for his wife.

Next day, at roll call, the lieutenant told the men that the store owner had been in touch with the chief, and that the chief wanted every bit of merchandise returned. And just about everything was returned. Police cars drove by the store that night, and the guys placed box after box of loot in the doorway alcove.

Other things were beginning to bother me at that time. You'd call in a sergeant to ask for advice, and he'd give you hell for taking him away from the TV. You'd try to make a simple suggestion on ways to correct something in your district, and the brass would yawn and tell you to write it up in triplicate and send it on—through channels, of course. Most of all, I was beginning to hear more and more about burglaries by policemen. In the winter of 1955-56 one policeman was picked up and convicted of burglary. When he tried to implicate others, the high brass told him, "Either shut up, or give us some ironclad evidence to back up your story." He shut up, and went off to the Colorado State Penitentiary at Canon City to serve his sentence.

One night my partner and I caught a couple of policemen hauling merchandise out of a warehouse on Market Street. We came upon them in the dark, and we didn't know who they were. We drew our guns and yelled at them to stand up with their hands on their heads.

"Put away the artillery!" one of them yelled, and they identified themselves as fellow policemen.

As I holstered my revolver and signaled my partner to do the same, I began to realize that I didn't really give a damn any more. My partner, a guy named Wes, was just off probation. I wasn't sure about him. But that night, when he took his share of loot, I knew that Wes was hooked too.

The two men we caught in the warehouse were a couple of real pros. They approached us a few weeks later to "cover" them on another warehouse job. Christmas was coming up, one of them said with a grin, and he wanted to do his gift stealing early.

If a policeman decides to turn burglar, he's got the best cover in the world. He can say he was simply investigating a break-in, and that's why he was wandering around the darkened store or warehouse. In one case I know of, an off-duty policeman was captured by a night watchman. The watchman called the department, and two other officers were dispatched to bring in the suspect. The arresting officers also were burglars, and they let their man go—he escaped, they claimed. Officially no one ever found out who he was.

Looking back, I guess it was the built-in protection that made me figure we wouldn't get caught. One secret of success was to buy off the men in the district cars and have them cover you. If you happened to be on duty yourself, they could answer your calls; if you were off duty, they could monitor the police radio and warn you if you tripped a silent alarm.

From merchandise thefts I moved up to safecracking. One of the guys I had surprised in the warehouse was my tutor. He taught me how to punch and peel safes. I learned how to knock off a combination dial and how to use a sledge to punch in the shaft that controlled the locking "dogs," or latches. I learned how to use a chisel and a drill. I learned how to use tiny mirrors like dentists have: we inserted them through the holes we cut in the steel wall, so we could watch the tumblers fall into place as we fiddled with the dial.

By late winter of 1957 I was ready to move out on my own. Wes and I and a couple of other policemen hit a drugstore for $7000. All of us were on duty, and we used the police car to haul off the safe so we could leisurely peel it.

It may be hard to understand but, when we weren't cracking safes, we were trying to be good policemen. One night when Wes and I were working Car 11, we broke into a furniture store. While we were punching the safe, we happened to look out the window and see the beam of a flashlight inside a meat market across the street. We ran down the stairs and got into our police car, drove out of the alley and captured two burglars. After we booked the two burglars, we went back and finished cracking the safe.

During the summer of 1958 I met Keith Hutton. Investigators say we made one of the most efficient safecracking crews in the country. Keith, who's thirty-nine now and an easygoing sort of guy, was working Traffic. He was disgusted about things too. The first burglars he had caught were policemen, and he had let them go. Keith and I hit it off right from the beginning.

We pulled between forty and fifty jobs together. Keith is a whiz with mechanical things—especially safes. I've gone along with him on jobs where I'm sure he was more interested in studying the safe than in emptying it. There were times when he'd bring away the dials and inner workings, so he could examine them at leisure, like a watchmaker studying a rare timepiece. Keith and I perfected a saw-and-drill method that had the safe companies going crazy. We worked up to it gradually, and there were some uneasy sessions along the way—such as the Happy Cat job.

The Happy Cat is a bar and restaurant in East Denver, next to Lowry Air Force Base. It was in my patrol district, and I used to eat in there from time to time. The place had been burglarized once, and I had offhandedly suggested to the owner that he install a radar-controlled burglar alarm.

A few weeks later another policeman began bugging me to cut him in on one of my jobs. We decided to tap the Happy Cat. The other policeman was on duty that night, and he was to be our cover; he'd sit by in his patrol car and get us out of there in case of any danger. Patrolman George Zellner, who, like Keith and me, was off duty, was to be lookout on the other side of the building. Keith and I were to crack the safe.

About three A.M. Zellner let us out in the parking lot, near two parked cars, and we forced the front door. Right away sirens started going off, and every light in the building began flashing.

I knew what had happened. The owner had taken my advice and had installed the radar alarm. Radar alarms work on the principle of body movement. They have sensing devices which pick up shock waves, which in turn activate the alarm. I knew the alarm was on a sixty-second cycle and that it would shut itself off if it didn't pick up any more distinct body movements. We used what was left of the sixty seconds to kick down the office door and head for the safe.

We managed to get over by the safe just as the alarm died down. Slowly, so as not to disturb the alarm, I touched the safe door. It swung open. It hadn't even been locked. There were moneybags right there in view, and underneath was another, smaller safe. We grabbed the moneybags and ran, setting off the alarm again.

We jumped into the car with Zellner, and a few blocks away I made a quick count of the money. "We've only got a few hundred here," I said to Keith. "Let's go back and try the inner safe."

We returned to the Happy Cat, gathered up our punches and hammers and ran into the office and went to work on the smaller safe. We figured we could get it open inside of sixty seconds, while the alarm was going full blast, and then work quietly. We got the smaller safe open and took out the rest of the money—about $1000 in all—as the alarm died down.

As we were easing the money out, Zellner came running into the place, setting off the alarm again. "Let's get out of here!" he yelled. "There's a couple in one of those cars!" We ran to our car and sped away. Later on the district officer who had been our other lookout told me what had happened. He said there was a couple necking in the back seat of one of the parked cars. When he saw them, he turned on his red light and drove up to them. The guy got out of the back seat and ran up to the patrol car and said, "Officer, you'd better do something. There are all sorts of burglars running around here!"

Our man drew his revolver and told the guy, "Better get out of here, Mac. This is police business, and there's liable to be some shooting."

People have asked me why police burglars didn't work on bank vaults or pull stickups. Well, we didn't want any trouble with the Federal people; they never give up on a bank case. And as for armed robbery, why take a chance on somebody getting hurt when you can make ten times as much money with perfect cover as a safecracker?

Our biggest challenge came when we decided to crack a certain make of safe which, we understood, was supposed to be burglarproof. We knew that one of the Safeway supermarkets in southwest Denver had such a safe, and my brother Marv, who worked for Safeway as a butcher, was familiar with the schedule of the armored truck that delivered money to the store. And we knew the store never sent its cash to the bank—just its checks. How did we know? One of the employees had casually mentioned it to the district patrolman, who told us about it—knowing that we were interested in cracking a Diebold 10.

Marv also got a look at the inside of the giant safe, which had three-inch-thick steel walls. We got together with Keith and the others, and Keith drew a sketch of how the safe would look and how it could be attacked. He studied it from all angles. He decided we needed still more information, so we staged a job on the same kind of safe at another store in a different part of town. We had to pull out after three hours in that practice job, and we found out later we had come within a quarter inch of drilling it perfectly. That was all we needed to know.

We set the date for June 29, 1960, because we knew that with the long Fourth of July weekend coming up the safe would be good pickings. The way we had doped it out, we would hit the southwest Denver store, then move across town the same night and hit a second store. We planned the break-in for midnight, and we wanted to be out of there by 3:30 A.M. because that's when the district car covering us would go off duty. All the district man had to do was stay away from the store; he couldn't do more than that because his partner wasn't in on the job.

We pulled up at the store right at midnight, and my brother Marv waited in the car out in the street. Keith, Patrolman Stan McClure and I gathered up our heavy equipment—including a big electric saw with special blades, a ten-pound sledge hammer and a portable police radio—and headed for the front door. I shoved a pry bar through the aluminum door and popped it open.

We hurried inside, and I pulled the door shut behind us. Keith and I headed for the safe room in front, and Mac took up a lookout position in the glassed-in office up in the mezzanine. That way he could watch the whole store and the back door.

Now the time began ticking away. Keith plugged in the electric saw and started making a pie-shaped cut in the safe door. We spelled each other every few minutes. That saw gets awfully heavy after a while.

We were still on the first cut of the pie when the blade broke. I looked at my watch. It was a little after one o'clock. We had to work faster.

Another blade broke. By two o'clock we weren't even halfway through the cut. The third blade broke, then another, then another. We were getting worried. Keith fitted the sixth and last blade to the saw wheel and started on the last leg of the triangle. I took over after a while, and my heart began beating faster as the blade sliced to within an inch or so of completing the cut.

Then the last blade broke. It was three o'clock, and we were just about to lose our protection. Then Keith picked up the sledge hammer and whacked it against the cut. The pie-shaped piece broke off and landed with a heavy clank inside the safe.

Keith slipped off his left glove and picked up a little long-handled mirror we had brought with us. Reaching into the hole with it, he studied the back of the door. When he was finished, I took the sledge and knocked off the outside dial and punched in the shaft. All Keith had to do then was pull back the spring on the relocking bar, and I turned the big wheel out front and opened the door.

But when we swung the main door open, there were two more safes staring us in the face. Between them were cash-register drawers containing, at most, a thousand dollars or so.

By now it was past 3:30, and our protection had gone off duty. We were on our own, and we didn't like it. Delivery trucks soon would start pulling up to the rear loading dock.

Keith shrugged and began dumping the contents of the cash drawers into a bag. I took a chisel and pried at the door of one of the little safes, and it popped open. The safe was stacked with fives and tens and twenties. Later we found we had more than $35,000 to divvy up.

As we started for the door, we remembered that Keith had taken off his glove and might have left some fingerprints inside the safe. We got some cartons of chocolate milk from the dairy section and splashed the stuff inside the safe to gum up any fingerprints. An example of how bright the Police Department safe detail

Photographs by Arthur Shay

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was: The detectives who covered in the next day thought we had used the milk to cool our saw blades.

After the Safeway job, I quit the safe-cracking business—for a while. I had about $15,000 stashed away back of a false panel in my basement recreation room, and I started looking around for something to invest it in. My wife knew I had more than my police pay, but she thought I was "moonlighting"; she never knew where it came from. I had spent most of my loot on vacation trips over the years, plus a lot of stuff for the house.

Four of us—Keith and I, my brother Marv and Stan McClure—pooled our money and bought a car-wash dealership. Things moved along pretty good until August 1960, when a patrolman named Arthur Winstanley was picked up for burglary. A special grand jury was called by Dist. Atty. Bert M. Keating to look into the Police Department. About that time the Denver *Post* came out with stories telling how we were in the car-wash business—as if to say, "*Where did those guys get all their money?*" The bank canceled our financing, and eventually we went out of business.

Then, on Christmas night, 1960, Winstanley was arrested again while he was out on bond after his first conviction. This time they had him cold, and he started singing. Keith and I and six others were arrested the first week of January.

While we were out on bail, awaiting trial, Keith and I went back into business as burglars. We needed the money. A couple of guys introduced us to the sheriff of Adams County, a former FBI agent named Bob Roberts, and he supplied the cover we had to have to operate. But that setup didn't last long. Keith and two others were caught in a trap at a supermarket, and the roof fell in on all of us—including our friend the sheriff.

All along I thought I could beat the rap. I went right on thinking so until the verdict came in July 22, 1961, on the first of the charges facing me. The verdict: guilty on all counts.

For the first time, I began to think about Helen and the kids and what would become of them. I knew if anyone dug deep enough, he could stack burglary charges against me until I was an old man. I wanted to wipe the slate clean, but one thing held me back. I wasn't about to talk to the Denver police brass; I had lost all respect for them.

Then Governor McNichols ordered the state into the investigation. I did some thinking, and when Helen came out to County Jail to see me, I tried to prepare her for the worst. One of the other burglars had got a 10-to-32-year jolt, and I told her I probably could expect the same kind of treatment.

"Bobbie, have you told them everything?" she asked.

I started to lie to her, but I couldn't—not any more. I shook my head.

She looked at me for a long time, and there were tears in her eyes. "We can get by," she said. "We can still be a family when all this is over."

I knew then what I had to do. I called in the state investigators and cleaned up everything—forty-three burglaries in all.

"You're not making a mistake," one of them assured me.

He was right. I had made my mistakes a long time ago—when I first pinned on that badge, when I first learned to look the other way. And now I'm going to try to make up for it. THE END

Last moment of freedom with his wife: Shortly after this picture was taken, Whaley began serving a 6-to-20-year prison term.

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The Winds of Change

Realizing full well the revolution that is involved, *The Post* supports in principle President Kennedy's plan to form a trade partnership with other countries of the free world. The time has come—indeed, it is already beginning to pass—to recognize that the winds of economic change are blowing swiftly over the face of this globe.

To make this trade partnership workable the President should be given the five-year power he seeks to cut tariffs up to 50 percent in order to sell more American products to other nations which accept a mutual tariff reduction. Some hardships will be thrust upon some industries—including their workers—and some farmers, but the President advocates assistance for those who suffer under the new legislation. Finding a satisfactory formula will not be easy, but the Administration and the Congress should be able to come to reasonable terms. The sacrifice involved should be spread as evenly as it was in the last great piece of similar legislation, the Marshall Plan, which has cost the American taxpayers $12,000,000,000 since it was adopted in 1947. The trouble is that the operation of the proposed trade-tariff act will fall harder on certain areas and certain industries than on others, particularly in its early stages.

In our January 6 issue Christian A. Herter, Secretary of State under President Eisenhower, made an eloquent plea for joining in partnership with other free nations. Beginning on page 17 of this issue one of our editors, Ernest O. Hauser, reports on some aspects of the new affluence in postwar Europe, which depends heavily upon the lowered tariff barriers within the Common Market.

Those 12,000,000,000 American dollars kept the Communist wolf from the door of war-torn Western Europe and enabled the Common Market countries to attain their current prosperity. Now the wolf stalks the world at large. Nikita Khrushchev has made it clear that he didn't necessarily mean he would dig us in with nuclear weapons when he said, "We will bury you." He is busily using his enormous economic resources to show the world that Communism holds greater promise than capitalism. He is restrained by no rules. He can sell his oil for ten cents a barrel—at least, for a time—if he foresees an over-all profit for Communism in the transaction. A trade alliance between the United States and Western Europe and other free countries is our best weapon for undoing Mr. Khrushchev's gravedigging squad.

The Presidential power is the power to persuade, as Harry Truman has well said, and Mr. Truman's successor once-removed must do a lot of persuading before Congressmen will sacrifice their districts' individual interests to the common good of the American people. As a veteran of both houses, Mr. Kennedy knows that a Congressman's main job is to get himself reelected, an axiom which is especially applicable in an election year; the President also knows that a picket carrying a placard emblazoned UNEMPLOYMENT—MADE IN JAPAN is likely to sway more voters than a well-reasoned argument which points out that we must import more goods if we expect to sell more of our own products to Japan—whose people already buy $180,000,000 worth more from us than we buy from them. The fate of the President's plan may depend on the Alabama Congressman who must decide whether exporting his district's raw cotton is more important than protecting its textile mills against cheap Japanese imports. In spite of fanatical opposition from some members of Congress, President Kennedy has the best of the argument on his side, and he ought to prevail.

The Constitution gives Congress the power to set duties and imports, but following the disastrous tariff battles of 1922, 1928 and 1930, the Congress in 1934 allocated broad powers over the tariff to the President, where they must remain if foreign trade is to function reasonably.

In the last few years we have acquired an urgent need of foreign trade if we are to remain prosperous. We now send abroad $20,000,000,000 worth of our produce each year, while importing $15,000,000,000 worth. (The drain on our gold reserves continues because we spend $8,000,000,000 on economic and military aid, including our foreign garrisons.) We are moving toward the point Britain attained long ago when her slogan became, "Export—or Die!" With our natural resources dwindling, we can justifiably add, "Import, Too!" Clearly we aren't going to achieve the exports without the imports.

FOR SALE: REPUTATIONS

On a recent evening we turned on the TV and beheld Jimmy Durante, who has always been a favorite of ours. Was proboscidate Pinocchio acting? Was he being funny? No, he was using his gravel voice, the one with the built-in sob, to peddle coffee.

Other actors have turned pitchmen via the spot commercial. George Sanders, the suave Englishman, sells wristwatch bands. Julie London sings, not about love, but about the joys of lighting up a cigarette. The virus, which apparently is transmitted through greenbacks, has affected columnists and reporters who are not supposed to accept fees for their opinions. Drew Pearson hawks a mouthwash; Bob Considine sells insurance on the side. Some news announcers—not the good ones—pause during the recounting of momentous events and personally deliver the commercial ("All sixty-nine were killed in the crash. And now friends, let me tell you what to do about that dandruff . . .").

This deplorable gush is nothing new. In 1900 Gen. Joe Wheeler was signing testimonials for a patent medicine called Peruna. In the 1930's a number of United States Senators, including Reynolds of North Carolina, Bridges of New Hampshire and Nye of North Dakota, endorsed Lucky Strike cigarettes for half-page ads, but the newspaper cartoonists portrayed the salesmen-senators so hilariously that public laughter brought the campaign to a hasty end. The TV endorsement racket deserves a similar fate.

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CHOP! Nabisco chops the plumpest, juiciest figs...makes the smoothest, most luscious, moist fig jam and wraps it in fresh, tender cakes. Only Nabisco bakes Fig Newtons ...guarantees them fresh and moist or your money back.

FIG NEWTONS

® These Twin-Packs keep Fig Newtons extra fresh.

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...that special zing that makes you fall in love with living!
Get that look-alive, be-alive sparkle with ice-cold Coca-Cola!
You'll see! Ice-cold Coke refreshes you best!

Regular or King Size

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